Mystery, Mystery & More Mystery

MICHAEL J. HOLSHOUSER

Mystery, Mystery & More Mystery
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Pronunciation: Holtzhowzer

All have the express written encouragement
To distribute this creation freely to any and all
Who have the eyes to see and the ears to hear
The mystery in which each and every one
Equally participates in so many ways

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Preface

Greetings,

While responding to an online friend's questions about my thoughts on the mystery, it occurred to me to take a look at all that had been written about it since I began scribing in 1989. Another friend had suggested this a few years back, and I had set it on the back-burner of possible projects. As might be expected, the creative juices took hold, and this is the PDF result, with a rabbit hole wander of thoughts from all the major titles: The Stillness Before Time, The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, the seven Breadcrumbs titles, and The Return to Wonder.

This work is blogged at:

Mystery, Mystery & More Mystery
https://mysterymysteryandmoremystery.blogspot.com/

Writing has been an enjoyable process ever since I first began toying with prose; scribbling poetry, keeping journals, corresponding with friends and acquaintances during the college daze. The philosophical/mystical/whatever-you-want-to-call-them thoughts, that have been popping into mind since 1989, have always been very out-of-the-blue spontaneous. Nothing planned or forced about them. They are being shared on the off chance that others may find them of interest, though, quite frankly, it really does not matter if no one else ever even reads them, for I am, first and foremost, my own audience. I got mine, so to speak. I played my little part. I had my share of fun. And it is, as it has ever been, up to each to discern their own, on their own.

There are really no followers in this Don Quixote quest; only earnest seekers, who waylay their desires and fears and dreads, enough to discern that which is the end to doubt, the end to dueling with windmills. "Yay" if it is your fate to figure it out. "Oh well" if it is not. And "so it goes" either way, really. Ecclesiastes 1:2 is always a good reminder: "Vanity of vanities," saith the Preacher, "Vanity of vanities. All is vanity." Awareness can only, with great effort, regain control, regain sovereignty, from the usurper, imagination, creator of all that is time, creator of all that is space. Creator of all that is illusion, has never been anything more than illusion, will never be anything more than illusion. Only as real as the given moment.

"The Stillness Before Time" is the original work that came together in 1992, including mostly aphorisms, an essay, a newspaper question-and-answer, ten reflections, and lists of both movies and books. Though an early self-published version, long since edited and expanded, can be purchased at major booksellers, a downloadable copy is available, no charge, at the link below. There are also links to a variety of blogs of other creations by me, along with links to many writings of a similar nature, by thinkers and seers from across all times, across all geographies. "The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim" is the second published book, and is both blogged and available as a PDF download.

The "Breadcrumbs" titles, published annually since 2015, all include the core chapters: Leftovers, Soundbites, Breadcrumbs. In the Breadcrumbs chapters, I unleash thoughts of a more personal nature than in the other two. All just to show I was ensconced in a living, breathing, relativity mundane, oftentimes foolish, mortal mind-body. An actor playing the hand that was dealt; same as everyone else, vain as everyone else. No need to sculpt me into more than I was. No need for myths, nor legends, nor fables, nor miracles, nor cult followings, nor any other fictions, any other absurdities, over to which the human mind,

and all its imaginary history, has so often given itself. The Breadcrumbs chapters prove me again and again to be yet another Shakespearian player, as full of the limited and arbitrary as anyone else born into this dream of space and time. So please be sure not to shape me, or these many random thoughts, into some dogmatic absurdity. Use them as a launchpad, not an orbit.

"The Return to Wonder" blog is a compendium of aphorisms not included in the three other works: The Stillness Before Time, The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, and Breadcrumbs. It originally totaled 3,000 pages formatted in 300 ten-page chapters written since 1990-ish. A gradual editing that will likely never be completed, is changing that dynamic into something of a mishmash.

Please note that this sort of wordplay is very haphazard, way too much work to put into any order. Probably best read it in bits and pieces in the here and there. One of those open-to-any-page works. Especially well-suited for coffee shops, coffee tables, and porcelain thrones.

Also note that all writings are always subject to updates and editing, so if you are interested in the most current version – before this house of cards comes tumbling down, and the world grows large again – downloading PDF copies every once and a while might be a reasonable discipline. This applies especially to the current year of Breadcrumbs, which could well be an annual project until the last wheezing breath, though frankly, the temptation to stop writing entirely is not off the table. It is a pleasant way to pass some of the countdown remaining, but it is unlikely there is much ground that has not been wandered by this frame of reference far more than enough already. No matter how many times Sisyphus rolls the boulder up the mountain, it is more than a little doubtful that the blind men and their true-believer followers, will ever discern, ever realize, ever embrace, the elephant in the middle of the room, without fabricating some new form of absurdity. It is the way we roll, it is the way we have always rolled, it is the way we will, far more than probably, always roll. Every species has its limitations, and we have in this mind's eye, far-exceeded ours.

That said, if you do find these many thoughts at all worth preserving, for whatever times are ahead for this world and all its life forms, please feel free to share them with others who might also appreciate them. Else they may well swiftly slip back into the timeless oblivion from whence they came.

So it goes, either way. I played my part, I said my piece, I had my fun.

All the best,

M

P.S. For best viewing online, using the largest screen you have available to explore my little theme park, is suggested. Scrolling down and down on a phone screen is just not going to give you the same entrée.

P.P.S. The keywords used to select the following content include: Mystery/Mysterious, Matrix, Awareness, Quantum, Indivisible, Inexplicable, Infinite, Infinity, Immeasurable, Unfathomable, Interminable, Innumerable, Duality/Dualistic, Nondualistic, Formless, Eternity/Eternal, Agnostic, Atheist, Electromagnetic Spectrum, Abyss, Unknown, Big Bang, Genesis, Stillness, Absolute/Absoluteness, Time/Timeless, Space/Spaceless, Singularity, Alone/Aloneness, Truth, Universe/Universal, Cosmos/Cosmic, Self/Self-Discovery, Clayness, Unborn/Undying/Unborn-Undying, Dream/Dreamtime, Prior to Consciousness, Prior to Mind, (Removed/Exchanged: God/Mystery).

P.P.P.S. Regarding the name Yaj Ekim ... It is just a reverse spelling of the first and middle names ... Michael Jay Holshouser ... Mike Jay ... Yaj Ekim.

P.P.P.P.S. Coincidently, make of it whatever you will, or will not, Yaj is an Indian boy's name meaning worshipper, sacrifice, another name for Shiva, a sage. And Ekim is a Turkish name for October meaning "sowing" (of seeds). All kinds of absurdity can be read into that by the many so-inclined – none of which was in mind when I came up with the idea to reverse the letters to my name. See P.P.P.S. for details.

P.P.P.P.P.S. Yes, I am Shiva. And so are You. No, I am not Shiva. And neither are you. Irony and paradox rule.

The Stillness Before Time
Reflections From a Fellow Sojourner

There is really only one Way.
It is without division or boundary.
It is without name or theology.
Awareness is its scripture.
Here now, its venue.
You, its witness.
Your life, the journey.

Website
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com

Blog
https://thestillnessbeforetime.blogspot.com

PDF
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thestillnessbeforetime.pdf

The Original Works

The Stillness Before Time,
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Got God?
Ten Reflections

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim
https://theponderingsofyajekim.blogspot.com
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Breadcrumbs 2015
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
https://breadcrumbs2015.blogspot.com
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Breadcrumbs 2018
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
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Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
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The Return to Wonder
Field Notes from the Unknown
(Major edit underway – New copy colored blue and green)
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The Derivative Collection

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What Any Seer Likely Faces Returning to the Cave of Origin
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Contemplations on the Vibrations of Consciousness
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Standouts From the Return to Wonder Edit
Selections From the First Sixteen Chapters
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The Call of the Eternal
A Conversation With My Self
https://thecalloftheeternal.blogspot.com
https://www.thestillnessbeforetime.com/thecalloftheeternal.pdf

The Gordian Knot of Ethical Thinking
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The Real is Discovering
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To Be, or Not to Be
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Who Was the First?
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The Sidebar Collection

A Short List of Books for the Up and Coming
Some Written Works That May Help Get the Young Up to Speed
https://listofbooksfortheupandcoming.blogspot.com
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Breadcrumbs: The Original Blog
https://michaelsbreadcrumbs.blogspot.com/2015/01/under-construction_28.html

Conversations
A Variety of Letters, Emails, Texts, & Sundry Odds 'n Ends
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Definitions
An Incomplete Selection of Contemplative Definitions
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Ditties for the Bluegrass Pyre
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Jester Amok
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My (Not Quite) Haiku
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Once Upon a Christmas
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Possible Last Words & Epitaphs
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Sketches of the Once Upon a Time
A Few Epiphanies and Other Hallmark Moments
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Spam Responses (a.k.a., WTF Is This Shit!?)
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The Corollaries of Yaj Ekim
https://corollariesyajekim.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thecorollariesofyajekim.pdf

The Standard Ripostes
The Scribe's Go-to Responses to This and That in the Day-To-Day
https://thestandardripostes.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thestandardripostes.pdf

Uncle Sam Says
https://whatunclesamsays.blogspot.com
https://www.facebook.com/media/set/?set=a.1311088415085&type=3

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The Stillness Before Time

Copyright Page

All have the express written encouragement
To distribute this creation freely to any and all
Who have the eyes to see and the ears to hear
The mystery in which each and every one
Equally participates in so many ways.

Preface

What is written here
Has been spoken, written, and lived
By many in many times and places in human history.
Ever disguised by innumerable masks, costumes, concepts, and technologies,
Its mysterious nature has timelessly confused and frightened
Those unable to discern beneath the surface.

This aphoristic vision is simply another attempt,
Using contemporary masks, costumes, concepts, and technologies,
To illustrate in thought something as old as old is,
That which has ever yet never been.

It is for those who desire nothing from this manifest dream
But that it be a journey into freedom.

Best wishes.

I

You are the source,
The quantum ocean,
The absolute supreme,
The eternal unicity of isness.

* * * *

Discovering your true birthright
Requires the persistence
Of an aloof scientist,
Gradually scraping away
At the layers of conditioning
Until at some point there is nothing left,
And what you truly are, and are not, is quite apparent.

* * * *

When in every moment
You see without a trace of doubt
That there is no master other than you,
That those many pedestaled images of great souls
Were projections of the inherent longing
To awaken to the birthright
That is prior to consciousness,
You will be free of artificial limits,
You will have triumphed over illusion,
You will have discovered the indelible truth:
That you are, indeed, sovereign, indivisibly absolute.

II

Call it by whatever sound you will:
God, Allah, Brahman, Tao, Buddha, Krishna,
Christ, Great Spirit, Way, Absolute, Supreme, Totality,
Or any of the many other labels it is given throughout the world,
It is ever the same indivisible mystery cloaked by the illusion of diversity.

III

You who seek are already that which is sought.
You are the unequivocal source, the mystery, pure and simple.
Discerning it clearly in the everyday, without a trace of doubt, is the challenge.

* * * *

Occasionally, attentively reflect within … "I am."
That unadorned thought is the first and foremost assumption.
Contemplate it closely, thoroughly, add nothing to it.
See its subtle movement to the source within.
Those persistent and discerning enough
Will dissolve into the inexplicable.

IV

This fleeting mystery is a whimsical kaleidoscope.
An eternal, immortal weaving; without beginning, without end.
A boundless, indivisible ocean of light and shadow in which all forms dance.
All one can observe of the mystery are the countless manifestations;
Never the dispassionate, unwavering witness beneath.

* * * *

The infinite source of manifestation
Is tasteless and untouchable;
Without vision or sound or smell.
What one perceives is but the mind's reverie.
The vague, obtuse, ephemeral quality of awareness called intuition,
Is as near to understanding as any one can ever come.

* * * *

Be serene, content, alert, cheerfully at ease.
It is your original state, your birthright.
It requires no choice, effort, or contention.
No outward manifestation or proof is required.
It is a natural state of awareness, of simple beingness.
An effortless wander in the unconditional, timeless aloneness.

* * * *

Worship martyrs, crosses, statues, crystals, photographs,
Nature, wealth, words, ideas, or whatever your own will manufactures,
Or simply attend nothing but your own momentary awareness.
But for the sorrow of continuity in all but the latter,
All dreams pass in the same manner.

V

Understand the subtlety between
Claiming you are god,
And knowing you are godness.
One cannot be, and the other never was not.

* * * *

Explore love as much as you might with all your beingness,
It is the awareness within all that is its unfathomable cradle.

* * * *

You may sit quietly and breathe with your eyes wide open or tightly shut;
Chant spiritual songs or hum mantras until your mind is three shades of blue;
Practice every sort of rigid, dogmatic, death-defying diet or prescribed exercise;
Submit to ancient beliefs, rituals, and traditions; wear costumes and deify symbols;
Practice any discipline, worship any form your mind or another's might conjure;
Real meditation is the serene awareness of every moment's birth and death,
And no system is required to discern and freely perceive your birthright.

VI

You are the ground,
The splintered I Amness of isness,
Creator and witness to an inexplicable theater,
A dreamer dreaming the kaleidoscoping quantum show real,
The timeless nature masked by endless variations of laughter and sorrow.
Why? No one can know. That you are is surely enough.

* * * *

Nothing wrought of this quantum genesis is ultimately real.
Everything is imagined, everything is dreamily timeless.
All indivisibly appearing, all indivisibly disappearing,
Within and without the eternal matrix of awareness.

* * * *

There is no Eastern or Western thought,
Only an awareness manifesting consciousness,
Blanketed by an innumerable array of mythologies.

* * * *

Are you able to scrutinize your existence
Without any attachment, any craving, any trepidation?
Dispassionately, objectively, reserving all pride-filled judgments;
Discerning forthrightly, clearly, without ulterior motive;
Observing closely the many joys and sorrows;
The likes and dislikes, the loves and hates;
The thoughts, beliefs, opinions, conclusions;
The endless flow of people, places, things, ideas;
The seemingly boundless array of passing experiences;
And come to the realization that it was really all your creation;
An inexplicable, intangible, ungraspable, timelessly indivisible journey;
Imagined by a dreamer whose ultimately choiceless nature is prior to all imagination.

VII

There is really no religion, no Way,
Just keen observing of a passing mystery
Beyond comprehension or conclusion.

* * * *

The senses tease and taunt you.
They are lies of the delusional mind.
You must ascertain the witness within,
Discriminate the freedom that they cannot,
And know with every particle of your beingness,
That only in the timelessness of awareness are you real.

VIII

Polish mirrors that never reflected,
Clean stains never spilled,
Mend tears never torn,
Perfect that never flawed,
Illuminate shadows never cast,
Give purpose that requiring none.
You are ever unfathomable and unknown,
A timelessly whimsical enigma dancing in stillness.

* * * *

It is consciousness that suffers, not you.
The awareness is without laws or principles or ideals.
What consciousness believes are but choices founded in delusion.

IX

What is enlightenment but simply awakening
To the innate awareness, to the timeless birthright.
Liberation is abiding freely in that discerning ignorance.

* * * *

Identity is like cotton candy bought at a carnival,
A lot of puff concocted from practically nothing.

* * * *

When you awaken after sleeping,
There is a moment when the awareness
Resumes remembering the patterning it plays.
You could be anywhere, anything, anybody,
And what form and identity do you choose
But that which you are least able to resist.

* * * *

When you discover what you truly are, what you truly are not,
What is left but an inexplicable sense of awareness, unchained.

* * * *

You are the nexus through which the mystery manifests a personal view of time and space.

X

Since the dawn of consciousness, mind has grappled
With the mystery of birth and death, creation and destruction.
It has used every device to explain that which can never be explained.
Only in complete surrender to the awareness prior to thought's linear conception,
Can there be any insight into the choicelessness of the indivisibility.

* * * *

In the struggle with the indivisible nature, you must lose to win.

* * * *

Everyone has a mindset, a filtering process that interprets
The reality appearing to appear about them.
The challenge is discerning the relativity of all experience;
That everything is temporal, ephemeral illusion, nothing more or less real;
That, from beginning to end, each and every moment is but the fleeting dreamtime of awareness.

XI

Mythoi across this shrinking planet
Migrate in every possible direction without respite.
The geographic isolation that created this remarkable manifest diversity
Is less important than discerning the thread of indivisibility
With which all creation is woven together.

XII

Thought is a reflection of an illusory past
And the projector of imagined futures.
Awareness is the tentative, ungraspable now.
It is boundless, eternal, neither identity nor persona.
It is the mysterious origin, the vapor of insight and intuition.
From its unknowable nature thought springs into being,
But without it, none of this would ever have been.
It is the parent of manifest consciousness,
The source prior to all perception.

* * * *

The sciences have in every manner
Scrutinized the unitary movement of this illusion.
They have stretched the conceptual mind in innumerable ways,
Yet none will ever succeed in determining its origin.
All they can ever do is dance with Maya
On the floor of manifestation.

* * * *

You are the gold, not the jewelry into which it is made.

* * * *

At some point, books and their many concepts must be set aside.
Scholars journey the dead-end path of dualistic intellect.
Reclaiming your birthright is direct perception,
Not the cataloging of manuscripts.
The truth you seek will not be found in them.

XIII

Virtual reality is not just a computer fantasy.
The senses have created the cosmos with such precision, such exactness,
That you have yet to truly fathom, to indelibly discern,
That none of it is ultimately real.
It is software born of quantum programming.

* * * *

When one surrenders to insight, eternity emerges:
Infinite, timeless, pathless, unencumbered, serene.

XIV

Essential nature is not divisible.
There is only totality, oneness, isness.
Nothing greater, nothing lesser, nothing but.
We are all in reality an indivisible, indelible enigma,
Quantumly dancing center stage in every form imaginable.

* * * *

Endless debate over which religion, which dogma, speaks for god, for truth,
Is sophomoric and only obscures the possibility of genuine awakening.
It is the time-bound distraction of priests and scholars and undiscerning followers,
Who have little interest in anything more than the false security of one collusion or another.

XVI

Humanity must accept total responsibility
For its impact on this garden world.
Do not put the burden on god.
There will be no messiah,
Nor hordes of angels to save us.
Each alone must make the paradigm shift.

XVII

There is really only one Way.
It is without division or boundary.
It is without name or theology.
Awareness is its scripture,
Here now its venue,
You its witness,
Your life the journey.

XVIII

To invoke a name of god
In any conflict is unutterable vanity.
There has never truly been a spiritual conflict,
Only the countless petty squabbles
Of self-serving dogmas.

* * * *

You suffer the linear continuity of time and space
Because your view of awareness is locked
Into a constricted conscious identity
That is not, has never been,
Will never be, real.

* * * *

Whatever path you may be inclined to wander,
Whether good works, devotion, intellect, or meditation,
In any combination, weighted in any manner,
All meander the same vast mystery.

* * * *

Philosophy not culminating in the serenity of timeless indivisibility,
Is merely desolate wordplay pandering to the desire for continuity.

* * * *

Without the eyes, you would not observe.
The ears gone, you would not hear.
The nose, you would not smell.
The touch, you would not feel.
The tongue, you would not taste.
The mind, you would not discern.
Remove them all, and you would be,
What in awareness, you have been all along.

XIX

Continuity is illusion, a subtle trick of memory, of imagination.
The indivisible waves of reality timelessly break ever anew.

XX

This world is a birthing ground of consciousness,
Away from which the only earnest heading is awareness.
When your vision tacks this direction there may or may not be
Acceptance from the relatives and friends you value.
Unresolvable differences may be unavoidable,
But whatever course ultimately unfolds,
Your revelation must carry the day.
Neither seek nor expect the sanction of those
Lacking the insight to comprehend your journey home.

XXI

To believe godness is only that which is out of the ordinary,
Is an error humankind succumbs to again and again.
All manifest forms persevere in the same field.
A particle of dust is as much an unfathomable mystery
As the most astounding, most wondrous miracle ever performed.
There is absolutely nothing ordinary about anything in this quantum matrix.

* * * *

We are rapidly approaching the inevitable reckoning point
In the dynamic movement of human consciousness,
When we as a tentative life form have no choice
But to reconcile the countless differences
And see the unmanifest universality,
The absolute unicity of awareness.
Our many differences are imagined,
But the results of this continued delusion
Are inescapably devastating to all life on this sphere.
To maintain this paradigm as it has evolved is indescribable madness.

* * * *

What unutterable vanity to believe that this timeless quantum mystery
Needs to be, much less can be, systematized into any so-called religion.

XXIII

Do not make the mistake of fashioning
Prophets, mystics, saints, seers, and sages into idols.
They may well have been awakened mortals, models of realization,
But they all began with the same primal awareness,
The same timeless potential as you.

* * * *

The stillpoint of awareness you are is the keystone to reality.
It is the point from which all manifestation is created,
And the point of oblivion to which all returns.

* * * *

As consciousness grounds in awareness,
As you clearly perceive illusion is not reality,
As you discern duality is the source of all suffering,
As the birthright of beingness resumes its rightful function,
There is nothing left to do but whatever needs doing.

XXIV

Since the origin of manifest consciousness, humans
Have been raised and patterned in accordance
With the varied responses to geography.
They have played, fought, and mated,
Sought power, fame, and fortune,
Worshipped innumerable idols,
Lived desperately, nobly, and vainly,
Suffered sickness, injury, aging, and death.
To what end the speculations are beyond number,
But ever the source has been the same inscrutable awareness,
Unfathomable, unknowable, impenetrable, timeless, indivisible, omniscient.

* * * *

Despite attempts by sages of every era and geography,
The human psyche remains dominated and shaped
By primal instincts and urges bred into the mind long ago.
The many masks of fear have diversified into innumerable forms,
And are as blinding, paralyzing, and destructive as they have ever been.
Transforming consciousness into its fullest potential is not for the meek of spirit.

XXV

You wander through cities, down paths, along rivers,
But who was it wandered where and when?
In all those walks, those thoughts,
Those many acts and deeds,
Woven into each and every one
Was the unwavering, choiceless awareness,
The witness you are, have always been, and will ever be.

* * * *

Your appearance in this manifest world is unimportant.
Whatever your attributes, whether you run barefoot or wear shoes,
Are clean or unclean, crippled or healthy, intelligent or simple, female or male,
Poor or wealthy, strong or weak, ugly or comely, named or unnamed,
Each and every one is the same essential quantum nature.

* * * *

The quantum nature can be challenging to ascertain
Because you only perceive the shortcomings of this dualistic world.
Quest within, discern the essence, unify with the totality,
Realize the perfection you have ever been.

XXVI

Though all that is, is the unicity of the great quantum dreamtime,
Few deeply discern the ever-present, unborn-undying state.
Many are called, few are chosen, fewer still volunteer.

XXVIII

Because isness is, you are.
Because you are, isness is.
Without isness, there would be no you.
Without you, there would be no witness to the mystery.

* * * *

Many would call it sacrilegious
To state, "I am that which is godness."
But it is far more so to deny it.

* * * *

Meditation is awareness of the unfolding moment.
It is the dredging of the accumulated sediment of identification;
That which inhibits the timeless discernment of what you truly are, and are not.

* * * *

Who sees the wind tipping the trees in spring?
Hears the busy chatter of squirrels chasing?
Smells the mid-afternoon coffee brewing?
Feels the piercing of the kitten's playful claws?
Tastes the chilled chocolate melting?
Who has all those memories?
All that knowledge and capability?
All those assorted opinions and values?
Who desires, dreads, angers, laughs, suffers?
You do.
You are the power, the light, a drop of all that is, and is not.
You are creator, quantum dancer, eternally, immortally absolute.

* * * *

You have always been a quantum being.
There has never been one moment when you were not.
All you need do is discern it, and allow the witness to take wing within.

* * * *

A drug may help you find it, but cannot keep you there for long.
The challenge is to perceive eternity in the everyday mundane.

XXIX

The mind-body is a temporal vessel of finite patterning,
In which the infinite has potential to consciously manifest.

* * * *

It may be fairly frightening, even irritating,
For many to begin fathoming they are godness,
Because up to this point, their manifest consciousness
Has not even begun to open to that expansive an inner vision.

* * * *

Free your Self of the notion of original sin, that you were born evil.
It is nothing more than an idea inspired by ignorance, by greed, by the need to control,
That the pure awareness you most definitely are, did not choose at birth.
There is no sin, no iniquity, only dualistic whimsy.

XXX

A hindrance many have in considering themselves godness manifest,
Is that they believe it should entail having all sorts of innate supernatural powers.
The fact that they see, walk, talk, and create every sort of mischief,
Does not register because everyone else can, too.
Well, of course they can.
They are also godness manifest.
It is the concept of god that needs changing.

Of the Human Journey

Mortal existence is not easy. It never has been, and never will be, for any creature sown of this garden orb, this smidgeon of quantum dust, floating in the vast, immeasurable unknown. What follows are thoughts about the human journey, its theatrical paradigm and the fare existence offers, and the choices all must resolve very much alone in the sojourn through the veiled maze of space-time, of consciousness with all its dualistic notions. It is a journey of ecstasy and agony, courage and fear, love and hate, absurdity and insanity, irony and paradox, life and death. It is the ineffable, insoluble mystery born of the passionate mind, and the ever-flowing array of perceptions, of patterns, every human being faces in the movement through birth, sickness, injury, aging, dying, and death.

These reflections are written to help promote a larger vision of where we as a species are heading; one that attempts to look beyond humanity's many seemingly irreconcilable divisions, one that values insight and wisdom, one that elevates rather than detracts, one that seeks to foster a sense of guardianship, rather than destruction and manipulation, of our little dust ball and the many life forms it has spawned.

We live in a time period similar, yet increasingly unique among the many eras come and gone before. Excessive population, coupled with unprecedented, unrestrained industries and technologies, and the consumption frenzy they feed, are driving our petri dish experiment of so-called free will toward a rather bleak outcome. All the absurdities, all the insanities, we have so carelessly, foolishly, needlessly wreaked upon the earth's magnificent diversity, are huge rebounding tsunamis awaiting our arrival in time. The rules of the manifest game are simple and uncompromising, and those who bend and break them must eventually pay the price that Mother Nature, chief arbiter of all things dreamtime, is more than capable of exacting.

As long as we human beings battle over pride-filled, tribal differences, we inevitably embrace a fate of our own synergistic, instinctual, self-absorbed design. The monopolistic win-lose divisiveness wrought since history's invention, since our egocentric, competitive, voluntary secession from the garden, spirals us down a path of annihilation. What we have done in all our arrogance has created a time already nightmarish for many, and will only exponentially accelerate for those to whom we are now ancestors. And we are nowhere close to discerning a common vision, a truly cooperative paradigm that might sidestep it.

We leave it to future generations to create solutions to problems all have aided in forging. We vainly hope that political, economic, and religious leaders will shepherd us to salvation, but they cannot, because the collective vision is too full of limitation and polarity. Despite all our canny attributes, we as a species have not yet fully fathomed our interconnectedness, our inherent kinship, to the indivisible totality. We have not grasped that time and space do not exist as any more than a play of consciousness, a collusion of imagination. Nowness is the only ephemeral, eternal reality, and the decisions each of us make in this moment-to-moment flowing of this ever-changing theater, create the dreamtime future.

So many of the leaders we have chosen to follow with all their insecure, parasitic ambitions for power, glory, and wealth, only wax the slide with empty promises and compromising, shortsighted decisions. Though many are highly intelligent in many clever ways, too few have the wisdom and integrity to truly serve those they pretend to lead. The result is, that along with there being no political or economic solution to the dilemma now unfolding, our dysfunctional paradigm has created a spiritual crisis well beyond all the vain pretensions so many call religion.

No one has ever, will ever, can ever, see the world exactly the same as anyone else. We are like snowflakes and fingerprints, patterns woven of a mystery, to which all creation is witness in one form or another. Time and space are magical illusions, and each and every one of us is an equal participant in a vast theater of consciousness, spontaneously playing itself out in seemingly every possible way. All our knowledge, all our histories, all our schools of thought, the countless frames of reference we imagine individually and collectively, dreamily overlap and merge like ripples crisscrossing to and fro upon the same sea of relativity.

Words, whatever the language, are conceptual icebergs each and every one of us envision, translate differently. Thoughts of god or gods, love, morality, money, tradition, politics, ad infinitum, inspire a myriad of responses, often conflicting because of rigid, dogmatic attachments to time. Yet, at the origin of all consciousness, that quantum field from which this grand three-dimensional mirage has come to pass, is very much the same indivisible oneness, the same universal, eternal truth, despite all our sophomoric, meaningless arguments over the endless permutations of knowledge, we ourselves have contrived.

All differences are fabrication, fantasy, make-believe, delusion, born of imagination. All polarizations, whether cultural, racial, sexual, geographic, economic, political, religious, mythological, and on and on, are illusive deceptions born of the play of matter, of light and sound, and the theater they together weave. Each of us imagines a personal universe in which all travel very much alone, despite all the sensory evidence to the contrary. Until one can see past the attachments to an individual life, the many differences seem real, but ultimately, they are not, never have been, and never will be. It is a dance too vast for any mind to more than intuitively discern, and perchance fathom, they are lead dancer in their chronicle.

We are passing through a holographic epoch of time in which the seemingly countless dramas of human existence are available for all who have capacity and means to explore. What evolved of geographical isolation can now be witnessed in whatever fashion predisposition allows. There is a tendency, due to the aberration of pride and the quest for false glory, to argue one mythology's supremacy over another, yet is any collusion more than a conceptual adaptation to time and circumstance? Is any one version, any one dream of consciousness, any one play of imagination, from the ultimate-reality perspective, really, truly, in any way, superior, to any other? Might may make right, but it does not make truth.

No one gets out of this manifest existence alive, and every human being ever born comes to grips with that truth in whatever way capacity and limitation allow. Some create hells for themselves, while others discern within, a quality, a virtue, a harmony, that has been given countless names across the world. Most of us, of course, wander the purgatory between. In the journey of life, each of us swims an ebb and flow, in which the individual mind plays out incalculable variations of the passion born of desire and fear.

The life any of us creates, with all its perceptions and interpretations, is a blend of voluntary and involuntary choosing. Traditions are creations every cultural grouping, every societal mindset fabricates in order to maintain continuity in those the genetic lottery casts into its geographic realm. No one is bound to continue believing anything but through the conditioned choices of imagination that some call free will. Those who discern their own law see this manifest play far differently than those who, for whatever reason, cannot see past their attachments to the narrow propagandas of history, whatever the scale.

The gist of these reflections is to encourage those who see their immeasurable nature to become that to which they aspire; intuitively, spontaneously free to meet the moment as it unfolds, whether or not it fits the vision of any other individual or group. In the statistical bell curve of any rise and fall, of any creation

and destruction, there are always the initiators, and those who tag along well after. Those who entertain the greatest vision are already among the many who do not. Whether the reader sees it as a fact or not, we are all that which is the same indivisible upwelling, the same inexplicable mystery. Eternity is very much present within every part and particle, every quantum of the drama to which all are witness. It is a vision so infinite as to include each and every one of us, along with all the other myriad life forms across the planet, as its source.

Is the human species, with all its competitive predispositions, capable of comprehending and responding to a larger vision of itself? With all that is facing us, do we have the luxury of time? Probably not. Though the transformation of consciousness is an instantaneous matter, we are caught in the juggernauting wave of collective delusional ignorance, and countless attachments to choices made in times long before our brief little window. We may agree the problems ahead are nearly insurmountable, but a paradigm shift into a cooperative, balanced, intuitive, holistic, realistic mindset, is too much of a change for most to even begin to fathom, much less enact, at this point in time.

Despite the countless lessons offered by history, we are too attached to building mountains of false gold, practicing divisive religion, maintaining rigid traditions, following insincere leaders, promoting the idolatry of personality, supporting destructive institutions, fabricating egocentric class structures, producing adverse technologies, consuming insatiably in every conceivable way, destroying irreplaceable diversity, and killing one another because our ancestors could not get along any better than we, for all the same myopic, greedy, time-bound, evolutionary, imaginary reasons.

Recognize it or not, the human species is fast-approaching a tailspin of its own design. It is inevitable that this garden planet, and all life that dwells on it, will someday return to its origin. That is the nature of the vast changing, the creation-destruction of each passing moment in which we all choicelessly, spontaneously participate. The indivisible, impersonal totality; that which relatively few fully discern, much less quest total surrender.

The question is, will we go out with nobility, humility, integrity, and discipline as true human beings, harmoniously realigned with the source of our origin, guardians of what is left of the garden that birthed us all? Or will we exit like fruit flies churning feverishly for the last dollop of honey in the bell jar; like rats vying savagely for the last crumbs at the bottom of the cage?

Each of us makes that decision in every step, in every breath, in every deed, every word, every thought. We individually create our own unique, imaginary versions of the universe, and how we work it out together in the impromptu theater of consciousness, only time will tell. The essential quantum reality is not about contrived differences. It is not about futile, conceited pursuits, meaningless paths to glory. Life is an opportunity to perceive within and without, a vision of an integrated relationship with that which is infinitely, infinitesimally greater than its many parts.

It is the true discernment that each and every one of us, including every angel and every demon, including all creatures great and small, including every infinitesimal, absolute speck of quantum dust swirling within, to the furthest indivisible reaches of the unknown, is equally That I Am to which mystics across the world throughout time point. There is no other.

Each and every one of us is the same indivisible eternal oneness, the same absolute, immeasurable, timeless genesis, playing out the relativity of dreamtime. We are all connected, inseparable, no matter the exterior, no matter the capacity, no matter the frame of reference. No religious middlemen, no stairways

to heaven, are necessary. This indelible insight is absolutely free to all discerning enough to see that ethereal thing called truth is the momentary, intangible, undeniable birthright of the timeless awareness equally within all quantum creations. This intuitive vision of the clarity beyond form, and the exploration of right living it brings about, is the only true revolution.

This inexplicable mystery we call life, this beyond-boggling organization of matter, is an opportunity to witness the vast unfathomable diversity of this manifest theater, this grand play of creation and destruction, of known and unknown, in whatever way each individually imagines. It is the potential within all to see that every form born of space-time is merely one of a ceaseless kaleidoscoping of shapes, of facades, of masks, of patterns, all veiling the same source, the same awareness, the same witness; nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

The singularity of totality is beyond the scope of the mind, beyond the irrational concoctions of superstition, beyond the rational explorations of science. It is beyond the wordplay of any belief system, beyond the egocentric weavings of individual persona, and the countless delusions spawned of ignorance. We are all alone, together, and how we as a species finally choose to dance the dance, sing the song, walk the walk, and talk the talk, is ultimately, in this mind's eye, the true legacy of the human journey.

Best wishes.

M

Got God?

Do you believe in God? If so, describe what you mean by that?

Godness is the "I am That I Am" within each of us. It is the everything and the nothing. It is the smallest particle to the greatest whole. It is the isness, the nowness, the awareness, the timeless indivisible, unborn, undying source of this infinite, unknowable mystery. It is the creation, preservation, and destruction of every part and particle playing out the grand theater, the eternal kaleidoscoping holograph of space-time. That spark of divinity, of the Self within all selves, is the witness acting out every drama imaginable.

Each and every life form is the immortal totality splintered into mortal fare. The source of life, of creation, is more than any measurement can ever explain or define. All attempts to grasp it, all the traditions, symbols, rituals and concepts, all the speculations ever devised in this garden world, or any other, are equally limited as anything but intuitive reflections. They are all merely a means to an end, not an end in themselves.

Time is a fabrication of consciousness. It is the virtual reality of the mind, the cotton candy of imagination. The ephemeral, momentary nowness is the only reality. Every life form, no matter who, what, where, when, why, or how, is very much of the same evolving creation, the same source, the same light, the same dreamer, the same witness, the same amness, the same uniqueness, the same absolute oneness. No matter how you slice and label it, we are all holographs of the same essence.

If you were raised in a religious environment, has that had a positive or negative impact on your life?

Organized religions across the world clutch vainly to beliefs founded upon geographic assumptions whose foundations have all become brittle and stale in this shrinking world. Groups throughout time have again and again claimed to be the standard-bearers of truth, but have all too often created far more conflict than community in their ethnocentricity. The net result is that the many propagandas of history are weighing us down with clashing notions. Notions that no longer hold water when examined closely.

The fact is that we are all the Way, the Truth, and the Life, and those blind to this most simple, obvious understanding, those attached to literal translations and dogmatic collusions, cannot help but perpetuate unnecessary confusion and disintegration.

Religious traditions, with all their customs, folklore, symbols, rituals, and concepts are products of time and its inevitable limitations. Their value is that they remind us of our relationship with the mystery of our existence. But to vainly cling to any as more than temporal tools, to battle over them in any way, to use them as anything but maps home, presents a narrow vision of the eternal quest. The word is only sound, and no sound can more than echo though the expanses of eternity.

Organizing the spiritual quest tends to box godness into a concept. And in the journey beyond concepts, into that which is immeasurable, there are no boundaries, no assumptions that withstand that which creates, preserves, and destroys all illusions. The source of time is bound to no form, and inevitably harvests all.

Do you believe in heaven, hell, and judgment day?

Heaven and hell are states of mind, plays of consciousness, that only seem real where the now of time meets the road. Heaven is a sense of intuitive unity, an understanding, a clear harmony, a serene contentment. Hell is its divisive counterpart filled with unending prejudice, complexity, and contention. It is the passionate mind playing out the dualistic weavings of desire and fear, and the suffering they endlessly bring to fruition. Every day is judgment day for those confined by the illusory, dualistic play of the senses. In separation we are demons, in unity we are angels. Who has not tasted every potential to some degree?

Can prayer heal the sick?

If you really have faith, do you need to pray? Sickness, injury, aging. and dying are inevitable in this mortal theater. Oblivion of personal identity is the undeniable fate of all forms. Yet that quantum essence each of us truly is, is immortal, and this very simple realization creates a far different view of life than most seem destined to entertain at any given time. What each of us really is, is far greater than birth and death, and the limitations of any manifest theater. And praying to imagination for mortal immortality is rooted deeply in the quicksand of ignorance.

Are your religious/spiritual beliefs separate from your political ones?

Every action ripples. Every cause creates effect, and every effect becomes cause to the next effect. Those aware of this tend to walk more attentively in their day-to-day actions. Separative choices lead to disintegration; holistic ones to integration. Through interactions with others we show what we value. Are religion and politics separate? All division is the play of the time-bound mind. As long as we as a species value power, fame, and fortune more than we value right relationship, as long as we are in the grips of worldly attachment, as long as we worship mammon and idolize form, we journey toward an inevitable, synergistic fate of our own creation. The paradigm from which we spawned is no longer functional, and the bell is daily tolling louder.

Describe a spiritual experience you have had recently.

Is there any moment that is not spiritual, magical, mysterious? Whether sitting on the porcelain throne, or caught up in an inexplicable vision, every moment's unfolding is ultimately very much the same. We may or may not be tuned in, we may prefer some moments to others, but in reality, the ungraspable is source to all creations of consciousness, wherever or however they unfold. Pay attention to the vastness within, or meander through every sensory, dualistic diversion the world offers, it is all the same ephemeral virtual reality. Life is an opportunity to reflect upon the oneness within and without, and to take it as any more than a three-dimensional, quickly passing mirage, misses its greatest potential.

What is the soul?

What is not the That I Am? What is not the ground of all creation, preservation, and destruction? What is not the indivisible, immortal, absolute reality that permeates all seen and unseen? What is not the same quantum mystery residing in everything from the smallest particle of an atom to the farthest galaxies of all creation? Godness, as seen through consciousness, is as expansive or limited as any given personal vision, yet cannot be confined by any. Ultimately, there is no other. The ocean of godness is all, including the drop of awareness reading this. The proof of it is that no one, no creature ever birthed upon this spinning

garden has ever, will ever, or can ever discern more than a reflection of its own face. All forms are splinters of the same witness, the same oneness, the same faceless unknown. All attributes, all measurements are born of the illusion of space-time, and to be bound by any reverie is the delusion of ignorance.

"Got God?" was a response to a seven-question survey of Chico News & Review readers published in April 1996.

Ten Reflections

I

Become a conscious, sovereign human being, awakened to the intuitive wisdom of awareness, of Self, witness to the reality and unreality, the irony and paradox of this timeless-spaceless mystery of time and space.

II

Respect this diverse garden world and the inherent rights of all creatures small to great. They are all masks of the same creation. There is no other.

III

Treat others at least as well as you would prefer they treat you. Do not expect them to return the favor, or to learn from your example. No one will ever be you.

IV

Live and let live; live and let die; grasp and release; give and take; win and lose; forgive and forget; inhale and exhale; fly and land; swim and drift; rise and fall; open and close; lock and unlock; come and go; start and stop; begin and end; flow and resist; tense and relax; be and allow; create, preserve, destroy.

V

Moderation in all things. Gluttony, greed, sloth, envy, wrath, lust, and pride are the roots of limitation, the source of suffering. The axis of evil is nepotism and cronyism and favoritism. Take delight virtue, in integrity and simplicity.

VI

Share what you have to share. But not in such a manner that it is degrading or disempowering to those you serve. Giving to get is not sharing.

VII

Play win-win whenever practical. Unmitigated competition is ultimately a dysfunctional paradigm. Avoid unnecessary conflict. No one really wins a fight. There are plenty of cooperative, egalitarian opportunities for those seeking the inherent ground.

VIII

Bring children into this world only if you intend to truly care for them. There are far too many human beings already. Life is arduous enough without a harsh, imbalanced beginning.

IX

Do not put false wealth above real relationship. Learn to listen to the many voices of nature. Learn to see with its many eyes. Mountains of gold do not compare with a child's joy in a mound of sand, a bird's, in the morning sun, or a dolphin's, in the passing wave.

X

Creation and preservation and destruction are equal partners in this kaleidoscoping light and sound show, playing out in the infinitesimally infinite aloneness of this dreamtime quantum theater. Deeply understanding this, may lessen the suffering of your relatively brief, more than a little absurd existence. Try not to take it all so seriously that you cannot laugh, at least occasionally, at this temporary mind-body, at this transient identity, this ephemeral, ever-changing, three-dimensional illusion, to which you are so attached.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim

Copyright Page

All have the express written encouragement
To distribute this creation freely to any and all
Who have the eyes to see and the ears to hear
The mystery in which each and every one
Equally participates in so many ways.

Preface

Field Notes from the Unknown,
Dedicated to all those fated to ponder the mystery
From which all things great and small
Are equally created.

The First Page

We are all created of the same source,
By whatever name you might wish to call it.
Our sense of individuality is merely a fleeting illusion
Born of the attachment of consciousness to mind-body-spirit.
In reality, we are all equally the same awareness permeating all things.
All dualistic notions are vain delusion fabricated by imagination.
Yes, it all seems real and true enough at any given moment,
But if you fully contemplate the ever-present now,
You will discern that this state we call life
Is really nothing more than a very temporary
Touchy-feely, three-dimensional, sensory reverie.
The indivisible, absolute mystery, pretending existence.

* * * *

Everything comes and goes, appears and disappears,
Changes in each and every inexplicable moment.
A magical mystery tour of bewildering origin.
And to those many so full of themselves,
Unable to perceive the unfathomable
That every moment beckons their attention,
How did the mindboggling become so mundane?

* * * *

Discern the indivisible awareness prior to all attributes,
All genders, all languages, all ideologies, all creeds, all geographies,
All families, all friends, all acquaintances, all antagonists,
All anything, all everything, under any given sun.
Discern that which is solely awareness,
Unblemished by any perception
Born of conscious design,
Mortal or otherwise.

* * * *

Every existence is entirely unique
In this grand, magical theater of time and space.
The unfolding of the song of godness is a creation extraordinaire
In every way, shape and form into which the mystery
Has spontaneously, choicelessly unfolded.
You are one of countless dreams,
All witness to the totality,
That which is prior to all perception,
That which is absolute, both within and without,
That which is real, that which is true, that which is ever you.

2

No religion, no creed, no dogma in this world, or any other, speaks for that which is god.
They are all like blind men arguing over their limited perceptions of the elephant.
The dream is ever a mystery; none have ever owned it, and none ever will.

* * * *

You are neither the world nor the universe.
You are the indivisible that is witness prior to all creation.
You are the infinite awareness, the singularity
Of all that is, and all that is not.

* * * *

Immortality is not found in the body,
Nor in the time-bound legacies of history books.
It is ever in the seamless awareness of the indivisible moment.
It is the eternal you that peers out through the senses
Into the dreaming they and mind create.

* * * *

Every instant is an orchestrated streaming
Of creation, preservation, destruction,
The trilogy of dreamtime's ever-present dynamic.
Name it whatever you will, the source of this boundless mystery
Is equally the same for the smallest as it is the greatest.

3

This ephemeral awareness belongs to no one.
It is the ether that permeates all things, transcends all things.
There are no individuals but in the imaginary reveries
Of the ever-changing theater of consciousness.
Prior to consciousness, there is only you,
In the greatest, most profound sense.

4

Humanity is a species fixated on the past,
On history, tradition, ritual, formula, this concept or that.
How challenging it is to view the streaming moment with fresh, clear eyes.
Our narcissistic vision is veiled by all we think we know,
We are blind to the mystery of Eden.

* * * *

To declare yourself either believer or atheist,
Implies that you somehow know something to be true
In the ultimate who, what, where, when, why, how conundrum.
Something that in reality cannot be known by anyone, anywhere, anytime.
Belief, faith, and hope are useless, delusional security blankets,
Vain pacifiers of the mind's fear of the unknown.
An agnostic vision is the only truthful, accurate stance.
Even Self does not know how this amazing mystery came to be.
The nowness that is, has ever been, will ever be, is all any can truly know.

5

It is really all about patterns within patterns within patterns.
Infinitesimal, miniscule, tiny, small, medium, large,
Huge, immense, practically infinite patterns.
Patterns of all the swirling elements,
Of earth, air, water and fire,
All grandly, indivisibly woven together
Within the infinite quantum-ether-hologram-matrix-mystery.
Everything dancing its interpretation of Self away,
From every little way, unto the greatest.

6

There is no deeper, there is no greater,
There is nothing but the ever-streaming awareness
That has played out every fleeting moment that has ever passed
Within and without the only observer, the only witness there has ever been.
You.

* * * *

Abandon ye all futures, all pasts, all wants, all dreams, all hopes.
Right here, right now, in the awareness of the ever-flowing present moment,
Is the eternal life you pursue, the only existence you will ever have.
But you must die in the most figurative sense to discern it.

7

The mystery creates all of us equally buck-naked,
Same as every other life form across the entire garden.
It is only our kind who get all embarrassed and vain about it.

* * * *

The challenge is to grasp and release
Any given moment at the same moment.
To flow with the ever-streaming eternal reality,
Rather than the erratic stop-and-go
Of the mind chained in time.
Discern the no-mind,
The awareness prior to consciousness,
To clearly perceive the evolving creation with a divine eye.

8

Though we are all of the same formless origin,
Each of us is snared in an individual narcissistic reflection.
No one will ever interpret the mystery through the same looking glass,
So even the choir quibbles over this and that, that and this.
Less painful just to remain alone, inwardly still,
But it would seem few of us are willing
To be quite that anonymous.

9

Your proud, relatively brief mortal existence is naught but an infinitesimal scratch on a linear timeline
Born of an immeasurable mystery, by whatever metaphor you might choose to describe it:
Creation, genesis, big bang, or turtles all the way down, turtles all the way up.
Stardust playing out a paradigm invoked by the happenstance of human consciousness.

* * * *

Is a wave a wave, or is it water?
Is a beach a beach, or sand?
Is a bracelet a bracelet, or gold?
Is anything its ephemeral appearance,
Or the quantum matrix in which all forms dance?

* * * *

Forget everything, and the awareness is all that remains.

10

Everything before now, everything after now,
Is the ever-transitory movement of imagination.
The ground of awareness is very still, ever watchful,
The eternal witness watching itself dream.

* * * *

It is the divide within that you must make whole.
It is the war within with which you must make peace.
Awareness is seamless; without rends, without adversaries.
It withstands the onslaughts of the mind in time without effort.
Bound by no dream, it is indifferent to life, it is indifferent to its end.
It is you in the truest sense, permeating all that is, all that is not.

11

You can only know, you can only witness, your dream.
But realize your version is but one reflection, one resonance, one facet,
Of this infinite, mysterious, ever-kaleidoscoping crest-jewel.
And of its unknown origin, you can only experience
The infinite nothingness at the core within,
And awaken to the clear certainty
That it is really all you.

* * * *

Challenging to stay with the momentary awareness
Without the movement of thought kicking back into overdrive.
The inner and outer chatter is ever an enticement.
Sages talk a great deal of detachment,
Of dying to the world,
But even they can be entranced
By the sensory spin of the given day-to-day.

12

To be solely the awareness, completely alone, effortless,
Is a suspension of thought, a disinterest in the ever-churning world.
A state of quietude, stillness, serenity, grace; interesting only if you are truly content
To be done with all the many things your version of the universe offers.
No, it is not easy to let go, to be in the world but not of it,
Even for the briefest of these mortal times.

14

Truth is truth is truth is truth,
Unbound by any fabrication of consciousness.
Awareness is, indeed, witness to the mysterious majesty of all creation
But nothing that is conceived can ever be proclaimed
As the truth only truth can be.

* * * *

I am the Truth, the Life, and the Way,
And so are you,
And so is everyone and everything else,
And so is each and every part and particle of dust to the farthest shore,
And the infinity beyond all pales.

15

We are all awash in the immeasurable singularity of an imaginary matrix.
Nothing is separate, nothing greater or lesser, nothing mortal.
We are all birthed of the same inexplicable essence,
A kaleidoscoping dream of consciousness
To which each alone is witness.

* * * *

This is what it is really all about.
It is all you.
There is nothing more, nothing less.
There is no greater state than the timeless simplicity of awareness,
The reality through which all dreams play out
In any given dimension.

17

At what point did you begin losing your innocence?
At what point were you drawn out into the manifest world,
Into believing it real, into believing you were the cloak of identity
You have so diligently, and with such utter conviction, worn ever since?
The other has shaped you into believing you are an identity,
But it is only your collusion which makes it so.
The key to real freedom
Is discern the indivisible source,
And then surrender to that awareness,
The timeless witness prior to consciousness.

* * * *

Life is a maze we all wander alone
In the given body's sensory matrix.

18

The drop is within the ocean, and the ocean within the drop.
The writing is within the writer, and the writer within the writing.
The painting is within the painter, and the painter within the painting.
The sculpture is within the sculptor, and the sculptor within the sculpture.
The garden is within the gardener, and the gardener within the garden.
All creation is within its creator, and the creator within all creation.

* * * *

You can only perceive the source you ever are
By being the very motionless awareness.
Eternal life is right here, right now,
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

Trying to meld a nondualistic view of this immeasurable mystery
With the egocentric-ethnocentric-geocentric collusions born of time
Requires way too many rationalizations, compromises, and contortions.
Just because some falsehood bears the authority of tradition means nothing.
Give no weight to what is unnecessary; travel the journey that calls you.

19

Your body is not really yours at all.
It is merely a temporary biological casing
From which you witness the mystery of creation.
Consciousness is in charge; you are just along for the ride.

21

This eternal moment, this stillness of awareness, is all there is,
No matter the form, no matter the time, no matter the context.

* * * *

The grand theater, and everything in it,
Is the dream of the mind-body.
You are the awareness,
The witness,
Which discerns all,
But is none of it all the while.

* * * *

We are all that which is God,
Merely moving about in different guises,
Identified by different names, speaking different tongues,
Playing out different realities, on different stages of the same mystery.

22

The body is the sanctuary, the temple, the portal in which awareness resides.
It is ever-changing, replete with every sort of irregularity, and fated to one day dissolve.
But for a relatively brief perception of time, always within the unending moment,
There is the opportunity for the temporal consciousness, the dream weaver,
To play out whatever capacity and limitation and inclination allow.

* * * *

Awareness is prior to all things
Born of thought, born of passion, born of time.
All naming is ultimately meaningless.
Even the greatest song of god
Is fated to be forgotten.

23

All that striving, all those memories, all those thoughts,
All those relationships born of the mystery's quantum mirage,
You are not any of them, and never have been, really.
You are the clear space, the heart of awareness,
Absolute and sovereign beyond compare.

24

Humankind has expended a great portion of its recent so-called civilized history
Battling over the electromagnetic spectrum: wavelengths, frequencies, vibrations, light, sound.
Continuously struggling, quarreling, destroying -- over what is but a mere sliver of the indivisible mystery
That our sensory dwellings are capable of perceiving in the patterning of all things manifest.
How baffling that we have not fathomed a greater vision of our place in it all.

* * * *

There is no such thing as time; birth, life, death are but a dream.
There is only awareness, the you that has ever yet never been.

25

The passionate mind must be at rest
To discern the vastness within and without.
There are many techniques, many means, many ways,
To approach realizing this attentive, vulnerable state of awareness,
But the upshot, the bottom line, the bare essential, the brass tack, the nut and bolt,
The down-and-dirty-nitty-gritty-crux-of-the-matter, the sine qua non,
Is that the mind stills until only the witness remains.

* * * *

It is only in through the incessant movement of consciousness
That you separate yourself from the infinite source
Which is called by so many sounds.
Awareness is the same Soul
For all creation from great to small.

* * * *

Abiding in thought, in the metaphors of persona,
In the imaginary pretense of little self, is a form of death.
To die to all the fabricated concepts, all the notions of this or that,
To live attentive to the very present, timeless awareness,
Is to immerse in the eternal life you truly are.

27

Realize it or not, you are a particle of the grand mystery,
Of that indivisible essence which many call god.
Perhaps acting out some demon role,
But a shard, nonetheless.
You have only to look within
To discern the infinite awareness
Prior to the dreaming of time and space,
From which all have only in imagination splintered.

28

The real mystery
Is how so many tolerate
What took place tens, hundreds,
And so often even thousands of years ago,
To regulate their existence today.
What would you be doing
If it was just you,
All alone?

29

We are certainly intoxicated by all our noise and busy-busy,
But zip up a few hundred meters and stillness reigns.
The unknown is not bound by blah-blah or bling.
The mystery will spin on with or without us.

* * * *

Eternity is awareness now.
Time is the wake of memory.
The future is all possible paths.
Free will looking forward,
Fate looking back.

* * * *

Impromptu theater … nothing more … nothing less … nothing but.
The unknown playing its mystery out in any and every way
The dreamtime of imagination sets into motion.

30

Awareness, the underlying formless.

* * * *

The quantum mystery is you, and you are it.
You witness it, and it witnesses you.
You meditate upon its infinity,
And it upon your temporal limitation.
How could the indelible indivisibility be else?

33

Human beings quarrel over this and that, and that and this,
As if anything anyone declares or does really matters
Any more than whether a river trickles or roars.
The vast mystery is what it is, has ever been, will every be,
And nothing can ever add or detract from its ultimate indivisible nature.
The only thing that is perhaps even the least bit relevant
Is our relationship with the countless things
Its infinity has made manifest,
Including ourselves.

* * * *

What are the imaginary dualities to you
Who are the fundamental awareness in all things.
You who are serene witness to all creation.
Known or unknown, done or undone,
Oblivion is your singular nature.

35

In the ether of the quantum matrix, the four elements
Stream all about the awareness you truly are.
They cannot bind nor compel but through attachment
To the ephemeral, vaporous, mesmerizing reverie they inspire.

* * * *

If it is peace, tranquility, serenity, harmony, equanimity, stillness that you pursue,
It is not in these words, nor any others, in which it will be discerned.
Only in the sanctity of the awareness of your true Self,
Will you find that for which you long.

36

What is emancipation but a quality of mind
Free of any and all encumbrances, any and all notions.
Unfurl your essential, unconditional sovereignty
Into the stillness of untainted awareness.

* * * *

Happiness, sorrow, anger, hate, joy, love,
Emotions of any rhyme or reason, thoughts of any caliber,
Passions of any variety, what are they to the awareness you truly are, really?

37

Truth is a state, a quality of beingness,
The momentary, timeless, ephemeral awareness,
Not a vain assertion of consciousness.

* * * *

It is ever and always the same awareness within.
Only the play of imagination cloaks it otherwise.

28

You are the sky, not the weather;
The awareness, not the elements.
All is just distraction from what is.

39

Neither male nor female,
Good nor bad, right nor wrong,
Light nor dark, high nor low, near nor far.
Awareness is without principle.

40

The awareness at the source of all manifestation will ever wander along
With whatever dream consciousness wishes to play out.
Creation, preservation, destruction,
You choose.

* * * *

How long are we going to quarrel
Over which dogma is true,
Which version of the mystery is real,
When the only thing that has ever really been argued
Are the imaginings born of one geographical assumption or another.

* * * *

The ultimate reality is that each and every one of us
Has the opportunity to discern the mystery we all equally are.
But the conditioning, the mindsets, the traditions, the dogmas, the memes,
The identification of consciousness with the mind, the heart, the body, the world, the universe,
Have humankind locked in a stranglehold entirely of its own imaginary creation.
We are on a sure an unwavering course toward self-destruction,
An unfolding well beyond the point of no return.
What will come of it is the pulp of dystopian fiction.

42

Both believer and atheist
Pretend to know there is or is not a god.
But that you are is really the only fact worth considering,
And of the source of this infinite mystery, no one can really know anything.
Of the ultimate truth, the most earnest remain agnostic.

43

The journey of awakening to the indivisible seems an individual struggle,
An awareness of the vast totality to which the human species
May or may not be capable of collectively partaking
Before the temporal dream of consciousness
Reaches its inevitable conclusion.
Oh well and so it goes.
Never really mattered anyway.

* * * *

It takes a great deal of mettle
To doubt to the essential core of awareness.
Immortal fare is not for the meek who will inherit the earth,
And the dreaming it every moment inspires.

* * * *

Existence as it is known is nothing more than a foggy swirl of perceptions.
Eternal life is timeless awareness, free of memory, free of known.
It is the end of passion's craving for any form or concept.

45

There is tabula rasa, an uncarved block, an unrippled soul, within,
But the imaginary, make-believe you, formed of consciousness,
Must become very still, very quiet, for its awareness to reign.

47

To fathom complete and utter freedom,
One must be very at rest in the momentary awareness.
Eternal life is not for those still seduced by the dream of manifest time.

49

Knowledge cleaves the enigmatic mystery of consciousness
Into every sort of dualistic conception under the sun.
The forbidden was harvested, and Eden lost.
Fallen monkeys, indeed.
And this pillaged garden will hobble on
For as long as humankind survives its memories real.

50

The one thing of which you can be very certain, across all time, across all space.
Is that you are not at all separate from anything, in any way, at any moment.
How do you discern this? Because you are the dreamer dreaming it all.
You are the seamless, singular awareness, the one and only reality.

51

You are awareness.
The rest is imagination.
Life is surfing within a dream,
Until the wave crashes.

52

Every life form that is born of this mysterious essence
Creates and experiences its own finite universe
With the same awareness inherent in all.
We are all That which never sleeps,
Is never born, and never dies.

* * * *

Every life form that is born of this mysterious essence
Creates and experiences its own finite universe
With the same awareness inherent in all.
We are all That which never sleeps,
Is never born, and never dies.

* * * *

The world is teeming with every sort of absurd claim.
The only real marvel is that we cannot discern
All are ultimately of the same mystery.

* * * *

What difference between a moment ago
And the one just before you were conceived?
All figments within the ether of an indivisible matrix.

* * * *

The body is not you; you are not the body.
You have no body, you never have, and you never will.
The mortal container is merely a fleeting means to one end or another,
A formless, indivisible infinity, without foundation,
Without beginning, without conclusion.
Awareness is the cradle
From which all things rise into being,
The coffin to which all things are one day laid to rest.

53

Knowing you are solitary witness to your version of the theater,
Discerning you are awareness manifest, how will you play out your role?
Will you be angel, or demon, or some spontaneous blend between?
It is your reverie to do as your desire, your law, dictates.
Be it heaven or hell, or some purgatory between,
It is your creation, and your will be done.

* * * *

Every point and particle of this reverie
Is ultimately to fully perceive the singular truth
That you are the eternal upwelling, that you are That I Am.
By whatever arbitrary sound you may describe it,
That Truth … that Life … that Way …
Is the awareness you ever are,

* * * *

A very ubiquitous, mysterious reality
In which every life plays out a little dream
On a maze of stage that winds this way and that,
Until in the death of breath do they part.

* * * *

Oblivion is the end to all lies, all fabrications, all self-deceptions.
It is the vital source, the essence prior to all becoming.
It is the experiencing prior to all experience,
The intangible prior to all that is tangible,
The awareness prior to consciousness,
The actuality prior to all that is imagined,
The substantial prior to all that is insubstantial,
That which is prior to all context, prior to all manifest dreams.

54

The big lesson humankind is still hard-pressed to learn, hard-pressed to even begin to grasp,
Is that absolutely everything is connected at every level across the board.
Each and every particle working, playing, dancing together,
Every simultaneous, unrehearsed moment,
To create this grand dream.
That so many take it all for granted,
And deceive themselves and others in so many ways,
That we have become so absurdly disjointed, is folly beyond the pale.

* * * *

From the quietude of boundless slumber, awareness awakens,
And gazing into the pool of memories, stokes the dream into another day.
Dust to dust, a few breaths, a few thoughts between.
Let the vanity begin.

55

We are all in the ultimate reality the same pure awareness.
It is neither yours, nor mine, nor anyone else's.
It is simply consciousness playing out
Its immeasurable potential.

* * * *

To be born again into the source of all things
Is to discard everything and just be
The stillness of no-mind.
Be … still.

* * * *

Are you a body experiencing awareness?
Or awareness experiencing a body?
Or perhaps both and neither?

56

That you are of god is not something to be taken vainly,
But as something to be discerned at the core of your being.
The kingdom of god is the sovereignty of the indivisible source,
Within all things both manifest and unmanifest.
The eternal matrix is all-inclusive,
Including even you.

* * * *

There is only one awareness,
There is only one consciousness,
Splintered into an endless array of forms,
Playing out every prospect imagination deigns.
A capricious ocean of surging tides and crashing waves,
But an ocean, nonetheless.

* * * *

'Supreme Being' is being in the most
Omniscient, omnipotent, omnipresent way.
It is less about some imaginary, individual deity,
Than it is the austerity of pure, unadulterated awareness.
Agape is the indivisible, unconditional, impersonal indifference.

57

In youth, life is full of vitality and learning,
But mortal reality – injury, illness, aging, death –
Gradually erode the many illusions of blissful ignorance.
Questions arise about the ever-changing light show of the universe.
And those who give it earnest and unwavering attention,
Discern the awareness, and its immortal nature.

* * * *

How is it anyone truly believes some sort of alien race was required to create our kind,
Or set us on some sort of long, winding, convoluted, evolutionary journey?
How is it anyone could gaze upon this astonishing garden planet
And not assume it entirely capable of being the source
Of all the innumerable life forms it sustains?
It is a curious thing that so many require the belief
In some outside intervention to explain the mystery they are.

58

By the time you recognize and react to any given memory,
Awareness has already moved on to the next,
And the many nexts beyond that.
And on and on,
An eternal, immortal sprite,
You can never touch, never catch, only be.

* * * *

Sometimes it is heaven, sometimes it is hell.
Consciousness is flip-flop like that.
Awareness does not care.

59

What is heaven but hope, and hell, dread.
The nectar of awareness is prior to both.

* * * *

You see only what you perceive.
You see only what you know.
You see only what you believe.
Everyone is but a frame of reference.

* * * *

What desire, what fear can there be,
If you are immersed in the awareness
Of the unfolding ever-present moment?

* * * *

All dogma, all vanity, all everything,
Ripples from consciousness, not awareness.
From mind, not that which is witness to all creation.

60

Who, what, where, when, why, how … does any universe come into being,
But through the awareness of the observer, the beholder, the witness.
All based on structure, sensory input, capacities and limitations.
Every creature great to small resides in a cosmos of its own weaving.

* * * *

Ultimately, there is no evil, there is no sin, there no dark side.
There is only corrupted, twisted, perverted consciousness.
There is only the veiling, the muddying of awareness.
There is only ignorance and delusion and duality.
Evil does not truly exist in any way or shape or form,
But through the vanity-vanity-all-is-vanity of imagination.

61

The senses offer an ever-kaleidoscoping, timeless universe.
Why be overly concerned about where it has been, or where it is headed,
When the ever-present nowness is in itself so extraordinary,
A mystery to be witnessed however any wills.

63

Awareness has no bond to time and space
Other than to witness its ever-kaleidoscoping nature.
How can that which is indivisibly eternal
Ever be bound by any creation?

* * * *

Sometimes serious, sometimes absurd,
Sometimes intelligent, sometimes foolish,
Sometimes divisive, sometimes incisive,
Ever eternally, inscrutably indivisible.
A mystery no matter how long it is,
A mystery no matter how short it is.

64

You need not participate in any mindset, any groupthink, large or small.
Cleanse your mind, your awareness, of all memes, all inventions, all fictions,
All contrivances fashioned of imagination's perpetual collection of absurd notions.
Stand alone, and be as inwardly free as the moment before you were conceived.

65

All consciousness is of arbitrary design.
The only absolute is the eternal awareness
Prior to all dreams born of a sensory nature.

* * * *

A drop alone is merely a drop,
But all together they compose a mighty sea.
Such is the nature of awareness, and the infinity of universes
Made manifest in the ever-kaleidoscoping creation.

* * * *

You truly yearn to know, to touch that which is God?
Then just be very, very still, and in the effortless awareness,
You will discern the true nature permeating all from small to great.

66

You who have discerned truth, know it to be you, know it to be me,
Know it to be everything within, everything without.
No need for words, no need for dogma,
Awareness sees all.

67

It really does not matter one speck, one smidgen, one iota,
What anybody thinks or believes about anything.
You have always been nothing more
Than the awareness of the eternal present,
Never the dream born of the mind bound in time.

* * * *

Find a space where you can sit quietly, alone.
Ignore the ever-churning sensory theater.
Allow the thoughts to pass without interference.
Observe completely the beingness throughout the passing.
That simple awareness, that nowness, is the eternal, original nature.
To abide in the essential ever-fleeting moment, the mind still,
Is liberation from the fabrications of false identity.

68

Move prior to concept, to form, to struggle.
Be simple, carefree, serene, tranquil, absolute, sovereign.
For those lacking discernment, the ceaseless inventions of dualistic notion
Are but the quagmire of knowledge, of opinions, of beliefs,
Absorption in the voracious mind-body identity,
In the ever-beckoning sirens of desire.
All merely distractions
From the timeless awareness,
The every-moment one-and-only reality
Within and without all creations great and small.

69

Why anyone would believe in a deity
That wants them or others to suffer
Is perhaps the only real mystery.

70

Awareness is not a belief system.
It is that which is prior to consciousness
And requires nothing but unconditional attention
For you to be both its master and its servant.

71

The quantum matrix can indeed be in far more than two dimensions in any given moment.
In fact, it is capable of generating an incalculable number of permutations
Of anything and everything, wherever consciousness abides.
Far more grand than any god imaginable.

72

So many things true, so many things false,
In so many minds, in so many times, in so many spaces,
Yet, no matter how many differences this endless mystery may spawn,
All are, have ever been, will ever be, of the same origin.

* * * *

A wealthy life is having the health, the means, the spirit,
To do whatever the mystery-given capacities and limitations allow.
Your destiny is already written in the dusty sands of time.
You just have to every moment scrawl it out
In whatever way you will.

74

Just say no to the mumbo-jumbo of all superstition,
All the false, delusional authorities born of time and circumstance.
Discern that the source of the ever-present awareness
Is the immeasurable, absolute You.

76

What siren-like enticement it is to believe memories
Any more than dead things, when the only thing that is,
Is this very ungraspable moment of still, timeless awareness.
The actuality is that you are not, you were not, you will never be.
You need not care about the dreamtime in which quantum mind dwells.

* * * *

Sooner or later the given existence will reach its termination, as all dreams do.
May as well dance as well as you can for as long as the cadaver is able.
What any of us may endure as we head into our endgame
Is a choiceless reckoning that all must face alone.
To cast off before your time may or may not be an option,
Depending on disposition, opportunity, or sense of obligation to others.
Not easy to let go of existence when you have spent so much of it struggling to survive.
Yet, what point is there in allowing this three-dimensional reverie to meander into some nightmare?
What obligation does anyone have to live out a dream for which they did not ask?

77

What is this unfathomable mystery that is called god
By many names, many sounds, many vibrations,
But a cloud of untainted, vibrant awareness,
The nothingness prior to consciousness,
The indivisible, enigmatic upwelling,
The oblivion before all patterns,
The stillness before all time,
The soul of all creation.

78

Eternal life is simply living in the awareness of the ever-streaming moment,
Oblivious to the space and time in which the manifest mind abides.
The state of being when the allure of the many attributes,
The countless fabrications of imagined identity,
Lose all meaning, all purpose, all concern,
When the magnitude of the singular present is all.

79

You are the mystery, you are the awareness, you are the source,
You cannot disengage from the ever-present indivisibility.
To suppose that you are separate, that your personality
Is any more than an invention of consciousness,
Is unutterably delusional from the get-go.

80

The first and last breath of all time and space is within each and every one of us,
A fluid infinity of swirling elements, an immeasurable quantum mystery,
Effortlessly flowing through all beginning, through all endings,
From seed to seed, form to form, through all creation.

* * * *

The occupied, inattentive mind is always willing
To waylay the stillness of awareness
With its windy this or that.
Being in the moment
Is not for the meek of spirit.

82

The universe created by the senses
Will draw you again and again into the grand illusion.
For the unsteady mind still mesmerized by the pitter-patter of time and space,
The waking-sleeping-waking of it is ever a Sisyphean challenge.
It requires great discipline to resist the dream,
And be the momentary awareness
Prior to consciousness.

83

How strange it all is to be cast into an existence
In which every sort of heaven and hell is played out within and without.
An ethereal, touchy-feely, three-dimensional, quantum-matrix of a dream, until death do you part.

85

When you were young and innocent, the movement of consciousness
Was like fresh sap flowing mightily through a spring tree.
As existence passed by with its many seasons
There arose a vague awareness
Of the vast, yawning expanse within.
Of the quietude that had always been present
Since the passionate journey in time and space began.
The indelible stillness that few are discerning enough to perceive.
Now you are in that portion of life when you make peace with the passions,
And quietly prepare for the end of time, and complete surrender to the eternal origin.

86

From the stillness of awareness, all potentials spring,
Into the stillness of awareness, all potentials subside.

88

To all who truly, earnestly doubt,
It is you, you truly pursue
In that awareness so singular,
Where all trails end, at the end of you.

* * * *

The most sincere answer
To inquiries about your date of birth
Is that you are really not sure you were ever born.

* * * *

Personality is reaction to the sensory play.
It is the response of the mind-body to its environment.
The disharmony of duality dissolves as concern for mortality dissolves.
Attention shifts from the travails of imagination to the awareness prior to consciousness.
From desire, fear, anger, sorrow, separation in any of it many forms,
To the indivisible serenity of the eternal witness.

90

You are the mystery,
Forever unknown, indivisible,
One in all, all in one.

91

This plain and simple reality at the core of all things requires no following, no imitation.
It is simply looking closely within and discerning the awareness
You truly are, have ever been, will ever be.

95

We are all the same indivisible, seamless, quantum matrix.
Synergistically creating and preserving and destroying it all together.
The source, the wellspring, and all the countless dreamers, are one in the same.

96

Existence for the rare few is an inquiry
Into the mystery that is prior to consciousness.
For most others it is every diversion consciousness allows.

97

How free any given newborn.
Pure awareness, untouched, untrammeled,
By all the past events or future concerns, all the burdens,
All the baggage they will one day inevitably carry in dreamtime's passing.

* * * *

For those fully imbibing the stillness before time, there is a return to wonder.
From the source within, from oblivion's rainbow, the song of awareness.

* * * *

Be the totality of awareness.
The only way out is within.

99

When the mind is still, where is the yearning for continuity?
Where is the notion of duality that harbors passion?
Where is the player, the actor, the identity?
Where is the witness woven of time?
What is there but the awareness of emptiness?
What is there but that birthless-deathless creation of all?
What is there but eternal life, eternal oblivion, eternal redemption?

* * * *

Every seer taps into the unknown
With a filtered, incomplete frame of reference,
And thus dogma, and its seemingly countless mischiefs, takes root.
Ever a cautionary tale.

* * * *

You are only bound by mortal limitations
While there is identification with the given mind-body.
Awareness is without imaginary attributes.

* * * *

Humankind projects its ceaseless conceit
Upon an infinite mystery indifferent to its existence.
What is called death, that state so many fear in so many ways,
Is merely evaporation into the impersonal reality,
The oblivion of the ultimate nature.

* * * *

Complete and utter stillness
Is the serenity in which all things great and small
Play out their personal dreams in an infinite, indivisible, holographic matrix.
A universe in which creator and creation are one in the same.

* * * *

God as projected by the dogmatic mind is patently, woefully absurd.
That which is eternally omnipotent, omnipresent, omniscient
Cannot be confined in any way, any shape, any form.
The mystery is ever unknown, ever insoluble.
All assertions are but vain speculation and hearsay.

100

We are all of the same awareness
Etched by the diversity of consciousness
Into untold assumptions of self-absorbed pretense.
It is only at the source that you will discern
The vast, indivisible commonality.
There truly is no other.
Thou art God.

* * * *

It appears that you are ensnared for yet another day
In this mortal frame, so profoundly temporal.
Yet you are not a body, you are not a mind.
You are not, have never been, nor will ever be,
Bound by any manifest container that any creation,
No matter how inexplicable, has ever, or can ever, muster.

* * * *

You are that which is brick and mortar to all spaces, all times.
That which is witness to every dimension, every dream.
That which is awake even during the deepest sleep.
That which is asleep in even the most alert vigil.
That which is the tiniest, infinitesimal point.
That which is the most infinite expanse.
That which none can either claim to be,
Nor feign, except in delusion, not to be.
That which is, ever was, and will ever be.
That which is not, never was, and will never be.
The quantum matrix prior to all imaginings born of mind,
The eternal nature prior to all attributes formed of consciousness,
Indivisible, unblemished, singular, supreme, sovereign, absolute, without peer.

101

The harvest of a free mind is awareness,
The complete and utter stillness of oblivion.

* * * *

Freedom is within each and every moment
You are simple enough to simply be.
To clearly discern true Self,
Merely set aside vanity, become very still,
And soully be the unvarnished, unblemished awareness,
The awareness, the upwelling, that is, has always been, and will ever be.

102

Would that this simple insight about truth were not such an uncommon commodity.
That it were an every-moment-every-man-woman-and-child awareness.
Something discerned at the marrow of each and every one,
Without any conflict, any confusion, whatsoever.

* * * *

In what field of gold can you ever truly harbor
But the awareness you have within always been.

104

Just how present can you really be
But through the complete and utter stillness
Of the pure, ever-streaming awareness.
Eternal life is as simple as it gets.

106

Every streaming moment within the awareness of every form, ever the same timeless oneness.
Not an easy truth, not an easy reality, not easy in any way to wrap ye old gray matter around.

* * * *

Only you, in pure, unsullied awareness,
Can cast your Self free of all constraints.

108

Words come to many who clearly discern the truth of this mystery.
There is no possession, there is no ownership of the song of godness.
Nothing about which to manifest the unending mayhem of dogma.

109

Awareness is eternity's teflon.

* * * *

The quantum matrix abides all things.

110

Every school of thought, every experience gleaned,
Yet another filter through which to witness
The mystery of the unknown,
The matrix now.

111

Any container by its nature must play out its limited role
In whatever way the matrix of the moment has in play.

112

To see the simple truth of eternity's ultimate grace
As clearly as momentary awareness allows,
Is to become inwardly, very, very still,
A shave, just a shave, mind you,
More than death its Self.

113

No matter where you may be in this vast mystery of creation,
No matter how many ways you find to distract your Self,
You are ultimately and forever alone all the while.

115

How many have realized
That Jesus was an antichrist?
That what we call Christian religion,
Along with all the other creeds of this world,
Has become exactly what he died advocating against.
That which dogmas across this mystery fear most
Are intractable individuals who point out
That the only authentic religion,
The only true church
Is the golden cathedral within.

116

Instinct is the foundation
Upon which consciousness is birthed,
Yet the jewel crest of awareness is for few to discern.
Wisdom is the untainted journey of godness,
A path to which many are called,
But few are chosen.

117

Forget what your eyes have seen,
Your ears have heard, your nose has smelled,
Your tongue has tasted, your hands and body have felt.
Forget everything the indivisible weavings of earth, water, air, and fire,
Have ever concocted in this temporary mortal container.
Allow the mind to become utterly still,
Timelessly present, completely anonymous.
You will, in those moments of absolute awareness,
Be what you truly are, have always been, and will ever be.

* * * *

The matrix bids you welcome to the Land of Ozurdity.

119

What need for any belief system, any dogma, any speculation, any meme,
Once you discern the awareness permeating all things great and small.

* * * *

You have seen reflections of it.
You have seen photographs and drawings of it.
But you have never, and will never, see your face the way others see it.
Behind the given mask, we are all the same mystery.

121

DNA suffers no ethical dilemmas, no moral quagmires.
Its only mindless concern is its genetic survival and continuity.
In that quest, no course of action endures any reflection, whatsoever.
"The end justifies any means" is its only true law, its only abiding directive.
Anyone living is only here now because of every possible permutation imaginable
Since the mystery of existence came into being in the puddle of some long ago.

124

No place to anchor in the nothingness of pure awareness.

128

The church of awareness is in every moment of every day.
To attend only one sunrise-sunset a week misses out on the other six,
And that is just in one week, of just one year, of just one life.
And do not leave out all the starry-starry nights.

129

Truth is not something that can be attained
In any imaginable way, shape, or form.
It is merely source to the ever-fleeting,
Ever-mysterious, ever-indivisible moment.

* * * *

If you wish to know god,
Then observe within very closely,
Until you clearly perceive that the awareness
Is the indivisible source to which all are seamless witness.
Neither yours, nor mine, nor anyone else's.

131

We are all merely monkeys here, an entire planet covered with monkeys.
Jesus was a monkey, and so were Buddha, Muhammad, Lao Tzu, and Nietzsche.
Your father and mother are monkeys, and your brothers, your sisters, your grandparents,
And your uncles and aunts and cousins and friends and acquaintances and strangers and enemies,
And even you, are all just two-legged tree-swingers who one day climbed down,
And wandered out into the plains, and across the pale blue dot.

* * * *

The heart of awareness has nothing to do with romantic notion.

* * * *

You are not your body, your mind, your relationships, your things.
You are not your likes and dislikes, nor the perceptions of all your memories.
You are not your world, you are not your universe, you are not anything under any sun.
You are naught but the awareness of totality witnessing a magical mystery tour of quantum design.

133

There is no separation in the awareness,
But through the play of consciousness,
And all its sensory-based differences.

134

The mystery of existence,
A few breaths, a few heartbeats,
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

Your world, your universe, expands in consciousness
Until you at long last realize fully that it never really existed
As anything more than a indivisible, ephemeral dream,
To which eternal awareness is sovereign witness.

136

The grace of this unknowable mystery is within all great and small,
Discerned fully by the few granted the vision and insight,
And the inclination to peer eye wide open within.

137

The senses are ripples away from the awareness where you abide.
The eyes, the ears, the tongue, the nose, the flesh, all feeding into the mind,
How can they ever be the one and only you, but through attachment to assumptions?
How can they ever be more than distant devices to be witnessed however nature-nurture allows?

138

It is not through words that reality is discerned.
Concepts are but the winds of sound blowing this way and that,
The awareness you are, utterly still throughout.
For that which you truly are,
There is no name.

139

Awareness is all.

140

It is consciousness that steeps in passion and fear.
Awareness is incapable of knowing any difference.

141

It is only consciousness that is harbor
To all the agonies and ecstasies of passion.
The eternal awareness is neither here nor there.

142

It is all just imagination's attachment to this or that.
A sensory dream in the matrix of eternity.
You are untainted awareness,
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.
Just putting in your time in whatever way the dream calls.

144

Quantum awareness.

* * * *

So much of everything within any given cosmos,
Nothing new, nothing old, everything the same, nothing the same.
On and on the unknowable conundrum churns, ever creating, preserving, destroying,
The timeless in every mind's eye, witness to a kaleidoscoping sensory mirage.
The awareness has awakened to so many dreams, to so many universes,
To so many passions, to so many reflections of consciousness,
The eternal in which miniscule to gigantic equally abide.
You are it, it is you, there is ultimately no other.

145

The truth of it is, that not even one atom
Across an entire cosmos indivisibly full of them,
Can for even one iota of an eternal moment, still itself.
And yet, the awareness within and without its ever-churning all,
Has never once, across all time and space, even stirred.

* * * *

For what, exactly, are you hoping?
Power? Fame? Fortune? Security? … Immortality?
You already have so much: life, awareness, health, food, water, air …
As austere as it may sound, the things often taken for granted are truly your greatest wealth.
After all, you only abide this manifest play for as long as mortal fate allows.
Try not to squander its brief window of beingness too lightly.

146

Only minds shackled to time and space require meaning and purpose.
The sage wanders freely in the quietude of eternal awareness.
All meaning and purpose evaporates when you do.

* * * *

If you are not privy the source of this vast mystery, how can anyone else be?
An agnostic stance is the middle way between the true believers of any assertion.

148

In the ocean of metaphors, awareness abides indivisible.

149

Those who long for a serene existence put aside their many passions,
And surrender to the awareness in which all creation is harbored.

151

How curious that those who spend their existence in scholarship
Are never able to entirely examine all the knowledge
The mystery ever-entices them to create.

152

The awareness is the ever-present witness.
The observer and the observed are indivisibly one.
It is only in imagination that dualistic notion finds lodging.
Consciousness, no matter how profound or creative,
Can never be anything more than imaginary.

* * * *

We are all of the same mystery, the same eternal Soul,
But the character, the personality, the identity,
Wears the cloak of whatever illusory dream
The given nature-nurture has spawned.
Nothing about which to be inflated, really.

* * * *

The elements ever indivisibly combine, break apart, and re-combine
In their inexplicable, immutable, mysterious, sovereign fashion,
And the given mind follows in whatever meager way it will.

153

To believe the awareness is yours or anyone else's,
Is a misguided assumption without any validity, whatsoever.
A complete misapprehension of the essential commonality of all creation.

154

It is all you,
Terribly, wonderfully, absolutely alone,
A vast stillness without measure, without rhyme or reason, without cause or effect,
Without purpose or meaning, without beginning or end,
What else would godness be?

* * * *

What is it to be born again,
But to be the awareness of a newborn,
As still and silent and attentively timeless as the cosmos,
From whence all things great and small have been immaculately woven.

155

It is only in human consciousness
That the disharmony of dualistic notion takes place.
At whatever level you might examine this infinite, indivisible matrix of a dream
– Physics, chemistry, biology – everything is connected
Without any distinction, whatsoever.

* * * *

You were never really born,
You have never existed,
You have no future,
You have no past.
You are the I in I,
The Am in Am,
The That in That.
You are That I Am.
The Truth, the Life, the Way.
Awareness, pure, simple, eternally free.

156

Whatever the source of the mystery, you are also.
How could you not be?

* * * *

What conclusion can there ever possibly be
To a mystery capable of dreaming
Without beginning or end?

* * * *

The awareness that transpires in this eternal now
Is indifferent to this temporal theater born of time and space.
So the good news, really, is that it can all be considered absolute bullshit.

157

What an amazing dream
All that food and drink
Has this moment created.
Even an ocean of absurdity
Cannot undo the mystery of it all.

161

Smaller and smaller, infinitesimally smaller, or larger and larger, infinitely larger.
How can there ever be any end, any finale to this intractable mystery?
Be still, and know that which is all, that which is none.

* * * *

Imagination is, within the vastness of awareness,
Both least and greatest common denominator.

162

How can awareness be thought to have either beginning or end,
When its momentary nature is so ever-present as to be absolutely eternal.
Consciousness, however, is an entirely different bag of worms.
For all practical purposes, it is unable to hold still,
And is insatiably able and willing
To distract itself and over and over,
With every antic it can possibly conceive.

* * * *

The activist sees the mystic and calls his way pointless.
The mystic sees the activist and calls his way pointless, as well.
So many ways to point out the pointlessness
Of the same and only mystery.

* * * *

Consciousness will never do more than speculate on how this mystery came to be.
All anyone can ever do is be in the moment, however it is playing out.
Time is born of mind, it is nothing more than imagination.
You were not, you are not, you need not care

163

Awareness, from cradle to grave, ever the same.

* * * *

In awareness, all potentials reside.

* * * *

The truest mystery is without solution.

165

We are all dreams in each other's minds,
Different players kaleidoscoping across the same stage,
Dancing in the quantum matrix, in whatever way consciousness calls.

166

You will play out whatever fate the quantum matrix has allotted.
Whatever genetic lottery has been formulated, whatever stage has been erected,
Whatever dice have been rolled, whatever hand has been dealt.
So it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.

167

In every moment,
A new opportunity to discern
The mystery streaming indivisibly within.

168

It is the dust of stars and shit of dinosaurs that has allowed you
The vision and insight to consciously bear witness
To this infinite mystery of a universe,
A creation entirely born
Of your own imaginary design.

171

Be it long or short, smooth or rutted, all philosophizing eventually circles back to you.
Ever the same mysterious awareness, ever unknown, without beginning, without ending.
You are it, it is you, and all your profound speculations mean absolutely diddly-squat.

* * * *

It is the dust of stars and shit of dinosaurs that has allowed you
The vision and insight to consciously bear witness
To this infinite mystery of a universe,
A creation entirely born
Of your own imaginary design.

* * * *

There is most definitely an omnipotent,
Omnipresent, omniscient god,
If you wish to call it that.
A state both infinite and finite,
Of which you are a sparkle of awareness,
A witness to the mystery of your most eternal origin.

173

Awareness is the moment, ever still.
Consciousness starts, sticks, stops,
And confabulates without end.

174

The greatest view of the history of all manifestation
Would be the fusion of every universe born of conscious design.
It would include a seamless wander through the matrix, through every nook and cranny
To which the mystery of imagination is witness in every way possible.
All within the infinite, indivisible, timeless stillness
Of that source prior to all naming,
That source prior, even,
To that which many call god.

* * * *

The given universe kaleidoscopes around the sensory body,
Consciousness ceaselessly fabricating every sort of this or that, or that or this,
But, in reality, the awareness merely witnesses a seamless stream.
Vibration, limited by the boundaries of imagination.

175

Every existence is a unique seed born of the same essence, the same mystery.
All are mortal portals through which awareness witnesses
The enigma of its eternal nature.

* * * *

Awareness.
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

All imagination is illusion, samsara, the play of the quantum ether,
Earth … water … air … fire … in all its countless forms,
All its theaters of consciousness … across all time, across all space,
In how ever many dimensions this inexplicable mystery has deigned to create.

176

What is so arduous about realizing the truth,
That the awareness within all, the witness within all,
Is entirely detached, objectively indifferent, benignly disengaged,
To the countless dreams of consciousness in all its pursuits, in all its passions.
Awareness is the mysterious spirit of totality, call it god if you must;
Consciousness, but the splintering of dualistic notion.
You are it, it is you, there is no other.

* * * *

The mortal mind is transfixed
By the ceaseless permutations of limitation.
As for that which is immortal, well, find even one boundary, if you can.
After all, the indivisible is indivisible much farther
Than any eye will ever see.

* * * *

If you want world peace, still that busy mind,
And in awareness take in a few deep breaths.

* * * *

What else do you possibly need
Once simple awareness
Is nectar enough?

178

It has never really been the résumé of experience,
In which any mortal existence has from birth to grave danced.
It is the indivisible holographic matrix of awareness,
In which all creation has ever basked.

179

How else would awareness witness the creation
But through all its many eyes, ears, tongues, noses, skins,
And whatever other senses this quantum mystery may have concocted.

* * * *

Humans across this spinning garden
Have many names for its evolving mystery,
And not even one of them matters at all in the least.

180

You cannot really know eternal life,
That moment where life and death are not,
Until the mind stills to the nowness of awareness
Prior to all movement of consciousness.

* * * *

It is through the many reflections of the other
That any given one awakens to truth.
Who knows how many ways, how many places,
The mystery has awoken to its Self throughout its eternal play.

181

Any given seed is merely a temporal blueprint
Through which the omniscient, omnipresent, omnipotent quantum awareness
Witnesses all creation, all things from great to small,
Playing out their patterning
As the matrix of manifest time dictates.

* * * *

Where does awareness begin?
And where can it possibly end?

* * * *

Is there anyone in this temporal theater
Who is always happy, or always miserable?
Surely, the mind is far too intemperate a beast
To maintain any state more than the shortest while
In the ever-changing milieu of this inconstant mystery.

186

A breath filled with awareness
Is a much more admirable companion
Than all those wayward thoughts.
Make each a full embrace
Of the Soul you are.

* * * *

As to the question of so many unconfirmed mysteries,
Unless you have actually experienced something for your Self,
Something that may even be asserted by large groups or the influential,
(e.g., God, ghosts unidentified flying objects, abominable snowmen,
Vast conspiracies by unseen organizations, et cetera ad infinitum),
An assertion that is, as yet, unproven in your own experience,
Truly, an agnostic position is the only honest state of mind.

187

There is nothing not born of the same mystery,
But the real mystery is how we have made it this far,
How we have survived all our vain foolishness for this long.

* * * *

Mother Nature only allows each of us
To play out this little reverie for the briefest of whiles,
And then one-by-one melts all down for another generation's accession.
To think of oneself as more than a fleeting piece of jewelry
Is to miss discerning the essence you really are
In this indivisible matrix of a theater.

188

Just say no to scriptures, dogmas, idolatry, crystal basilicas, dress codes,
All the absurd belief systems born of the conditioned mind.
You are it, it is you, plain and simple, absolute.
The one and only house of godness
Is the awareness within,
Sovereign, indivisible, complete.

* * * *

Without a mirror, a photograph, a drawing, or any other reflection or memory,
Describe your face as the awareness sees it from within right now.
Eyes, nose, ears, mouth, chin, hair, teeth, skin, eyebrows,
And what of your neck, shoulders and back?
Cannot do it? Well, why is that?

189

If this thing we call time really existed, would not you be able to halt it?
Or at least wander to and fro in the manifest here and there?
As it is, imagination is the only time machine,
And all it has going is the ethereal filament of perception,
Only as good as the wiring, and only for long as the gray matter holds fast.

190

The matrix is the void filled with you.

* * * *

You are that which is prior to the consciousness
That contorts into the dream of little self in the frontal lobe.
You are the witness, the awareness, the source,
Through which all dreams are played.

191

What is this magical-mystery-tour of a universe but a vast ecosystem
Of the for-all-practical-as-well-as impractical-purposes infinite kind.

* * * *

Being mindful of the source of consciousness, that which you truly are,
Is not a belief system, nor anything about which to be dogmatic.
It is simply an experiential awareness of the timeless now,
The observer inherent in all things small to great.

192

Go back, back, back,
To the beginning of existence,
To the awareness prior to the universe,
To the newborn's eternal filled-with-wonder mind
Before the patterning began carving itself
Into the consciousness you call you.
Dare again to be completely
And utterly free.

* * * *

Everything is real, nothing is real.
Everything is good, nothing is good.
Everything is special, nothing is special.
Everything is mystery, nothing is mystery.
Everything is sacred, nothing is sacred.
Everything is god, nothing is god.

* * * *

The same magic,
The same mystery,
The same miracle,
The same wonder,
The same source,
Is in everything.

* * * *

There is nothing in which to believe
Once you realize you are the heart of awareness,
The source of all things great and small, absolutely nothing at all.

193

Challenging to get a handle
On a mystery beyond measure.
Too small to see, too large to carry.

* * * *

We honor, commemorate, memorialize, celebrate, venerate,
The death and destruction wrought by war and conflict
Because we so little appreciate the mystery of life.

196

Anyone, anywhere, anytime, the awareness you are, is.

198

Intellectual silliness, that is all philosophy is.
A distraction until you are content
To do nothing but be
The awareness you truly are.

* * * *

Awareness is an infinite field.
It cannot be contained by any dogma,
Any creed, any belief, any faith, any philosophy,
Any ideology, any principle, any law,
Any thought, whatsoever.

199

With every birth great to small, the mystery gets a new set of eyes,
A new reflection, a new paradigm, a new universe,
From which to witness creation.

* * * *

Unless you put aside everything you have been told
And examine the mystery for your Self,
You will likely just become
Another meme,
Smugly complacent
With false gold and delusion.

* * * *

It is not your awareness, my awareness,
Nor any other's awareness.
It is simply awareness,
And we are all quite equally it.

201

The challenge is to discern the passing dream of consciousness,
The here and now, as it is, fresh, without preconception.
To detach the filter of the mind caught in time,
To see reality, not how you think it is,
But clearly, from the stillness of attentiveness,
Without concept, feeling, motive, stereotype, prejudice.
To fathom the mystery of youness from oblivion's point of view.

* * * *

It is but a dream,
A streaming figment of imagination.
Abandon the quixotic mind and take up permanent residence
In the heart and soul of awareness.

203

What is this dreamy existence
But an immeasurable, indivisible matrix,
A dynamic stillness ceaselessly creating every patterning
The essential nature, the source, can fathom.

* * * *

We all have the same monkey-mind,
But for whatever reason, some are able to pull back
And meticulously examine the unknown all creation has in common.
It is, indeed, a mystery beyond the pale of any reckoning.

204

There is an awareness, but it cannot be grasped.
There is an absolute, but it cannot be defined.
There is a mystery, but it cannot be solved.
There is a truth, but it cannot be known.

* * * *

That which is eternal, that which is by many called God,
Has never really been alive in more than an imaginary, figurative sense.
How can that which can never perish have ever been born?
All existence is of the same quantum mystery.

205

Death only means an individual existence is all said and done.
But no life form can ever even know what is done is done,
Because consciousness requires some sort of form,
Some sort of sensory-awareness receiving unit,
Able to perceive whatever ethereal dream
Those whimsical fates have in store.

206

From the ordinary day-to-day, all myths, all legends, are fabrications of imagination.
All creation is very much born of the same quantum mystery.
Keep the balderdash in perspective.

* * * *

Mystic, seer, hierophant, minister, priest, sanyasi, sage, prophet, priest, vicar,
Spiritualist, wizard, monk, soothsayer, clairvoyant, prescient, fortuneteller, forecaster, oracle,
Sorcerer, diviner, sibyl, augur, prognosticator, crystal-gazer, medium, herald, psychic,
Telepathist, mind reader, cleric, preacher, rector, parson, reverend, holy man,
All descriptions of those inquiring into that which is genuine and true,
That mystery which is the ever same no matter the eye or ear.

208

The scribe knows what is being written, but what are you reading?
The speaker knows what is being spoken, but what are you hearing?
Everything you see, touch, hear, feel, smell is but an arbitrary translation
Of the subjective nature-nurture mind-body in which the awareness dwells,
The witness before which creation is filtered through the caprice of imagination.
The observer is the never the observed, the observed is never the observer.
True objectivity is an impossible ideal, an unreachable brass ring,
Which even science can never more than pretend to attain.

209

Where does the you that you think is you begin?
And the me that I think is me end?
'Tis a mystery,
Every moment a spin.

* * * *

Any given universe is but a neurological array,
An indelible mystery no matter how it is framed.

213

The nothingness of awareness fabricating every moment resoundingly clear.

* * * *

Awareness can only be spoken of, not for.

214

Awareness, pure and simple.

215

What flaw can there be in the crescent jewel of awareness?

217

Nothing done or said is going to make it any less a mystery.

218

Yet another anonymous face in the mystery of dreamtime.

* * * *

Those who have awakened in awareness, flow.

219

Eternal life is the birth and death of awareness streaming within every moment.

224

The unknown is ever the realm of awareness.

231

There is the imaginary existence of consciousness: worldly, temporal, secular, profane, mundane.
Naught but a brief illusion, a brief collusion, a brief delusion of time and space.
But the real and only you, the real existence, the real eternal life,
Is the indelibly, indivisibly, absolute awareness.
You are the way, the truth, the life.
There is no other.

* * * *

Nature is the quantum mystery's expression.
You are of nature, you are the quantum mystery,
Corrupted as it is by the whimsies of consciousness.

* * * *

We are all but pawns of the genetic lottery
And the winds of consciousness into which we are cast.
Call it what you will: fate, destiny, kismet, fortune, providence, karma,
In the grand matrix of it all, you are but a quantum twinkle.

232

You are the eternal nowness prior to all creation.
That which was never born, that which will never perish,
That which is formless, indivisible, absolute, timelessly sentient,
The eternal life, the awareness prior to all beginnings, after all endings.

233

Consciousness plays the genius, the ignorance, the madness, the absurdity,
The love, the hatred, and all the other passionate vanities.
And all the while, awareness, witness.

* * * *

Consciousness is quicksand.
Awareness, bedrock.

234

The timeless immediacy of the ever-present nowness
Has never even once been fathomed by the vagaries of imagination.
Even a still mind completely attentive to the awareness
Cannot more than be of the flame eternal.

235

Chew your liquids, drink your solids.
It is the replenishment and care of the body and mind
That allows the witness to this vast mystery
To tarry within and without.

* * * *

Work, play, experience everything that calls,
Until nothing remains but ever-present awareness,
Indivisible, intangible, indestructible, sovereign, absolute.

237

Who, what, where, when, why, how am I?
Who, what, where, when, why, how are you?
Who, what, where, when, why, how is anyone?
Same source, same awareness, all dreams,
All dreaming themselves autonomous,
All dreaming themselves distinct,
All dreaming themselves real.

* * * *

To carry history in your head, or not to carry history in your head,
Is the conscious choice between the stagnation of memory,
Or the eternal life of moment-to-moment awareness.

238

Be of such mind, be of such vision, be of such clarity, be of such soul,
That the empty awareness of the grand zero-sum is all that remains.

239

Heaven is just another word for the oblivion of immaculate awareness.
And hell, well, just look around and endure the wander as best ye may.

* * * *

It is all nothingness layered with one manifest veneer or another.
The ether of awareness toying with the elements,
Intelligent design, if you will.

241

As impossible, as irrational, as ridiculous as it sounds,
Everything is inside and outside each other.
The quantum matrix is like that.

244

Aligning with any given dogma
Is more a gymnastic feat than real spiritual inquiry.
A curiously ironic thing, especially since the ever-present awareness of truth
Requires absolutely no effort, no strife, no belief, whatsoever.
It is as present a present as any present can be.

245

Awareness, oblivious to the play of good and evil,
Allows every dream of consciousness
To have its day in the sun.

* * * *

Where would, where could awareness be,
Without a body-mind in which to imagine self?

246

You are the awareness before time.
That which is godness by whatever sound
You may choose – or choose not – to ascribe it.

247

All histories are really nothing more than selected snapshots of perception
Permeated by the unknowable awareness of the seamless indivisibility.

249

Awareness is only in it for the ride.
For those who see reality
For what it truly is,
There is neither gain nor loss
In all the knowledge, all the piles of gold,
Or all of the myriad experiences any given life offers.

250

Your face has never been the same, so why pretend it is?
Why be attached to its ever-changing nature?
Go behind the façade to discover
The immortality of your true beingness,
The awareness common to all great and small.

251

No words can describe or contain you.
All you are is awareness now,
The universe is merely
A temporal creation
Of the senses and mind.

* * * *

No matter how deeply you delve,
It ever remains an inexplicable mystery.
All conclusions are no more than idle speculation.
It is meaningless to do more than give the passing moment
Your complete and unvarnished attention.

252

Around and within awareness, a food body is created,
And for a brief duration it witnesses Self
Through a tentative lens
Of whatever consciousness
The nature-nurture dream allows.

254

All dreams, all memories, all ideas, eventually evaporate
Into what they have been all along, the one and only real you,
The timeless awareness in which all things come and go,
Appear and disappear like clouds in the drift of time.

256

The mind as identity is waves crashing.
The mind as awareness is eternity.
Serenity is not born of thought.

259

The same awareness, the same consciousness, permeates every imaginable difference:
Different bodies, different languages, different times, different spaces,
In order to play out a very-much-the-same mystery.
All the universe is a stage,
And all life forms merely players.

* * * *

Eternal life is right now, wherever you are.
The only real question is, do you exist as mere mortal,
Or as an eye of god, a timeless witness
To the unfolding mystery.

* * * *

We are all dancing in every way imaginable
In the same quantum hologram,
The infinite matrix
Of the inexplicable source.

260

From the seed-lines of your parents,
And all your ancestors since life's beginning,
You have funneled into awareness.

* * * *

It is ever the same nothingness,
The same mystery, the same unknown,
The same quantum-hologram-matrix-ether,
Into which the given sensors extend their probes,
And generate universes of every variety and dimension.

* * * *

You can see, hear, taste, smell, and touch
Everything having to do with the play of consciousness,
But it is awareness – unknowable, indiscernible, indivisible, enigmatic,
Mysterious, impenetrable, inexplicable, inscrutable, incomprehensible, indecipherable –
That is the source, the fountain, the ground, the essence, the witness, of all.

261

Pure awareness is tabula rasa,
The uncarved block, the empty slate,
Free of the stains of any concept or passion.

262

It is all just theater,
The actor within each of us,
The same witness, playing every form
In an boundless matrix beyond all comprehension.
How could it be anything less?

* * * *

Probably almost everyone has got a lot of other
Much, much more important things to do
Than mull over their inner mystery.
Who can disagree that it is much more intriguing
To stare deeply into the screen of a state-of-the-art smartphone,
Than it is the infinite void of an exceedingly lackluster, lint-infested bellybutton?

265

For the want of minds that can discern the mystery within all things,
For the want of ears that can hear the soundless, eyes that can see the unseen,
Another vision of the grand reality gradually fades in the dream of time.
It is not the choir that needs to discern that which is real and true.

* * * *

Being the timeless presence is very simple, really.
Just be the sovereign, unstained, indivisible, untrammeled,
Flawless, immaculate, absolute, eternal awareness.

267

How can anyone own the mystery when everything is the mystery?

270

It is by the light of awareness within that all is seen.

273

The sovereignty of one's aloneness is the sun of awareness within.

* * * *

Not too many problems can contend with a good, full breath of awareness.

275

By what form can awareness be bound?

* * * *

Yet another enticing distraction drawing you back into the illusory matrix.

276

To what need awareness cling?

277

How forever it is for awareness to try to reach the inside of any skull.

279

Awareness has no name, no attributes, and is aligned with no mindset.

280

The mystery heeds no bounds.

283

Awareness, the final frontier, the grand voyeur of all eternity.

284

In the ever-changing sensory theater, awareness is the only constant.

* * * *

The witness of awareness neither heeds nor stops for any judgment or conclusion.

286

You have never even once been what you think.
The imaginary self is no more than a fiction of consciousness.
Truly, you are simply awareness, as is everything else.
The singularity is nothing more, nothing less.

* * * *

Different jewelry, same gold.
Different stars, same universe.
Different waves, same ocean.
Different eyes, same mystery.

* * * *

All movement of thought is the play of consciousness
Mesmerized by the myriad creations born of its temporal nature.
Unbound awareness is the unutterable stillness of the ephemeral moment.

287

Existence is a mystery.
It is not a Christian mystery,
A Buddhist mystery, a Hindu mystery,
An Islamic mystery, or anyone else's mystery.
It is equally the same mystery for all.
Any given belief system
Is merely vanity
Promoting differences
Which have never mattered.

288

Everything is created of the same source, the same awareness, even that which is deified,
Were such a supreme being to be contrived by the matrix of the quantum unknown.
So, of course god exists, and it is within and without all things small to great.
Each and every one, including you, sovereign witness to the mystery.

292

Awareness is that prior to all dimensions.

293

The greatest serenity is abiding in the solitude of awareness.

* * * *

Rediscover the infant's untainted awareness, and know eternity.

294

The heart of awareness is most clearly viewed with full, deep, regular breathing.

295

The mystery explores its rainbow's each and every flavor.

* * * *

Within all the movement, awareness, an indefinable stillness.

298

The mystery has no expectation of you, nor should you of it.

* * * *

How everything just seems to appear and disappear is always such a mystery.

299

A most challenging thing not to grow more inflexible,
More harsh, more cynical, as the world daily takes its toll.
To be as a child, innocent, free, untainted, uncarved, unbroken,
Is a momentary awareness only timeless minds re-attain.

301

From nothingness burst quantum, which fashioned itself into the many elements,
That created a vast universe, sprinkled with countless stars, around which many worlds twirled,
Upon which, on at least one whirling sphere, volcanoes spewed and oceans roared,
And life upwelled into existence, and cleaved into biological streams,
One of which gradually, irrevocably, evolved into you,
Mortal witness to the timeless mystery,
To which there is neither question nor answer.

* * * *

You are the temporal outcome of a lineage of seeds streaming from life's origin.
You are the mystery, the enigma of DNA, and its futile attempt at immortality.

303

How can it be anything more than streaming sensation?
The eyes, the ears, the nose, the tongue, the skin,
Are nothing more than nerve endings channeling into the brain,
Which every moment imagines a conditioned translation of what is called a universe.
A solitary dream of consciousness, awareness playing its Self real,
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

304

The entire religious/spiritual game is just that, a game,
Artificial diversions fabricated by others
For monkey-minded purpose.
There is only you,
And no other is required
To fully apprehend and appreciate
The mystery of every moment's eternal passing.

307

Only in the very-much-now momentary presence
The stillness of absolute awareness does vanity end.

308

We all discern it a mystery,
And then quibble and feud and battle,
Over the endless speculations all minds contrive.

* * * *

Everything a hook holding up the veil.

* * * *

Without you to witness to it,
There would be no light by which to see,
There would be no matrix of mystery to be explored,
There would be no truth to again and again and again be discerned.

311

The unknown is faceless.
Put away all the photographs.
Forget the reflection in the mirror.
Shelve all the knowledge of this and that.
You are the immeasurable, you are the mystery.
As pure, as simple, as free, as you allow your Self to be.

312

The same eternal awareness has been housed in every life form since life was formed.
In all creatures small to great, the same omnipresence, omniscience, omnipotence.

* * * *

The awareness, the witness you ever are,
Is the indivisible, immeasurable source:
Omnipresent, omniscient, omnipotent.
It is you, you are it, there is no other.

313

It is consciousness that moves,
Not you, the stillness of awareness,
The unstained, infinite witness.

* * * *

Only through the ever-streaming, ever-changing input of the senses
Does it seem that you are seeing, hearing, tasting, smelling and feeling
This indivisible quantum-matrix universe, a mirage of an inexplicable origin.

314

Who can say who or what or when or where or why or how,
The seeds of doubt are planted, take root, get watered, and grow to fruition.
It is, as all things ever are, the same indelible mystery from all beginnings to all endings.

* * * *

To return to the upwelling, to Para Brahman, may or may not be your calling.
There is no predicting who will comprehend the source of awareness.
Nor is it really all that important, for the mystery is in all things,
No matter how many are, or are not, chosen to awaken.

315

Even if you were up on some great stage
With eight billion-plus people wildly cheering,
In the vast singularity of all things matrix,
You would still be very much alone.

316

You are not the body or the mind; you are not the left hand or the right.
You are not the eyes, the ears, the nose, the tongue, nor the layers of nerve-ridden flesh.
You are not the heart or any other organ, nor are you the tip of the biggest toe.
You are naught but awareness, as ethereally ephemeral as any cloud.

* * * *

It does not have to make any sense, you know.
The mystery of it all is really far too inexplicable
To ever wrap even the most immortal head around.

317

You will suffer until you let go of your universe,
And the incessant movement of the mind that sustains it.
Until you give way to the stillness of the awareness,
The source from which all dreaming streams.

318

Why be bound by any historical notion?
Why be crimped by any mythology or tradition?
Why not be entirely free in the sovereignty of awareness?
It is only fear that bids you acquiesce to any artificial limitation.

319

Now, now, now …
Eternity is right now, godness is right now,
Prior to all attributes, prior to all assumptions, prior to all identification,
Prior to all movement of consciousness.
You are it, it is you.
What is so difficult to fathom
About the stillness of the infinite awareness,
Which is as simple as simple can be.

* * * *

It is not through thought that you, the witness, exists.
The you, you really are, is not this time-bound, fabricated character.
What you really are is the awareness, the presence,
The nowness of the eternal life.

320

Forget that you were ever born.
Die to all past and future.
The streaming now
Is the awareness you are.
Everything and nothing all the while.

* * * *

It is the body that is growing older,
Not the ageless, indivisible, immeasurable you,
The awareness that was never born.

322

Few are inflicted with the great doubt
That eventually conveys them all the way back
To that timeless awareness prior to all consciousness.
So many temptations, so many distractions, so many delusions,
On the long and winding ever here now road home.

* * * *

Are you prepared to leave everything behind?
To be totally, absolutely free of all manifest claims?
Are you prepared to be you, completely alone, dreamless,
Naught but awareness, formless, for all eternity?
Or will you do this to yourself yet again?

* * * *

Let go all the struggle.
Be completely, unequivocally effortless.
Give yourself over to the beingness, the nowness, the stillness,
Of the absolute awareness prior to consciousness.
It is your true nature; it is the eternal life.

323

When you are merely awareness, you are free.
When you are a mind attached to a body, you are bound.
So guileless as to be yet another of the greatest stories never told.

* * * *

What ego could exist without attachment to the body-mind,
And all the perceptions that have been but imagined
In the streaming dream of absolute awareness.

324

You may be the indelible, indivisible, unborn-undying mystery,
But you are still cousin to a hodgepodge of monkeys,
Chimpanzees, gorillas, and sundry primates.
In other words, you are but a beast,
An evolutionary invention
Of puddle magic,
And muddied thinking.

* * * *

We all know different things,
We all perceive different universes,
We are all stained by different experiences,
Yet we are all born of the same mystery all the while.

325

If not in every breath time offers,
Then at least in the last moments before death,
Surrender to the vast eternal awareness prior to consciousness,
And rest fulfilled, content in that immortal knowingness,
When the Reaper comes to gather the vehicle
To which your vanity is so attached.

326

Humankind is perhaps the most pathological cancer
Ever devised by this dreamy panorama of a matrix.

327

It is not a matter of believing you are that which is god, but in being that which is god.
It is in the immediate perception, the immediate awareness, the nowness,
Not some entity ensnared by the movement of mere thought.

328

Consciousness is a vibrating lens
With countless filters crafted of every imaginable limitation.
Awareness is of the infinite source, witness within all things great and small, bound to nothing.

* * * *

Eternal salvation is not about the body or mind being saved.
It is the purging of fabricated identity, the ceaseless inventions of the mind,
And timelessly being what you truly are, that which is god.
You are the Truth, the Life and the Way.
Be That I Am,
The Self of all selves.

* * * *

How can you not be that which many call god by countless names,
When without the light of awareness shining from within,
Your cosmos would not for even a moment exist.

332

The sensory mind-body is the theater; awareness, the audience.

333

Think you cannot at all get along without someone or something?
Oh, you will, my fine friend, rest assured you will, indeed,
Whether voluntarily, or from your cold, lifeless hands,
Absolutely everyone and everything will cease to exist as you do
When this magical mystery tour of a dream reaches its most certain conclusion.
Consciousness is but a temporal state requiring a vessel of some sort in which to play out.
The promises of everlasting life, of access to one deity or another, will always prove but empty and vain.
And of what is called rebirth, it is not some individual persona, but the essence that all things are,
And that quantum "you-ness" born anew will blow in the nature-nurture winds of its time,
Experiencing many things, always with very much the same awareness within all.

334

Eternity is the seamless now
To which momentary awareness is witness.
Die to the dream of time and totality becomes absolutely clear.

335

The singular mystery somehow created you,
And you in turn witness your version of a manifest dream.
You are it and it is you, as indivisible, as inseparable as it must ever be.

* * * *

There are the many whose existence is lived out of obligation to the arbitrary memes born of time,
And the sporadic few whose spirits are drawn to the exploration of its mystery.
Not all can be scientists, else there would be no laboratory
In which wisdom might brew.

* * * *

This world is but a miniscule grain of sand
In an infinite ocean of mystery.
Who knows if or when
You will ever appear again,
But, tell me, Pilgrim, have you ever seen
Any seed being given a second chance, much less a third?

336

It is likely inevitable in this vast mystery of a cosmos
That any given garden world will allow life forms to evolve
Which will sooner or later potentially threaten their very existence
Creation is destruction, destruction is creation, extinction is nothing new.

* * * *

Everything simultaneously streaming, unfolding one moment to the next,
In this immeasurable quantum matrix of a holograph universe.
Only your little slice of imagination is about you.

* * * *

Sometimes small-minded, sometimes large.
That is the unfathomable nature of consciousness,
And the awareness from which, and into which, it blossoms.

337

Identity is merely awareness temporarily usurped.

338

Created of the infinite unknown, a mystery beyond all reckoning,
You encapsulate it with your finite vanity,
And call it God.

339

A perplexing, inexplicable, unfathomable mystery,
Of which you are an inscrutable exponent,
Of which you possess nothing
In so many shapes, sizes, colors, and tastes.
Reflections of light, and the unknown in which all are cast.

* * * *

Any given mind is nothing more than an arbitrary bubble of consciousness.
The only constant is the awareness from which all dreams indivisibly spring.

340

The ancients called the elements
Earth, air, water, fire, ether.
Scientists in these times
Call it quantum mechanics.
Intuit it, name it, label it, describe it,
Measure it, organize it, in whatever way you will,
It is, has ever been, will ever be, must ever be, the same mystery.

343

So much ambition, so much vanity, so much absurdity,
To be what you already are, have ever been, will ever be,
In this right here, right now, indivisible quantum mystery.

344

To judge others is to be the critic of a theater
You have in sublime ignorance created.
Close your eyes and other senses,
And you will see it all nothing,
Awareness dancing in stillness,
An eternal lightshow, nothing more.

* * * *

Consciousness is the flower,
Awareness, the root,
And the indivisible totality,
The ground in which all dreams
Blossom, flourish, diminish, dissolve.

* * * *

Is the fish separate from the water?
The worm from the ground?
The bird from the air?
The sun from the flame?
‘Tis a matrix of quantum design,
Pure, simple, nothing more, nothing less.

345

You came into this mystery with nothing,
You will leave it with nothing,
And there has really been nothing more
Than imaginary notions in every moment between.

* * * *

If it is your calling to discern that which is god,
That which is within all small to great,
You must let go of everything.
Yes, everything.
The you
Born of thought
Must become so tranquil,
That you are the knowing awareness
That is boundless beyond all comprehension.

347

Peering out from the stillness of awareness,
Through every visage from the infinitesimal to the infinite,
Unknowably mysterious, inexplicable, enigmatic, inscrutable, unfathomable,
The timeless, indivisible, immeasurable, quantum singularity,
The one and only you.

* * * *

The unbounded awareness is, without any movement of me, myself, or I.
It cannot be altered, claimed, manipulated, possessed, or usurped.
It is the untapped spring, the uncarved block, the tabula rasa.
It is the primal source of all, partial or beholden to none.
It is prior to all manifestation, equally present in all,
And ever carries on after the dissolution of all.

* * * *

How can there ever be a collective vision in the human epoch,
When every human being, every life form, is a universe unto its Self?
All are spun of the same awareness, the same quantum, the same singularity,
But consciousness, imagination, knows naught but bounds at every turn.

348

Your world, your universe, your self-metaphors, are all imagined.
Still the mind, close the eyes, the ears, all the other senses,
And the nothingness of awareness becomes apparent.

* * * *

Absolute awareness is the underlying operating system
Upon which all consciousness is artlessly programmed.

* * * *

The quest for truth is more than an assertion of this or that.
True inquiry delves into the source, into the awareness,
Into the infinity prior to all concepts born of mind.

349

Every life form that is born of this mystery must inevitably die,
But the essence of which all creation is formed
Is never born and never dies.

* * * *

Nothing new under the sun, everything new under the sun.
So predictably unpredictable, so unpredictably predictable,
Every unfolding, eternally streaming, matrix of a moment.

350

Those few who manage to stream along in the pure awareness
Prior to time, prior to space, prior to consciousness,
Are unburdened by any history, whatsoever.

* * * *

Who knows what incredible mysteries may reside
On other worlds, in other dimensions of this vast quantum matrix?
You must rely on your own frame of reference to hypothesize all possibilities possible,
Yet how can any ever be anything but you, whatever the guise?

352

The indivisibility of the quantum chaos is order unto its Self.
What stability can there be in the theater of consciousness,
But what awareness through imagination conceives?

* * * *

The ultimate you is untouched by any and all claims.
A Self-contained, quantum matrix of the highest order.

354

Call me That I Am, call me Brahman, call me Tao, call me God, call me Self, call me what you will.
I am the unnamable awareness that is prior to all dreams of consciousness.
Absolute, indivisible, complete, supreme, without peer.
And you and everything else are as well.
There is nothing that is not this same oneness
In all the annals of time to the formless infinity beyond.

* * * *

All forms are but variations of quantum vibration,
The underlying physics of the elements within all things,
As witnessed by the ever-present, ever-shining light of awareness.

355

All creatures small to great are born of the same indivisible mystery.
All are fated never to see more than reflections of their own faces.

357

All translation must be observed with a dubious, discerning eye,
Especially the interpreter, the sorter, the filter, in your own inured mind.
Everything you perceive translates through the biases of your frame of reference:
Entirely subjective, entirely slanted, entirely unique, entirely idiosyncratic, entirely alone.
Step back from your conditioning, and realize from the dispassionate view of the quantum matrix,
That your entire existence from womb to grave is all nothing more than the huff and puff of imagination.

358

Dogma is the worldly vision
Of those who, for whatever reason,
Lack the eyes to see and the ears to hear
The infinite mystery in which each and every one
Equally participates in so many ways.

359

How can anyone look at all these fellow creatures small to great,
And not, without doubt, discern the obvious fact that within each and every one
Is the same indelible source, the same awareness, the same intelligence?
That all are the same omnipresent, omniscient witness as you.

362

Kill off little self however you will.
The awareness is indifferent
To all manner of fates.

364

Where is this vain, noble, notorious “I” we so readily assume real?
Is it the ever-changing body, the ever-changing identity?
Is it the rambling compendium of perceptions?
Can it even be the timeless awareness
Common to all things living?
How can there truly be
“Me, myself, and I”
In that infinity which is prior
To all forms fashioned of light and sound?
That which is ageless, formless, indivisible, sovereign, absolute.
That which has never even once suffered mortal birth,
Much less the pangs of imagined death.

365

The differences there are be between so-called angels and demons
Are in the arbitrary choices made by consciousness.
The same awareness is witness to all.

* * * *

To be born again into the absoluteness of eternal awareness,
Is the true purpose and meaning, the true reckoning,
The true potential of every breath, every step.

366

The universe created of senses and mind
Is both the teacher and the greatest distraction.
A manifest dream in which the stillness of awareness
Is the locksmith to the momentary nature of an eternal life.

369

The filament of awareness
Is the eternal me, my Self, and I.
Anything less is delusion.

370

The only constant in this ever-changing cosmos is awareness.
The elemental theater in which consciousness runs amok,
Is a veil in which suffering is an inevitable outcome.

372

A vastness filled with whirls of consciousness,
All within the same immortal, timeless awareness,
The quantum matrix of that which is prior to all naming,
That source that is the one witness within all great and small.

373

It is a mystery.
It is the mystery of all mysteries.
It is not a Christian mystery, it is not a Jewish mystery.
It is not a Muslim mystery, it is not a Hindu mystery, it is not Taoist a mystery.
It is a mystery that does not belong to, or favor, any -ist, or any -ism.
It is not subject to any idolatry, it is not subject to any dogma.
It is a mystery free and clear from any and all claims
By any individual or group across all eternity.

* * * *

To wander in awareness,
Without accumulating this or that,
Free from ownership of any thought or thing.
Holding onto nothing, how difficult can that be, really?

374

Religion that is not religion, belief that is not belief,
In which momentary awareness is the only faith required,
Staged ever-streaming in a sensory theater of a timeless dream.
No one can help you realize your ultimate, indelible reality.
You must discover it completely, totally, forever alone.

375

Awareness is not,
Has never been, will never be,
Confined by any limits set by consciousness.

378

The awareness is not the manifest dreamscape.
It is the unfolding creation from which all things ascend.
It is for each to discern, to perceive, within their individual dream;
That they are the same awareness, the same source, as any other is in theirs.

379

It is an immeasurable, indivisible, quantum matrix,
Each and every life form witness to it
In its own unique way.

380

When the given existence gives way to inevitable departure of the container,
The vast cosmos that mind and senses have into dreamtime spun,
Will dissolve back into the indivisible quantum mystery,
The given mind-body is a one-time-only show,
Never really “yours” from the get-go.
This is the only imaginary you
That is, has ever been, will ever be.

381

That you exist is not mystery enough?
That you exist is not eternal enough?
That you exist is not time enough?
That you exist is not gold enough?
That you exist is not real enough?
That you exist is not true enough?
That you exist is not holy enough?
That you exist is not sacred enough?
That you exist is not magical enough?
That you exist is not spiritual enough?
That you exist is not purgatory enough?
That you exist is not heaven or hell enough?

383

Free of past, of future, of desire, of fear.
Free of birth, existence, identity, hope, dread, death.
Free of the sensory theater, of the world, of the universe, of any god.
Free of anything and everything, free even of nothing.
Simply awareness, eternally alone.

385

Any given life is but a fleeting sense of space and time
In which the ever-present ether of awareness
Equally permeates every moment.

389

The intriguing thing about the indivisibility of nothingness
Is how it permeates every smidgen of this touchy-feely matrix.
A majestic banquet that leaves consciousness ever hungry for more.

390

The ecology of the passionate mind
Is little more than a muddled, discordant jumble.
The real you, prior to consciousness, is spacious awareness,
From the deepest within to the farthest without.

392

It is only the mind and body that imagines experiencing anything.
You, the eternal observer, the awareness, remain ever indifferent.

* * * *

Each must ascertain his/her own eternal salvation
In the nothingness of the ever-present awareness.

393

Why narrow your Self to this or that assumption,
When you are in every way truly nothing
But the clear space of awareness.

* * * *

You need not believe anything.
The awareness you are, does not require
Any movement of consciousness
For you to witness the play
Created by the senses.

* * * *

There is neither time nor space
But through the play of the senses
As witnessed by the awareness you are.

394

Nature is the mystery's expression,
And humankind but one of its myriad creations.
Separate only in consciousness, dualistic only in the mind,
In no way any less indivisible than all creation can be from its creator.

395

We all share the same awareness,
The same dream of time and space,
Yet each and every one is utterly unique.
All frames of reference are relative
Until what is seen is no more.
All judgment is absurd.

396

You are imagined within me, and I within you.
Each of us fathoming our little dreamtime selves real,
Yet nothing more than ephemeral junctures of consciousness,
Nothing more than illusory drops in this indivisible quantum mystery.

398

Discern the simplicity prior to consciousness,
The clarity born of pure awareness,
That which is witness
To all that is known and unknown.

* * * *

You are not the body
Moving through time and space.
You are the eternal awareness witnessing
A temporal, three-dimensional weaving of the senses.

399

Awareness is prior to the conscious dream of time and space
Fabricated in the quantum-neuron matrix of any given mind.

400

What nonsense this need to believe in anyone or anything,
Much less have anyone or anything believe in you.
Here you are: unknown, indefinable, timeless.
Nothing to believe in, nothing to prove,
Once the beingness of awareness
Has reclaimed its primacy.

401

Identity is something of a trespasser, a squatter, upon the indivisible indelibility of awareness.

402

If this amazing, inexplicable mystery is happening,
Then is not just about anything a possibility
Out there in the universal immensity?
And all of it, and beyond, you.

404

Make awareness the default setting, and Eden reappears,
Although covered with asphalt, cement, fences,
And other patterns of born of mind.

* * * *

The literal-minded will never comprehend truth,
No matter how adroitly it is articulated.
It requires a figurative awareness
To ascertain the ultimate.

* * * *

There is no love, there is no hate.
There is no light, there is no sound,
There is only the singularity of awareness,
From which all else is imagined.

407

Awareness is awareness,
Neither light nor dark, right nor wrong, strong nor weak, vibrant nor passive,
Kind nor cruel, sweet nor bitter, great nor small, good nor evil.
Absolutely indifferent in every way imaginable.

408

The newborn is pure awareness.
In the infant and child,
The seeds of consciousness
Begin gradually sprouting in the mind
In whatever way the winds of time may blow.
But it is in the awareness all truly are,
Have always been, will ever be,
It is from the source of all,
That eternal life ever springs.

411

The virtual reality is a programmed matrix born of an indivisible, quantum dynamic,
An intelligent design well beyond the dogmatic reckonings of any monkey-mind.

* * * *

When you discern what is true and disappear into the timeless awareness,
The universe within and without converts to its untainted singular reality.

* * * *

Humility and modesty are just stilling the self-absorbed inner chatter,
Immersing into the imperturbable, timeless tranquility of awareness.

* * * *

God is prattled about in consciousness, merged into in awareness.
Always a case of earnest conviction versus discerning equanimity.

412

In all our myriad forms, all our myriad minds,
We are all the same witness, the same consciousness,
Playing out different portions of same mystery.

* * * *

If there is any ultimate purpose or meaning to this mystery of existence,
Surely it is realization of the singularity within and without all creation.

413

Freedom is in the clarity of awareness,
Not the quantum theater of sensation.

414

All our imaginary universes are built upon frames of reference.
Each of us can only see, hear, touch, taste, and smell
What minds have been conditioned to know.
The mystery equally contains all.

416

The truth of awareness requires nothing.
No laws, no principles, no dogma, no creed, no hierarchies,
Fabricated by the mind-made limitations
Of self-serving middlemen.

417

Dwell in that stillness, that awareness, that timelessness,
From which the dream of consciousness rises and falls.
Imagination, as present as it seems, is not eternal life.

* * * *

All the attachments,
All the things,
All the memories,
All the relationships,
All the this's, all the that's.
What weights chaining the spirit.
Distractions from the ever-present awareness
In which eternal life abides.

* * * *

The ever-changing mortal frame
Is a mobile unit in which energy transmutes.
The mind is a neuron matrix in which imagination frolics.

419

Awareness is the one and only real you prior to consciousness.
Consciousness is nothing more than imagination
In the playground of the mind.

* * * *

Every streaming moment the quantum matrix
Vibrates itself indivisibly, immortally anew
Within and without the one and only you.

* * * *

You can be as small-minded as everyone else
When you forget you are awareness, not the body.
Samsara is an enduring 24/7/365-all-your-life antagonist.

420

To believe awareness
Is attached to any concept or form
Is but vain arrogance born of human limitation.

421

I have given you conscious reality.
Through this mind, you exist.
Had we never met, or had I never heard of you,
You would not be, but through the wide-ranging intuition of all things possible.
Outside this awareness, this consciousness,
You do not exist.

You have given me conscious reality.
Through your mind, I exist.
Had we never met, or had you never heard of me,
I would not be, but through the wide-ranging intuition of all things possible.
Outside your awareness, your consciousness,
I do not exist.

What is the world but a brief ephemeral dream for all?

426

Suspend knowing, forget everything.
Be the awareness, absolutely free.

* * * *

From awareness springs life eternal.

427

The awareness is equally within every particle of creation.
Omniscient, omnipresent, omnipotent.
You are it, it is you.

* * * *

All have equal access to the source of this mystery.
Rest assured it is quite indifferent to all creation.

* * * *

It is a god-eat-god cosmos.
Everything in one pattern or another,
Because that is how the hologram matrix works
For as far, for as wide, for as deep, for as long,
As the quantum sandbox of eternity plays out.

* * * *

Discerning truth is an experiential actuality.
It has nothing to do with the assertions of blind faith.
It is simply being attuned to the awareness in the right here now.

429

All the sensations, all the passions,
All the concoctions of mind and body,
None are the essential, real you,
The sovereign, immaculate,
Absolute witness,
The heart of awareness,
The oneness prior to all dreams.

432

How long, how short,
How broad, how deep,
How narrow, how steep,
How, how, how,
How it all is,
Is, indeed, a mystery.

* * * *

There is not a personal god,
So much as there is a personal you,
That is a mystery called god by many names.

* * * *

That which never sleeps
Is within and without all great and small,
A boundless abyss of tranquility, a mystery beyond compare.

* * * *

The universe is an eggshell, the mind a beak.
Eternal salvation is the freedom of any given moment.
It is the infinite timelessness of awareness that nowness ever offers.

434

True science is the most enlightening way
Of examining this vast mystery,
Call it what you will.

* * * *

Consciousness is a means
To playing out the dream of time.
You are the awareness, not consciousness.

435

All these sounds are but interchangeable concepts describing the same unfathomable reality:
God, Brahman, Buddha, Jesus, Allah, Soul, matrix, unicity, oneness, stillness,
Indivisible, sovereign, absolute, awareness, consciousness, bliss,
Serenity, divinity, nothingness, totality, ether, dream,
Universe, quantum … mystery …

* * * *

What ever gave you any sign, any indication, any hint, any suggestion,
That the quantum mystery has ever cared about the personal you,
Except the vanity of the meme into which you were launched.

436

Consciousness can never keep up with the awareness
That creates and destroys time each and every moment.
All it can do is relinquish all control to the eternal witness.

439

What is wealth, what is not wealth?
Has a nugget of gold really any more value
Than the ocean-born mystery of a tiny grain of sand?

441

It is the same awareness in all,
Dreaming eternally in one simultaneous here now,
Witness to all creation in every way in one synchronized indivisible instant.

I, Quantum

* * * *

So many facets, so many reflections,
What is a quantum mind, a god mind to do,
But be as detached as the awareness ever allows.

443

You are awareness, consciousness the spark.

* * * *

It may matter far less what you are doing, than the awareness you are as you are doing it.

444

For those who ponder the mystery in royal magnitude
In the visions of that they deem to be God:
Awareness, King and Kingdom.

446

It was knowledge that blinded the vision of Eden.
It is awareness that will make it apparent again.

447

Awareness is witness peering out, and consciousness, quantum larking about.

449

Just because it is a beyond-the-pale mystery
Does not mean it was fabricated by a deity
Who in some minds resembles Santa Claus.

451

At the heart of awareness,
All the naming means diddly-squat.
What is, is, no matter the sound it is granted.

452

The mind is the immeasurable playground of quantum imagination.
All history, all science, all art, all vocation, all trivia, all anything,
Is but a perpetual dance in a matrix too vast to fathom any edge.

453

The shift from consciousness to awareness
Is like a submarine moving from the churning surface
To the stillness of the tranquil depths below.

* * * *

From the mystery, quantum formed.
With its isness, quantum spun manifestation.
Without this quantum patterning, no thing would be,
Yet its untouchable original nature will forever be unknown.

454

The awareness in one is the awareness in all.

* * * *

It is a god-eat-god world, a god-eat-god universe, a god-eat-god mystery.

455

Still the mind, breathe in, breath out, in awareness, You are.
The seeker is that which is sought, it is that simple, that clear.

456

True meditation is not at all forced,
And no tradition, no scripture, no posture, no symbol,
No dogma, no mantra, no status, no garb, no diet, no gender, no vernacular,
No attribute contrived by the monkey-mind is in any way required to abet its momentary process.
Pure awareness is the source, the baseline, the witness, of all quantum creation.

* * * *

Perception is but a very infinitesimal, very biased sampling
Of the quantum vibrating within all patternings,
Whose mystery is ever-present.

457

Holodeck … Holoworld … Holoverse … ever an infinite matrix of unknowable origin.

* * * *

Awareness is the quiet hum of the boundless awakeness.

458

How can anyone ever even begin to settle
For any infinitesimal egocentric-ethnocentric-geocentric-solarcentric vision
Of this beyond-all-pales enigma of a mystery?

459

One moment so quickly gone, another hour an hour too long.
Every one passing exactly the same no matter the weather of any given mind.
Every one witnessed by the same omnipresent, indelible awareness
That permeates equally all things from great to small.

* * * *

Many if not all things end up being very different from what they started,
And yet the same all the while is the irony and paradox
Of this quantum matrix of a theater.

460

None can hold onto the good any longer, nor get through the bad any more quickly.
All must be enjoyed or endured as consciousness sanctions.
And the awareness ever untouched.

461

Quantum light.
Quantum sound.
Quantum vibration.
Quantum consciousness.
Quantum awareness.
Quantum mystery.
Quantum home.
I, Quantum.

* * * *

Do you cling mindlessly to your passions?
Your desires, you fears, your angers, your likes and dislikes?
Let them go in the awareness of mind, be free in the day-to-day as time allows.

463

Consciousness is movement, awareness just is.

464

The mystery of this vast creation is a beyond-the-pale enigma.
The Greatest Story is at best to be surmised, never told.
All notions are but speculations of imagination.
Nothing more, nothing less, nothings but.

* * * *

The quantum matrix programming is indivisible,
Indelible, indifferent, inexorable, indissoluble, indefatigable;
Intelligible only through the incisive code-breaking
Of mathematics, art, music, linguistics,
And other paradigms intuited by imagination.

* * * *

The newborn is but simple awareness.
The identity that will gradually in imagination bloom,
Will be the mind-body's nature-nurture adaptation to the sensory play.
The means to survive, to endure physically and psychologically,
The dreamtime into which it has been by chance cast.

465

The manifest space-time continuum is not linear.
It is a boundless, indivisible, multidimensional, quantum matrix,
Eternally singular, inexplicable, but for imagination's dynamic, time-bound potential.

467

That prior to consciousness is awareness.
Awareness is timeless, consciousness, time.
Awareness is still, consciousness, movement.
Awareness is reality, consciousness, imagination.
Nothing less, nothing more, nothing but.

* * * *

All you are, all anyone or anything else is,
Is the timeless awareness playing out a pattern,
A blueprint, a design, an archetype, a genetic construct.
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

Is this whole dream, is all of eternity,
Just an interminable recording going on and on?
The Unknowable merely playing it all out to pass the time.
A cavernous awareness simultaneously inhaling,
Through every eye, every single moment.

469

Why would anyone have difficulty seeing this mystery as a spontaneous creation?
Why would anyone assert any make-believe creed when none are essential?
Why would anyone fathom a god limited by any vain confabulation?
Why would anyone resist discerning they are whatever it is?
Why would anyone ever feel the need to be anything
But very much present, very much right here, right now.

* * * *

What greater serenity can there be
Than to be alone with one's thoughts
Steeped in the timelessness of awareness.

* * * *

Envision a mystery so immensely now
As to include you in its field of awareness,
You as one of its incalculable eternal witnesses,
Indivisibly one in every way, every shape, every form.

469

Envision a mystery so hugely now
As to include you in its field of awareness,
You as one of its incalculable eternal witnesses,
Indivisibly one in every way, every shape, every form.

* * * *

Envision a mystery so immensely now
As to include you in its field of awareness,
You as one of its incalculable eternal witnesses,
Indivisibly one in every way, every shape, every form.

470

Are you the identity to which you so resolutely cling,
Or the ephemeral awareness that perceives it all,
Prior to consciousness, prior to imagination?

471

Sometimes you give your attention to consciousness.
Sometimes you give your attention to awareness.
And in the end, it does not really matter at all.
There is no meter, there is no final judgment.
It is a three-dimensional quantum dream,
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.
Rest assured, it shall carry on without you.

472

Regarding destiny: Do you choose it? Or does it choose you?
Is there free will, chock-full of options, in this theater of space and time?
Or is the entire reverie nothing more than an indivisible, juggernauting recording,
An infinite matrix witnessed by the ultimate you in every way imaginable?

* * * *

Total freedom is the end of the countless assumptions
Born of the busy-busy, incessantly chattering mind,
The dancer dancing in the nowness of awareness.

* * * *

What irony that in the face of an incredibly astonishing mystery,
Humankind has lost itself in an absurd collusion of every possible vanity.
An entirely imaginary invention, this myopic notion of a separate, individual persona.
A duality sparked in consciousness when it began its evolutionary spin in the jungles of long ago.

473

When has the awareness ever seen more than an ever-changing reflection
Of any eyes through which it is has peered out upon its given universe?

* * * *

What is the universe, but very tiny, very brief sparkles,
In the grand infinity of the inexplicable eye of awareness.

475

The quantum clayness plays out any given genetic function
Without judgment, without qualification, without rhyme or reason.
Consciousness is witness to the innumerable differences,
Awareness, to the indivisibility of the all.

476

Why maintain any sense of fabricated self, any sense of imaginary identity, at all?
To pretend you are other than the awareness of the eternal moment,
That which is real, that which is true, that which is all,
Why would you want to do such a thing?

478

Believe it or not, like it or not,
Existence requires a certain discipline.
A knowing when to say yes, and when to mean no.
An opaque awareness that every streaming moment flowers anew,
To new decisions in the ever-changing coursing of time,
And that balance is required to meet it rightly.

480

The mystery, the unknowable you truly are, is utterly anonymous.
Identity is but the temporal fabrication of consciousness,
Of imagination, and its secular attachment to form.
The source, the awareness, is prior to time, prior to mind,
And the rare who fully discern it, abide in the unassuming solitude,
The sovereign, unconditional, indivisible, immortal aloneness of eternal life.

481

What is news but gossip with varying levels of exhortation to give it an aura of great importance.
Why we give attention to unfolding events across the world, or even across town,
Is the mystery of the monkey-mind and its evolutionary roots.

482

Within the unfathomable immensity of the quantum matrix, holograms abound:
Mirages, hallucinations, illusions, visions, delusions, fantasies, figments.
Where the unreal is made real, form after kaleidoscoping form.
Where every Kansas is an Oz, and every rope a snake,
Until with a sharpened blade of discernment,
The Gordian Knot is cut, and all again real become.

* * * *

Change up the sensory field:
Look with your ears, listen with your fingers,
Feel with your nose, smell with your tongue, taste with your eyes.
In a quantum mystery already well beyond the pale,
What is there that is not conceivable?

* * * *

Best take reasonable care of the body.
It is the portal through which the dream is experienced,
Through which you witness whatever slice of mystery you have been allotted.
Life offers too many challenges to not be able to face it squarely
With as much health and well-being as possible.

* * * *

Might be better to call 'The Truth' by some other sound
– The Way, The Mystery, The Indivisible, The Great Zambini, or some such vibration –
So as to avoid making the error of believing it is any kind of thing,
Rather than the ungraspable enigma that it is.

483

Every life form ever born manifests unique facets of awareness,
Of intelligence, intuition, practicality, acumen, judgment, knowledge, wisdom.
All of which enable it to survive, to abide, to perhaps even thrive,
In its wee little niche in the given patch of jungle.

* * * *

We are all shards of the same crest-jewel of consciousness,
Droplets of the same ocean, slices of the same pie,
Witnesses of the same quantum matrix.
Absolutely no need to struggle or suffer over it.

484

Consciousness is the movement within a bubble of manifest awareness,
Whose brief mortal dreamtime allows the grand quantum mystery
To witness its Self in whatever way the genetic lottery spins.

* * * *

Each and every life form
Perceives its own version of the matrix.
None is more real, none is more true, than any other.

485

We are all wandering the quantum matrix.
Sometimes running, sometimes walking, sometimes standing,
Sometimes swimming, sometimes flying, sometimes waking, sometimes sleeping.
But of the same infinitely inexplicable mystery all the while.

* * * *

You seek nirvana, bliss, grace, samadhi, call it what you will.
Well, just still the thoughts, detach from the world, and breathe.
Yet another perception in the ephemeral pool of indelible awareness,
Available whenever the given mind can to such indivisibility be managed.

486

Do not confuse what you think or what you do
With the prior-to-consciousness awareness you are.

487

What are the sensory organs – eyes, ears, tongue, nose, flesh – of any mortal vessel
But readers of the ever-streaming colors, flavors, tastes, smells, and textures.
What is any universe but awareness witnessing the creative handiwork
Of the mind's rendering of the data the nervous system weaves?

* * * *

What is birth but the beginning of a story, and death its end.
It is in the manifestation, the consciousness, that all creation unfolds.
For the newborn, not a care in the world, chaste awareness,
Witnessing the senses buzz away, slowly sculpting,
The narrative, the chronicle ahead.

489

How attentive are you the garden world about you?
The birth, the death, and all the exquisite dancing between.
And all the befores, all the durings, all the afters,
Ever the same inexplicable mystery.

* * * *

What agony, what ecstasy, it is to exist: every possible torment, every possible delight.
Each and every life form – across all time, across all space – experiencing a unique rendering.
And the awareness prior to the quantum source, witnessing it all – right here, right now – in every way.

490

If you were that which is godness, and wanted to experience each and every one-of-a-kind creation,
How else to do it but by casting your Self center stage in each and every role?
It is, indeed, a god-eat-god, beyond-all-pales mystery.
And you are the godness, in just one of its incalculable forms.

492

What is the smallest small, what is the largest large,
And what are you if not the awareness, the nothingness,
The indivisibility that weaves within and without all.

* * * *

Human existence as it is known
Is about the accumulation of imaginary conception.
To release the mind that attains is to relinquish all to the eternal nowness,
The timelessness that is as near to the one and only ultimate reality
As awareness through consciousness is capable of perceiving.
It is to discern that which is prior to all form,
That mystery you truly are.

493

And in that oblivion, that obscurity, that emptiness, that gap, that space,
That abyss, that vacuum, that void, that nothingness,
That nada of awareness, you are.

* * * *

Unhook the engine, let loose all the baggage cars.
Be that sharp-cutting-edge, up-front-and-center awareness,
That which was never born, that which never dies,
That which you truly are and are not.

494

We all have an individual worldview, a unique universe of our own making.
All are equally authentic in their own indelible, imaginary way,
All are equally formed of the same quantum source,
The same inexplicable mystery.
There is no way it can ever be truly changed.
It may gradually evolve into something somewhat dissimilar,
But its roots will always harbor the conditioning of its nature-nurture beginnings.

* * * *

You see and hear and taste and smell and touch
Through the mind-body filter to which you are so attached.
The memes of dreamtime have molded you into a pattern you think you.
Only by discerning the indivisible awareness prior to the nature-nurture programming
Can the essential, intrinsic freedom of that which is timeless, that which is eternal life, be truly won.

495

The human paradigm, perhaps the paradigm of all manifest, conscious existence, created of awareness,
Is about consumption of the given sensory feed: sights, sounds, tastes, smells, textures.
Experiences of every imaginary scope, filling every conceivable moment.
Meditation is a state of beingness, less about consuming,
Than it is riding the kaleidoscoping wave,
Impassively witnessing the inexplicably timeless mystery,
That which has neither beginning nor end, cause nor purpose, rhyme nor reason.

* * * *

Every form is an energy transmutation module,
Every moment taking in and giving out
As the indivisibility of the matrix
Churns on and on and on.

* * * *

To discern the awareness prior to consciousness,
You must look prior to all the perceptions, all the memories,
Prior to all the thoughts drifting willy-nilly in the smoke of imagination.
Consciousness is but an imaginary veil, behind which is ever the essence you truly are.

497

Are you really this form, this mind-body?
Or is it merely a vehicle for consciousness to play out its dream,
And you nothing more than a passenger, a witness,
Awareness timelessly observing it all.

499

The addictive mind is an insatiable mind, a consuming force obsessed with every possible extreme:
Food, sex, alcohol, drugs, religion, power, fame, fortune, materialism, greed ad infinitum.
A habitual, undisciplined, pride-filled mind, driven to debilitating dependency,
By what is really nothing more than a kaleidoscoping sensory theater.
Ever running from the aloneness, the stillness, the essence,
Of the indelible mystery permeating everything.

500

Pretend you are already dead.
Die to time, literally be here now, right here, right now,
As still as the morning dew, totally alone, eternally present, not a care in the world,
All knowledge vaporized, no family, no friends, no enemies, no problems,
No attachment to the pleasures and pains of the sensory feed,
Complete negation of any and all assumptions,
Nothing more, nothing less,
No body, no identity, no possessions,
Nothing more than pure, still, attentive awareness.

* * * *

The awareness, the spirit, the soul, the essence, the mystery,
How can it be said to belong to anybody, if not everybody and everything?
In the raging sea of metaphors, it is all very much the same.

* * * *

And if it is perchance in your cards to figure out this mystery of mysteries,

How far will you glean it? What will you say? What will you do?
How will you play this, what might be called, fate of fates?

The Last Page

Those whose destiny it is to become seers ponder many things
Until they gradually become aware of the foundation of consciousness itself,
And in that observant attentiveness to the awareness that never sleeps,
Their minds discern that from whence all things come and go,
And in that awareness merge back into the indivisibility
Of the eternity that is, has ever been, will ever be.

* * * *

If the world, if the universe, was truly real,
How could it, would it, every instant be changing?
Only you do not change, only you have ever been the same,
Only you have ever been the one and only you,
Awareness, witnessing a dream.

* * * *
* * * *
* * * *

A late addition:

414

A different time, a different existence.
A different appearance, a different dream.
A different world, a different universe.
All the differences; same mystery.

Breadcrumbs 2015

Leftovers

To become a skeptic, a cynic, a doubter, an agnostic, one becomes an adversary of delusion,
An antagonist to the fallacies of mythology, superstition, and other cultural assumptions.
The mind of the critical thinker is its own reflection of what is real, and what is not.

* * * *

The personal pronouns – I, you, he, she, it, we, they, me, him, her, us, them –
Should be considered in all these thoughts rather loosely used,
Given that "we" are really nothing more than the nothingnesss of awareness,
Playing a game of charades conditioned by time, drawing toward a whimpering conclusion.

* * * *

What is light? What is dark? What is good? What is evil?
What is right? What is wrong? What is agony? What is ecstasy?
And what is the impenetrable awareness permeating all things imagined?

* * * *

How can there be even a trace of loneliness,
Once the eternal aloneness of the ultimate nature is discerned?
It is not a thing to be dreaded or forestalled once the monkey-mind is transcended.
Embracing its indivisible sanctity is the truest religion.

* * * *

Sophistication in any field of endeavor
Is a matter of how the given capacities and limitations
Double-double-toil-and-trouble their way into conscious awareness.
Who are the most skillful, but the few-and-far-between giving their fullest attention.

* * * *

For as long as there is air, and a body-mind bent on existing,
You are free to breathe it in and breathe and it out,
A witness to the mystery beyond measure.
Enjoy in joy as best ye are able.

* * * *

Your only constraint is being locked up in the temporal body.
The indivisible youness you truly are, knows no bounds.
Only imagination binds itself to the given universe.

* * * *

We are all the center of our unique little dream; every conscious thing is.
None can be the same, no matter how diligent the effort,
And why even try? Why even bother?

* * * *

The thoughts of time mixed and remixed times beyond counting.
Who knows what was scribbled when or where,
And why would it matter?
Wisdom is the coin of eternity.

* * * *

What is an orgasm but the mind's most innate high,
A very present, very pleasurable detonation in the timeless now.
A disintegration, a dissolution, of any sense of self, of any sense of separation.
Is it any wonder our species gallops the edge of obsession about everything to do with it?
Sexuality is the wellspring, the underlying force, the fulcrum of human history.
Power, renown, prosperity, the creativity of art, science, technology,
All have come about as aphrodisiacs to its gratification.
And all of it the evolutionary outcome
Of the genomic ambition to abide evermore.

* * * *

So many faces come and gone in the rolodex of life.
So many moments spent together, so many things shared.
What happened to them all, what stories unfolded into destiny?
The things we can never know of our dreamtime are many and large.

* * * *

What is so dysfunctional, so surreal, about the human species,
Is its obsession with what others think, and what others think about them.
Groupthink has been a mainstay of our survival in this dreamtime,
But its interminable absurdities are beyond measure.

* * * *

This universe, this world, was not created by meekness,
By fear, by hope, by political correctness, by any absurdity whatsoever.
The vagaries of the human condition are but a hiccup in the unfolding eternal theater.

* * * *

Is the me you think you know, the me I think I am?
Of course not, nor would the visa-versa ever be bona fide, either.
We are all one-of-a-kind imaginary universes, each and every one at center stage,
All of it happening in a quantum sort-of-maybe indivisible way.

* * * *

All concepts, whether of some god,
A horse, a chair, a rock, a star, or some abstract quantum formula,
Are born of limitation because they can never be more than formulations of temporal consciousness.
No sound will ever be more than a vibration, no perception will ever be tangible,
Including the you that you in mind-body believe so real.
It is all a dream born if imagination.

* * * *

Nature's dogma is the unwritten law determined and enforced by quantum mechanics:
Irrevocable, irreversible, unalterable, unchangeable, immutable, undeniable,
Incontrovertible, indisputable, permanent, binding, absolute, final.

* * * *

You are but a fleeting window in the seed principle's theater of dreamtime.
Think what you will of its inexplicable mystery, you are but a player,
And all your conclusions, all your assumptions, mean nothing.

* * * *

Quantifying, measuring everything imaginable, what is the point, really?
Being ever-present with this inexplicable sojourn,
Now that is a challenge, indeed.

* * * *

Science and technology stand on the shoulders of all those who have come before.
Turtles all the way down, and all the way up, too, for as long as the dream plays out.

* * * *

Time and space are but a mortal fabrication of neuron trails and memory cells.
The nothing more, nothing less of quantum vapor playing the indivisible real.

* * * *

Not even one moment in your entire existence has ever been more than a dream.
None of it has ever been truly real but for the ephemeral nothingness
That is as close to "reality" as this mystery can ever be.

* * * *

What solution can there be to the interminability of it all,
When the universe you were in no longer exists.
When you are, each and every moment,
Ever streaming past the point of no return.

* * * *

Human beings are absolutely no different
Than any other biological entities in this manifest realm,
And we will, each and every one of us, disincorporate the same as every other
In Mother Nature's magically indifferent dream of time.

* * * *

So many wandering about,
Regurgitating one blather or another,
When right smack dab in the middle of their mind
Is the most inexplicable mystery they could ever hope to discern.

* * * *

Time travel?
How can you cross something that does not exist
As anything more than an imaginary notion?

* * * *

The task is to discern the nature of heaven in the hell humankind has made of paradise.
There is no god, no devil, there is no good, no evil, there is only consciousness imagining all.
And you are really very much on your own in figuring it out in whatever way suits you.

* * * *

The Seventh Day was much more a paradise
Than the human mind has fashioned in the Eighth.
And the Ninth is coming up to bat, the Tenth is on deck,
And what roster will play beyond that, only the mystery knows.

* * * *

Religious fervor ebbs and flows, rises and falls, in the bell curves of time.
Eternal life is the essence, the genesis, of the ever-present now,
The born again-ness of each and every moment.

* * * *

Meditation is suspending the worldly attributes fabricated by the sensory mind,
And instead wandering about in the timeless indivisibility of the quantum ether.

* * * *

The body may exist, the mind may think, but is it really you doing any of it?
Are you really any more than witness to the given nature-nurture?
Attached only to the mesmerizing churning of the senses,
And the innumerable vain notions they parlay?

* * * *

It is your desire for more and fear of less that leaves you time-bound,
That leaves the born-again-death of eternal life ever just out of reach.

* * * *

That which was never born has no measure.
It is an indivisible essence, a potency igniting all.
All discrimination is born of the miasma of imagination.

* * * *

Awareness is the immortal connection
That indivisibly transcends all creations great to small,
Across all heavens, all hells, further than any eye but one will ever see.

* * * *

Even the sharpest, most strident blade cannot pierce the awareness never born.
Timeless, changeless, ageless, indivisibly, immortally indifferent to any stab or slice.

* * * *

How some minds spend their existence in the ecstasy of creative fire,
And others abide unable to lend more than an occasional spark,
Is a mystery for which spectators tithe a great deal of coin.

* * * *

This spinning garden is both womb and graveyard,
And the existence between but a wormhole
In the grand matrix of oblivion.

* * * *

Star stuff come unto life.
Thou art quantum, thou art god, thou art whatever,
Forever and evers beyond.

* * * *

As if any individual, any group, any culture, any mindset,
Can really change or control a world, a universe,
This colossal, this diverse, this complex,
This unutterably mysterious.

* * * *

A bubble of awareness, nothing more, nothing less.
Naught but imagination coupled with the sensory feed,
Dressing it infinitesimal to infinite, as the given mind allows.

* * * *

Go to that state of solitude, that awareness before to time,
That eternal here-now prior to consciousness,
Where no other has never abided.
That placeless place,
The source code of creation.

* * * *

Mind-altering substances can be teachers, guides, companions,
That aid the exploration of the relativity of consciousness,
And the inexplicable mystery from whence it arises,
Harmful only if they are misused and abused.
Moderation, equilibrium, equanimity, in all things.

* * * *

It is in consciousness that all heavens and hells reside.
In awareness, the origin of all things,
There is nothing
But the serenity of oblivion.

* * * *

Time does not exist.

It never has, and never will.
It is entirely an invention of imagination,
And without the neural pathways fashioned by evolution,
Its presumption the dreamtime of creation would never have entertained.

* * * *

To abide in the timeless truth of this manifest reverie,
One must focus attention upon that which is prior to consciousness,
That momentary awareness ever prior to the me-myself-and-I of conscious design.

* * * *

Consciousness can never catch-up, much less overtake,
That which only presence of the timeless awareness knows.

* * * *

All preferences are inconsequential at the awareness level.
Choicelessness is the nature of the quantum indivisibility.

* * * *

It is not your body, nor is it my body.
It is merely a temporal container from which to witness
Yet another mortal dream play its Self out.

* * * *

The universe has expanded to this singular moment
That you might be witness to your indelible mystery.

* * * *

The only way you fabricate the perception of past or future
It through the eternal, very present nowness of awareness.

* * * *

Awareness is the constant in the grand experiment.
Everything else, the variables of imaginary notion.

* * * *

What is this hypothesis called “All” but each and every one
The same nothingness dreaming an individual play of time.

* * * *

You are the singularity, the unicity, the oneness.
All sense of duality is delusion spawned by illusion.

* * * *

The ephemeral nothingness of awareness is ever the same.
Only consciousness, only imagination, is ever-changing.

* * * *

Nothing before, nothing during, nothing after.
How much more simply can this mystery be seen?

* * * *

Neither happy nor sad, kind nor bitter, humble nor vain,
The eternal awareness of the quantum essence simply is.

* * * *

All quantum patterns
Must reside in the ambiguity, the tyranny,
Of the ever-changing, lottery-given set of capacities and limitations.

* * * *

Everything is timelessly, indivisibly connected.
All dualistic perceptions are entirely imagined.

* * * *

You already are the eternal life of the quantum indivisibility.
The only question is whether or not you have discerned it.

* * * *

You are That which many call god, creating this vast dream,
Each vessel absolutely unique, yet through it all,
There is truly not even one other.

* * * *

The crashing waves are not the eternal ocean
From which they rush foaming across the sand.

* * * *

From the ultimate quantum still-point,
How meaningless all sounds given concept,
All motions given flourish, all dreams given reality.

* * * *

The newborn is pure awareness,
Lost in the sensory play, no direction known.
And then the winds of space and time begin their sculpting.

* * * *

You are in the body, but not of it.
You are the awareness prior to all fabrications of consciousness.
Be here now.

* * * *

Between the nowness of eternity and the dream of mind,
‘Tis a ceaseless in and out … in and out … in and out …

* * * *

The brain stem, the original evolution of the mind,
Is as in harmony with the primal awareness,
As any point of consciousness can be.

* * * *

There are a near-infinity of perspectives
Upon which to endlessly, repeatedly ponder,
Until you are able to still the mind, and be free.

* * * *

The quantum universe you are is the only master,
And all its faces and forms your many teachers.

* * * *

Indivisibility is indefinable, immeasurable, timeless,
And yet how we do carry on in our very human way.

* * * *

A quantum dream of awareness,
Which in consciousness must be endured
For whatever time the given body and mind allow.

* * * *

Why is this moment so fresh, so clear?
Because the present is where eternity abides.
The quantum nowness is the only reality possible.

* * * *

How can the infinite ocean know its ultimate nature
But through the imaginary sagas of it countless drops.

* * * *

Anchored in the infinite abyss, you witness the elements,
However they mix and match, however they ebb and flow.

* * * *

How can the finite ever be that which is indivisibly infinite,
But through astute discernment it is already so,
Has ever been so, will ever be so.

* * * *

Because we can discern neither beginning nor end,
We postulate infinity, and even that is speculation.

* * * *

So many looking everywhere for magic, mystery, special signs;
Unable to see it in every right-here-right-now manifest moment.

* * * *

Whether you call it the good news or the bad news,
You are that which is godness, that which is quantum,
That which is total, supreme, absolute, indivisibly singular.

* * * *

Do not call it god, call it quantum.
And you are it, and it is you.
There is no other.

* * * *

Regarding the God that so many idolize,
What form can there be, pray tell,
In that which is formless?

* * * *

Love thy Self.
Absolute narcissism,
With a uniquely quantum twist.

* * * *

There can be no sense of time
Without the presence of awareness
Within which to imagine all things different.

* * * *

Until you discern the wonder
Of the unfolding eternal moment,
You will never truly see Eden.

* * * *

Everyone and everything and everything between the same awareness,
Waking up to whatever reality the patterned consciousness
Of the given nature-nurture ordains.

* * * *

Each of us plays out the day-to-day in our own unique Shakespearian fashion,
And within the ever-present consciousness, within the timeless awareness,
The quantum indivisibility, call it what you will, witnesses all as one.

* * * *

Chances are a dense mind will not perceive the inexplicable,
No matter how adroit and lucid and profound the exposition.

* * * *

The mind, harbor to every conceivable passion,
Must be ignored by those earnestly intending

To merge back into quantum indivisibility.

* * * *

Consciousness usurps awareness in every way, ever calling itself real.
Death tends to put a damper on this vain little pastime, ergo, tradition.

* * * *

What becomes of anything born of this quantum mystery is lost and gone forever,
Until some witness arrives to etch it in the ever-shifting sands
Of a very brief moment in the given sun.

* * * *

Within the big picture, details, and from details, the big picture.
The predictability of patterns within patterns within patterns
Is as sure in a single quantum as it is an entire universe.

* * * *

You are everyone and everything and the infinity between.
Drink deeply the awareness of any and all,
Or of nothing at all.

* * * *

Duality exists only in the dreamtime of consciousness.
Reality is singular through and through for all eternity.

* * * *

Be the awareness witnessing, and be free.
Be the awareness witnessing through the filter of consciousness,
And be bound by whatever whimsies it partakes.

* * * *

It is consciousness that presides over the passions.
Awareness is tranquility through and through.

* * * *

What is birth? What is death?
And what is this surreal dream between?
Can anyone more than churn out endless speculation?

* * * *

How is it that those who believe they are the creations of god
Do not in the same breath wonder where that god came from?

* * * *

We are all witness to the eternal Way.
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.
Equal participants in this game of charades.

* * * *

Yes, there is no doubt God created this infinite universe,
So that so many could be unimaginably stupid about it.

* * * *

The quantum matrix is witnessed within and without,
They being but concepts about that which is neither.

* * * *

Curious how so many spend their lives evading the aloneness
They truly are, have ever been, and will ever be,
In this inexplicable singularity.

* * * *

Do the math, do the words, do the music, do the dance, do the whatever,
They all double-double-toil-and-trouble down to the same eternal emptiness,
The least common denominator of the ever-most-excellent Great Nada.

* * * *

What is a day in the nothingness of eternity?
And would seven of them really be any more?

* * * *

Stream of consciousness, stream of imagination, stream of mind.
Call it what you will, it is the same eternal mystery
Playing out however it will.

* * * *

To debate for or against some deity,
Some idolatry born of mind, some mythology born of time,
Is to miss the godness of the allness of it, aloof from all theatrics of the human genome.

* * * *

Who, what, when, where, why, how, are you,
But a set of temporal attributes that have no actuality
But through the quantum vibration of light and sound and form.

* * * *

As infinite on the outside as it is infinitesimal within,
And not even a point, a line, a plane, an object, between.
The imagination of consciousness is the origin of all creation.

* * * *

To discern the eternal life, the myriad binds of mind must be undone.
Cut the Gordian Knot of consciousness to discern the freest state of mind.

* * * *

How many zeroes is it to infinite?

How many to infinitesimal?
And of what concern to the many
Who cannot be bothered to count that far?

* * * *

Jesus was attempting to modify Judaism; Buddha, Hinduism;
And instead, both got new religions named after them,
And on and on they too splintered ad infinitum.

* * * *

The awareness upon and within which consciousness skates
Is an unfathomable mystery prior to and beyond all measure.

* * * *

The inexplicable expanse is as much within as it is without
When the line between inner and outer in awareness dissolves.

* * * *

From the eternal eye of awareness
Through the sensory plays of all existence,
An infinity of universes are created.

* * * *

This entire playground, this entire universe, is but fodder, chaff,
In the discernment of this kernel of awareness, this ultimate Self.
To discover you are the entire ocean in one drop is the brass ring.

* * * *

All creatures great to small are born of the same mysterious source,
And, in that ultimate reality, all are quite equal in this mortal fray.

* * * *

Ooh, ooh, mystery.
Ooh, ooh, brain freeze.

* * * *

Once you quiet, once you calm, once you still, all the many notions,
What is there but awareness free of any sense of other.
Anything less is just singularity knocking.

* * * *

What is birth but the beginning of a dream, and death its end.
And ever the great and powerful Quantum of Oz
Before and after and between.

* * * *

What does it take to waylay the conditioning,
But the momentary attentiveness called by some eternal life,

That which is prior to the mind-body, and the dream to which it is so attached.

* * * *

Every existence will at some point be extinguished,
And all the while, the matrix absolutely indifferent.

* * * *

Can you ignore the pain, the slings and arrows of aging and dying?
Can you rest easy in the ever-youthful fountain of awareness within?

* * * *

From the serenity of your mother's womb,
You big-banged into your expanding universe.

* * * *

To be at peace, to be immersed in the ultimate awareness
That this mortal dreamtime offers in each and every streaming moment,
What greater quality of mind could there be than the intangible brass ring of eternal life?

* * * *

Pure awareness, agnostic, totally attentive,
Fully absorbed in the eternal moment,
Is the highest state of beingness.

* * * *

To the ultimate witnessing, the awareness prior to all dimensions,
It has never even once mattered who-what-where-when-why-how about anything.
That has always been, will ever be, for the dream of consciousness to sort out, however it imagines.

* * * *

Is there really such a thing as a soul?
Or is it merely the same quantum awareness,
The same nothingness, equally permeating everything?

* * * *

You are the same awareness, the same oneness,
That has witnessed all eternity and its countless creations.
Only imagination lost in vanity pretends otherwise.

* * * *

Despite being the inexplicable infinity of all potentials great to small,
You must abide the capacities and limitations of the given vessel.
In the words of Quintus Arrius: You are all condemned men.
We keep you alive to serve this ship. So row well, and live.

* * * *

And the quantum spun itself into everything, ever timeless, ever absolute, ever indifferent.

* * * *

Your egocentricity is really no different than the sun gods of ancient empires
Building grand monuments, erecting imposing tombs, contriving divine legends,
Flailing as you do at the impermanence to which all things every moment succumb.

* * * *

What is a sail but a compass to the wind.
What is the mind but a universe to awareness.

* * * *

Awareness is simply awareness, without any attributes, whatsoever.
It is only consciousness which conceives every variety of distraction.

* * * *

What need to believe in anything, really,
Once the eternal beingnesss of awareness
Resumes its default position at the helm.

* * * *

Mind-altering substances across this magical world are the gift of eternity to its Self.
The challenge, given their hedonistic potential, is a certain level of moderation,
And how well you utilize them for right purpose, at least once and awhile.

* * * *

Imagination is bound only by the limits of any given dimension,
That set by the quantum mechanics regulating the groundwork.

* * * *

The cosmos is rumored by many thinkers
To have begun infinitesimally small indeed.
Such is the nature of all things imagined.

* * * *

An unseen force, in which all existence rises and falls,
An ocean churning for whatever time eternity gives way.

* * * *

The limits of the mortal container are not the limits
Of the quantum awareness witnessing the field of view.

* * * *

The you that you play is but history.
The you that you really are is eternal.

* * * *

One Ring to rule them all,
One Ring to find them,
One Ring to bring them all

And in the awareness bind them.

* * * *

Indifferent to all pasts, indifferent to all futures,
Indifferent to any and all assertions,
The awareness you are,
Simply is.

* * * *

What you imagine you are is quantum stardust.
What you really are is far older, far younger,
Than anything that can ever be conceived.

* * * *

Speculation is not truth.
It is all speculation.

* * * *

The mystery spawned you,
And you created a vast universe,
A partnership of senses and imagination.

* * * *

Place a near-infinite variety of containers,
All unique shapes and sizes, into a vast ocean of water.
In what way can the liquid within the seemingly individual boundaries
Ever be separate from the indivisibility of the ocean?

* * * *

Suffering is the consequence
Of identification with the mind and body.
In truth, you are the awareness
Prior to consciousness.

* * * *

This awareness of the oneness is the capstone,
The distillation of experience and knowledge into wisdom,
The eternal insight into the immortal essence
Of a mortal existence well spent.

* * * *

The universe is a vast matrix
In which all things dance
In every manner imaginable
Within the limits of the paradigm.

* * * *

The sensory play is spontaneously created

Through the mystery of consciousness
To witness an infinity of dreams.
Thou art a drop of That I Am.
How could this not be the Truth?

* * * *

See the indivisible,
Hear the indivisible,
Smell the indivisible,
Taste the indivisible,
Feel the indivisible.

* * * *

If this indivisible mystery is indeed formless, boundlessly infinite,
What are all the scientists, mathematicians, linguists,
And other conspirators of the mind to do?

* * * *

To be as a child is to return to that indivisible state of pure, eternal awareness,
Prior to the smoke-ridden consciousness to which time requires subscription.

* * * *

If all is that which is truly godness, then what is good, what is evil,
But an alliance between consciousness and its Self.
And you, the source, the witness,
Just pop in who, what, where, when, why, how, you please.

* * * *

It is the mind that divides; the mind that unites.
What is free will but the choice between duality and unicity,
The choice between what is real, that which is choiceless, and what is not.

* * * *

If you always do your best, if you always strive in a mindset of quality, of excellence, of virtue,
Then succeeding or failing is only of cursory consequence, a relatively negligible detail.
Process is all, and goals merely imaginary pauses along the eternal journey.

* * * *

You are that which is mystery, that which is unknowable, that which is eternal,
That which is prior to all attributes, all properties, all characteristics, all arrangements,
That which is prior to all the divisions, all the dualities, all the contrasts, born of consciousness.

* * * *

All groups, all cultures, since the origin of language,
Have used their natural environment to communicate their world.
The sun, the moon, the planets, the stars, the climate, the geographical features,
The myriad fellow creatures from great to small, all play parts in every mythological paradigm.
In these our modern times, we use our own creations to decipher the universe about us.

Technologies, politics, religion, business, media, personalities, ad infinitum.
Every conceivable mind-made, artificial, contrived invention,
Has all but usurped the relationship with nature.
The rules of the game are ever the same,
But ignorance leaves us deaf and blind and dumb
To the one and only reality that all creation is eternally interwoven,
At such an indivisible level as to make any part absolutely inseparable from anything else.
Imagination, and all its fabricated notions, all its dualistic concoctions,
May believe it can control this biosphere, this cosmos,
But it cannot make-believe for long,
Much less forever.

* * * *

From the unassailable inner eye of the one witness,
Prior to consciousness, unmoving, uncommitted, indivisible, all-seeing,
What is there to crave, what is there to consume, really, but sensations of the mind and body,
That ephemerally pass ever-changing from one streaming moment to the next.
Nothing more than smoke drifting through the awareness,
Like clouds moving across in the sky.

* * * *

To live fully in the moment requires that every moment be immediately perceived and released.
Life eternal is an ephemeral quality of mind, a state of unconditional detachment,
In which the you that is the timeless awareness prior to consciousness
Observes without giving weight to the incessant vanities
Of the fictional me-myself-and-I that you imagine your Self to be.

* * * *

What is any thought, any idea, but the thunder of a lightning strike in the quantum mind,
And a creative or troubled mind, a flashing thunderstorm, one ecstatic, the other agonizing.

* * * *

Perfect detachment is a state of stillness, of pure awareness,
Prior to consciousness and its ceaseless state of consumption.

* * * *

You drink a cup of water from your tap, and then you take a whiz.
The wiz travels through pipes, and washes into the river and down to the sea,
Little land critters and little water thingees drinking at it all along the ever-streaming way,
And in they in turn whiz away, and their whiz joins your whiz down to the sea.
And in the sea, more water critters drink and whiz back into the sea.
And the radiating star high above the sea sears its surface,
And the whiz slowly evaporates up into the air sea.
And the air sea drifts and flows this way and that,
And draws the whizz up into the pinnacles of the air sea,
And the whiz joins other whiz and forms into drops into clouds,
That move back over the land towards the mountains where it sprinkles
And drizzles and rains and pours and hails and snows back to the ground below.

And on the ground it moves to creeks to rivers above and below the ground,
And slowly the whizz moves down from mountainsides to the valley,
And to the well, where it waits to be drawn back into pipes,
And from the tap, poured into cup, for you to drink.
It is an indivisible, an inexplicable journey,
To which you are ethereal witness.

* * * *

Though all that is, is of the totality of the great quantum,
Few are drawn to discern the unborn-undying state.
Many are called, few are chosen, fewer still swallow the red pill.
And why would anyone ever choose to endure this inquiry into the unknown.
The hollowness of ignorance, of believing your universe authentic, is its own form of bliss.
Alas in that way-back-when, that you could not help but notice something askew,
That you could not help but ask that first question, take that first step.
Red pill, blue pill, was there ever really-truly any choice?

* * * *

The rabbit hole be deep, the rabbit hole be dark.
The rabbit hole be in every which way, long and winding.
Save your Self the bother, enjoy the bliss of ignorance, take the blue pill.
You will never know what you missed, for, in truth,
There is nothing to know anyway.

* * * *

Who-what-where-when-why-how is one who enjoys?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is the one who suffers?
Imagination is indifferent to the agonies and ecstasies it inspires
In the ubiquitous quantum sea through which it larks.

* * * *

It will likely not be until humankind
Is on the harsh, cutting rocks of its mind-made creation
That it will perhaps, just perhaps, finally discern the unatonable error of its way.
And even then, how many will call it god's will and pray for salvation,
Or blame anyone and everyone else but themselves?

* * * *

Thought is the stagnancy in which the mind harbors the notion of existence.
Only in awareness is the quantum essence playing at the cutting edge of dreamtime.
Thought is death, awareness, life eternal; the conceptions of consciousness merely vibration,
Waves crashing upon neuron shoals, naught but imagination confabulating sensory perception real.

* * * *

Where is any god, any deity, but in the innate primal recesses of imagination's origin,
And its need for there to be some meaning and purpose for this inexplicable existence,
As if the inexplicable existence, the existential fray, is in itself not raison d'être enough.

* * * *

There is a limit to all the finite pretenses of knowledge.
The unknowable must forever remain unknown.
Science, despite all its heady determination,
Can only claw away so much at the quantum mist.

* * * *

How attentively can you listen, and for how long,
To a babbling brook, to a roaring river, to a crashing wave,
They who babble and roar and crash ever eternal.
The no-mind, the mind without mind,
Is a mind full of eternity.

* * * *

The human drama has no solution, no resolution.
It will carry on in its dysfunctional, wayward journey,
For as long as the species meanders this world or any other.
So, the trick is to endure and enjoy the ride as best as ye are able
In the ever inexplicably mysterious so it goes of it all.

* * * *

A mystery far too incomprehensible, far too enigmatic, far too ambiguous,
To ever more than nibble, scratch, plumb, and ponder.
All any can really do is be it,
As the corollaries of dreamtime allow.

* * * *

Concoctions of sweet, of sour, of salty, of bitter, of umami,
All built of the same quantum mystery, all dancing upon the quantum tongue.
Each of the five sensory organs – eyes, ears, nose, tongue, skin – and the brain to which they link,
Are wormholes to their conditional, their arbitrary, their temporal, rendering of a universe.
You daily travel time, you daily travel space, you daily wander, in the dream of mind.

* * * *

There are some things for which there can be no proof,
Some things that are not subject to the finite boundaries of mind,
Some things for which any answers are too large or too small for any question.
Some things that must remain forever unknown to the ceaseless conjectures of imagination.
So it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.

* * * *

Walk through it as you would a dream; detached observer, ethereal witness.
Inscrutable, enigmatic, unfathomable, mysterious, impenetrable, unreadable, unknowable,
Indecipherable, inexplicable, incomprehensible, sphinxlike,
Yet transparent all the while.

* * * *

Each of us with our own unique universe, each of us with our own unique world view,

Each of us with our own unique set, our own unique frame of reference, that we all deem normal,
Each of us perceiving through the untold filters of our time-bound nature-nurture matrix,
Each of us forever here now, forever absolute, forever indivisible, forever alone.

* * * *

Where do you think your wit comes from if not the ever-present, indivisible, quantum essence?
Of course, there is intelligent design at the helm of this inexplicable mystery.
And of course, it is indivisibly you, and you indivisibly it.
There is nothing to get all vain about,
Because everyone and everything else is, too.
All notion of duality is but delusion of the sensory mind.

* * * *

Awareness is the eternal purity, the eternal clarity, of all dreamtimes.
The silky-smooth elixir, the cosmic brew of those rare few
Called to discern, to witness, the only reality.
Source to all, source to none.

* * * *

Human consciousness is really nothing more than imagination
Playing an eternal game of hide and seek with its imaginary self.

* * * *

No new technology can more than offer brief respite, brief reprieve,
From the consequences of its accelerating exponential.
Fingers can only plug any dike for so long
Against the indivisible vibrancy of eternal nature.

* * * *

Every mind a solitary journey, a mortal epic in the dream of time.
The challenge is getting past the enticing lure of loneliness,
And clearly discerning the unfathomable aloneness.

* * * *

Discard all the overlays of your conditioning;
You are the quietude of the sovereign mystery.

* * * *

Pay attention, so many often exclaim,
But to what are you meant to pay attention?
Whatever draws it, grasshopper, whatever draws it,
And perhaps, if discernment's edge razor-sharpens enough,
The draw may at some point be to the awareness, the source its Self.

* * * *

Be the formless, be the awareness, be the nothingness,
Be the you that is really not, has never been, will never be.

* * * *

Lives ripple through all the lives they meet: friend, acquaintance, foe …
And through all the lives they meet: friend, acquaintance, foe …
And through all the lives they meet … And through …
For as long as memory holds fast against the tides of eternity.

* * * *

Awareness is both the least and greatest common denominator.
The underpinning of consciousness, of all things known and unknown.
The quantum indivisibility through which duality cavorts the mortal ground.

* * * *

The matrix universe, an unfathomable quantum sea, swirls on and on and on,
Oblivious to cause and effect, to consequence, to destiny,
To any and all notions born of mind.
Time and space are but figments of imagination,
Inspired by the senses in the processor to which they are wired.

* * * *

The awareness you truly are is but eternal witness
Bound in one form or another, trapped in one patterning or another,
For as long as there is a manifest theater, a matrix, for dreams of consciousness to wander.
The inexplicable universe is but a quantum playground in which you will act out
Whatever agonies and ecstasies the given patterning allocates.
There is no escape; you are a captive of time.
Enjoy or suffer; attitude is all.

* * * *

Understand the union, the merging, the yoga,
Is not about the mind-body about which you are so vain,
But the you that is the eternal awareness in the all and nothing of it.
The inexplicable cannot be made any more explicable.

* * * *

The quantum essence is formless, shapeless, indefinable.
Forms are the inexplicable weavings of patterns.
To warrant them the inexplicable creations
Of some even more inexplicable deity
Must surely include the most inexplicable you.

* * * *

The point of symbols, icons, totems,
Is to determine they are in you, they are you,
For you are the many-faced god, the quantum undying.

* * * *

Is it free will to play out the only part you could have played?
It all seemed so unknowable, so unpredictable, so challenging, at the time,

But have you ever really been anything more than genomic coding,
Awareness witnessing the mortal program it was bestowed?

* * * *

No pattern abides forever; any given seed blossom but once.
But that of which all patterns are made … that indivisible quantum essence …
That which creates … preserves … destroys … that is immortal … that is godness … that is you.

* * * *

What is existence but oblivion wandering consciousness,
And non-existence, oblivion non-wandering unconsciousness.
The mystery's definitive on/off state, the byte of life, so to speak.

* * * *

The bubble of consciousness in which the awareness you are resides,
Is nothing more than an imaginary invention, the convoluted consequence,
Of insatiable desire and its every moment tango with the abiding fear of not being.

* * * *

The streaming dreaming of consciousness sometimes enjoys, sometimes endures,
Its ceaseless jabbering, its mesmerized affirmation of all things manifest.
A quantum universe playing real in the rainbow of imagination.

* * * *

From nothing to something, from something to nothing,
All things emerging, all things disappearing, all things forming, all things dissolving.
The ocean, the source, ever tranquil, ever indivisible, ever absolute,
The many patterns nothing more than appearances,
Winds blowing, currents flowing.
All attributes nothing more than vibrating elements,
The primal chaos creating-preserving-destroying, the synchronicity of eternity.

* * * *

There have been billions of dreamtimes in the evolving monkey-mind,
As have there been in every genomic line across every time,
In this Gaia-induced musing of the quantum kind.

* * * *

The Lost Tribes: Is it really just about some ancient desert peoples forced into exile?
Or could it be about the unique few whose inexplicable destiny it is
To someday awaken to what they actually are?
A Tribeless Tribe, so to speak.
As with anything, as with everything, it is what you make it.
What is any history but a temporal means to sustain, to bolster, the given cultural mindset.

* * * *

The insights, the revelations, of eternity are for any
With the wit, the calling, to discern its timeless truth.

* * * *

Pure observation without measurement, pure awareness without movement,
Without ripple, without wake, without time, without space,
Is not that the highest form of science?
Is not that the way to discern the reality of the eternal
Within and without the within and without that has never really existed?

* * * *

Believing you know is but a false security to which most minds cling.
To a be as a child, alone and free; to be this instant, unborn and undying;
Is to be the mind realigned with the eternal moment and its inherent insecurity.

* * * *

The challenge is to get back to the timeless garden, the eternal Eden,
Of which no other animal on this spinning orb has ever lost vision.

* * * *

The religious mind lumps the great unknowable into a concept called God,
And then dreads and worships and dogmatizes the idolatry that comes to mind.
What is the point of mind gorp based entirely on arbitrary, dualistic imagination?

* * * *

Words, numbers, notes, and other symbols are all equally unable
To do more than describe, point out, the mystery that they serve.

* * * *

An itsy-bitsy bit of nothingness becomes an itsy-bitsy quantum
Becomes an itsy-bitsy molecule becomes an itsy-bitsy form become an itsy-bitsy life form
Becomes an itsy-bitsy fabrication of imagination, of comprehension,
That one day fathoms the nothingness,
The awareness, it is, has ever been, will ever be.

* * * *

It is perchance time for those rare few who are truly done with the world, truly complete,
Those rare few who are content to artlessly be the most essential timeless state,
To let go of mind, to return to that which is prior to consciousness,
To that awareness which is Eden's greatest potential.

* * * *

What will this world, this universe, this unfathomable creation, be like in one year?
One hundred years? One thousand years? One million years? One billion years?
One trillion years? One quadrillion? One quintillion years? One gazillion years?
As if a year, a single trip around our puny star, really happened in the first place.

* * * *

What is this mystery but pure awareness, pure intelligence,
Playing out every potential, every possibility it aspires to manifest,

To dream in whatever dimension its infinite dynamic ordains.

* * * *

Lamenting any loss, any change, what point, really,
When nothing even for a moment stays the same.
In the hologram matrix of this grand mystery.

* * * *

You are not the you that identifies with this corporeal body
Or this life or this world or this universe or any fragment of the great unknown.
You are the indivisible oneness, and that ethereal quantum state
Is enough for any earnest seeker turned seer.

* * * *

The witness, the awareness, the youness, indivisibly permeates all consciousness.
The other, the otherness, is ultimately naught but a fabrication,
Naught but an imaginary, dualistic notion
Of quantum design.

* * * *

There is no middleman between you and the mystery you are.
There is no need to endlessly agonize over questions that have no answer.
There is no need to believe, to worship, to follow, to pray, to grovel, to tithe, to dogmatize,
To dread judgments from an on-high, to quake over imaginary heavens and hells.
You are That I Am, you are that which is unborn, enduring, undying,
As untainted and free as you allow your state of mind to be.

* * * *

What are the senses but readers of the indivisible quantum energy,
And the mind the corporeal, finite neural processing unit
That organizes their steaming input into a world,
Into a universe in which you wander alone
In the ever-churning midst of dualistic otherness.

* * * *

We have a very challenging time facing the fact
That this three-dimensional existence is but a touchy-feely dream,
That absolutely nothing is permanent, that forever is nothing more than an absurd concept,
A sound whose only reality is but an insignificant vibration in the indivisible,
That has no binds to time, no commitment to form, whatsoever.

* * * *

Still the busy mind, and without giving anything any thought, simply be the awareness.
Give full attention to each of the senses: the eyes that see, the ears that hear,
The tongue that tastes, the nose that smells, the flesh that feels.
Pay attention to the momentary now, ever-streaming
Through the neural network to the central processing unit.
Where is your world, where is your universe, without the given mind

Projecting, reflecting, through the byzantine filters fabricated of imagination?
All creation is but the ceaseless patterning of nature-nurture set in motion some long ago.
A handiwork that has never been anything but an indivisible quantum matrix,
Never more than an inexplicable dreamtime of unknowable origin.
And the eternal unborn-enduring-undying awareness,
Witness to it all, you are it, and it is you.

* * * *

All laws, all principles, all canons, all decrees, all rules, and all other such things,
Are entirely born of the arbitrary, dualistic minds of humankind.
There has never been any deity but nature,
And its indivisible dynamic
Is witness, judge, jury, executioner, as needed.

* * * *

There is no part, no fragment, there is only the indivisible whole.
The divisible is but the fabrication of imagination,
And its relentless notions of duality.
Play the part, become the whole,
The nameless, prior to consciousness,
And it countless designs born of limitation.

* * * *

There it is again, beneath all the interminable facades of conscious design,
The essential as-real-as-it-gets youness, right here, right now,
Eternally present in an ever-timeless sort of way.
You are the irrefutable awareness.
There is no other.

* * * *

You are the mystery of you, the wonder of you, the eternity of you.
Only sensory perception, imaginary notion, separate you
From that most inescapably authentic reality.
Realize it, grapple it, know it, be it.

* * * *

To awaken to eternity, you, the inexplicable awareness,
Must doubt everything to such a great degree
As to be able to shake off the mind and senses entirely.
To become so inwardly at peace as to be neither mind nor body.
A state of timeless beingness for which few have either capacity or inclination.

* * * *

To discern your own mind, to discover the portal to the unknown,
What other point could there truly be to this rather mundane play?

* * * *

Even as quickly as sensory news travels through the synapses to the brain,

By the time it filters, by the time it registers, in the given mind,
The ever-present now has indivisibly streamed on.
As immeasurable as it may seem,
Even eternal life cannot keep up with reality.

* * * *

Yes, you have learned so much, figured out so much,
Yet here you are, right here, right now, really no less ignorant
Than you were as a newborn babe swaddled in cloth in the given manger.

* * * *

A certain genesis, a certain cosmos, a certain star, a certain world,
A certain distance, a certain whirl, a certain tilt, a certain evolution,
And voilà, here you are, playing out a mortal dream in space and time.

* * * *

When you get down to the nitty-gritty-brass-tacks gist of it,
You are really nothing more than the clear space of awareness
With a way long list of ever-changing imaginary assumptions.

* * * *

Awareness is a dimension without limits, without boundaries, without attributes,
Filled only by the vaporous notions of consciousness, its absorption with, its adoration of,
Its interminable permutations, incessant convolutions, never-ending frivolities, of imaginary origin.

* * * *

To be agnostic, to be uncertain, is to explore for your Self,
No direction known, no answers sought, no conclusions made,
Is to be as eternally present as consciousness in space-time allows.

* * * *

So subtle as to be ever obscure,
So esoteric as to be sought by the rarest of the rare,
So inexplicable as to stand alone, no matter the time, no matter the space.

* * * *

What is the difference between a flake of gold and a grain of sand,
But a level, a degree, a magnitude, an intensity, of quantum vibration.
The appraisals deigned by consciousness are naught but imaginary notion.

* * * *

What is it in the timeless course of space interwoven with time that stimulated the human mind
Into becoming so ingenious at tool-making and countless other disciplines?
What a phenomenal whodunit the evolutionary aspect
Of this unfathomable handiwork.

* * * *

Most life forms exist in a choiceless eternal vulnerability

That knows neither birth nor death, nor any measurable notion.
Instinct is the patterning established in all though the Darwinian shaping
Of each and every genomic strand over millions and millions of years of evolution.
Consciousness, as the human ego fields it, assumes an invulnerability that is utterly fictional.
The assumption of free will, of choice, despite all illusions to the contrary,
Is every moment shackled to the instinctual roots of origin.
To suppose that you are truly and completely free,
That you have reign over your choices,
Is a dubious assertion, indeed.
The ultimate truth of it is,
That in any manifest dreamtime,
You can no more alter the given part you play
Than any other living thing acting out its minute function
In this inexplicable, indelible, indivisible, immutable, cosmic hologram,
Born in the vapors of imagination moving to and fro in the clear space of awareness.
To give over to the vulnerability you in reality ever are, is a reflective view to which few are drawn.

* * * *

The quantum cosmos, a hologram matrix of creation, preservation, destruction:
Rising, falling, ebbing, flowing, ever-churning through the stillness of awareness.

* * * *

How can the here-now, the ever-present moment, ever be born, destined to one day die?
How can that which is without attributes, that which is indivisible, ever exist?
How can there be light or dark? Sound or silence? Right or wrong?
How can there be any this, any that, in an indelible mystery,
In which space and time are not, have never been, will never be?

* * * *

In one quantum, all quantum; in all quantum, one quantum.
One for all, all for one, in the one and only indivisible there is.

* * * *

What is there but awareness.
To call it infinite or infinitesimal is meaningless.
To give it any purpose, to slather it with any attributes, is irrelevant.
To even brand it truth is a beyond-the-pale absurdity.

* * * *

The weight of the world is but imaginary notion.
Still the mind, ignore the senses, waylay all the desires and fears.
Attend the awareness prior to consciousness, and, poof,
The world disappears in the mists of eternity.

* * * *

Stop believing all the deceptions the conditioned mind endlessly weaves.
You are the eternal awareness: nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

What a desolate conception of god has emerged in so many human minds.
How can any abide any vision that is not all-inclusive, all-accepting?
Any view that is cloaked by every imaginable dogmatic absurdity?
What is the point and purpose of all this incessant, nonsensical conflict
Over what is, and has ever been, nothing more than fictional confabulation?

* * * *

Any personal god is nothing more than an imaginary illusion-delusion.
You are the only thing personal wandering about this quantum mystery.

* * * *

No philosophy can ever more than point and sally at truth.
None can dictate more than piecemeal injunctions and futile remedies.
Language can never be anything more than barren distraction
From the inherent mystery peering out from within.

* * * *

Mother Gaia is becoming an ill-tempered, impatient dragon
At the unrelenting mismanagement of her elemental quantum nature
By the countless two-leggeds foolish enough to assert unrestrained dominance,
Over a mystery which can never be known, much less mastered.

* * * *

The clock hands go round and round and round, and you ever the same.
Whoo-hoo for eternity playing out the dream of space and time
In the awareness of your most thunder, perfect mind.

* * * *

You were told you were this, you were told you were that,
And now you meander the ever-present dream of space and time believing it all true.
A make-believe meme, a conditioned pattern, an autonomous invention,
Woven into the ceaseless chatter of the consciousness,
Each and every moment streaming
In the clear space of timeless awareness.

* * * *

Fabricating deities and grand complex schemas of heavens and hells and purgatories between,
Is really nothing more than an elaborate way of declaring how clueless you truly are.
Much more delusional, much more bothersome, much more absurd,
Than just being quietly, simply, honestly agnostic.
How much more profound it is to neither know nor care.

* * * *

How can the immaculate awareness you truly are,
Ever be more, ever be less, than what it is right here, right now?
What is this fleeting corporeal existence but a timeless dream, unborn, undying.

* * * *

You are the witness, the arbiter of your version of this sensory-created mystery.
Even if you subscribe some well-established mindset, it is ever your interpretation.

* * * *

How could the timeless awareness you truly are,
That which is without attributes, that which is absolutely singular,
Ever be in any way different, or in anyway separate, from anyone or anything else's?
There is no divisibility but through the imaginary notions of consciousness.

* * * *

What is heaven, what is hell, but potentials of mind given over to equanimity or volatility.
What more can any ask of their dreamtime than to have a mind at peace with its Self,
A mind that is content, a mind that is serene, a mind that is eternal unto its origin.

* * * *

You are the mysterious unknown, peering out into a universe,
Entirely conceived by an organized collection of neurons.
Some sort of quantum be, quantum see, kind of thing.

* * * *

There is only the timeless instant, the eternal moment.
There is only right here, there is only right now.
There is no yesterday, there is no tomorrow.
In the ever-present hereness-nowness of the indivisible ever is.
There is no past, there is no future, there is no ever was, there is no will ever be.

* * * *

In the ocean of indivisibility, the ocean of awareness, the ocean of consciousness,
In which all things in synchronicity move hither and thither, to and fro,
Existence is nothing more than a habit, a pattern, a recording,
A dream in which the nature-nurture of every seed
Plays out its timeless, inseparable part.

* * * *

How can anyone who has any wit, any savvy, any keenness, whatsoever,
Not doubt, not question, not think critically, is perhaps the greatest mystery.

* * * *

To recondition the mind into being timelessly ever-present,
Rather than being lost in time-bound imagery,
That is the eternal challenge.

* * * *

Awareness is the timelessness through which consciousness fashions space-time.
There is naught but now, in which imagination casts itself hither and thither
Like a wind that cannot decide whether to be a zephyr or a hurricane.

* * * *

Maybe you have got it, may you have not, but what is there to get, anyway?
You are awareness, you are absolute: nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

God, Brahman, Allah, Quantum, isness, oneness, absoluteness, totality,
And the infinity of sounds by which it might also be known,
All fluid words used interchangeably herein
To give homage to that which is prior to all names.

* * * *

Who am I? Well, I am me, the same me as you.
Both of us likely just as attached to our flesh and bone guises,
Just as attached to our vain notions in this garden's play of nature-nurture.
We are all nothing more than a relatively brief play of differences
Cavorting in the same vast ocean of indivisibility,
Ultimately born of the same source,
The same awareness,
The same unknowable unknown.
Name it, label it, describe it, identify it, classify it,
Sanction it however you will, it is ever the same inexplicable essence.

* * * *

What do you think the mystery used but its own quantum clayness
To create, to witness, to fathom, you and your temporal universe?

* * * *

The quantum mystery will pretend
Whatever meaning and purpose you vainly imagine,
And not even one scintilla of it ultimately real or important all the while.

* * * *

Doubt will carry you to whatever falsehood you can abide,
And then on to the next and the next and the next and the next and the next,
Until you finally achieve that eternal moment where there are no more untruths to be had,
That unutterable, timeless realization where you finally, indelibly discern
That you are, and have always been, and will ever be,
The way and the truth and the life.
There is no other,
Playing out every possibility.

* * * *

It is more than a little dubious, more than a little moot,
That anyone bothers speaking out about the way they view reality,
When it so often provokes more conflict, more thistles, in the minds of others.
Far more rational, far wiser, far kinder, to go hang out alone in some anonymous venue,
Some serene garden bench, some understated front porch, imbibing the spaciousness of awareness.
Enjoying in solitude, in tranquility, what relatively little mortal dreamtime is left.

* * * *

You are your own witness, your own muse, born of the world, the universe,
That your many attachments to mind and body inspire you to believe real and true.
It is but a quantum dream, but one you must play out for as long as the mortal faire allows.

* * * *

This dreamtime offers any educated mind incalculable ways to discern, to filter, this quantum theater.
Historian, scientist, mathematician, philosopher, anthropologist, sociologist, psychologist,
And on and on and on for minds born with the grit and gumption to learn.

* * * *

We tag this indelible mystery with so many names,
Shore it up with so many speculations,
All equally meaningless.

* * * *

We are all wandering our own very unique, very subjective, very alone, version of a universe.
A timeless conundrum, an inexplicable mystery, an immeasurable dream,
From all beginnings, through all middles, to all endings.
None of us have ever seen our own face, and none ever will,
Because there is not, has never been, and will never be, one to see.

* * * *

You are, indeed, a quantum jester.
A fool, a wit, a wag, a tool, for the indivisible unknown
To tarry for the briefest of whiles in an imaginary dream of space and time.

* * * *

What need do those who have awakened,
Those who have transcended all doubt,
Those who wander in unburdened awareness,
Have for any questions, or the answers they project.

* * * *

Some answers are far too infinite, some far too infinitesimal, for any question,
And those who query only hear the predictable echoes of their own projections.

* * * *

The mind is a castle keep, and the awareness you truly are its sovereign.
To allow no other to haphazardly trample about the dominion
Is to hold fast against the tempests of consciousness.

* * * *

Would that life were more fair, and suffering not such a mainstay.
In the draw of the genetic lottery, some get a royal flush,
While others cannot even score a high card,
And the remainder muddle in the abyss between.

The winds of nature-nurture carry us where they will.

* * * *

History is so much greater than any culture, any philosophy, any mound of gold.
And the world, the universe, the quantum field, is far greater than anything imaginable,
And the unknowable, the indivisible, the nothingness, prior to all manifestation, is trump to all.

* * * *

Travel time? How can something that does not exist be traveled?
How can you be anywhere but the here now in which you ever indivisibly reside?
Imagination, the quixotic author of this enigmatic quantum stagecraft,
Is the only time traveler there has ever been, or will ever be.

* * * *

What are you, what is any form, but a derivative of the indivisible totality.
All but infinitesimal widgets thingamajigging within the ever-kaleidoscoping quantum matrix.
Consciousness claiming to be this or that is but the delusion of imagination
Identifying with ever-changing temporal circumstance.

* * * *

The mystery plays out every preposition:
In-on, at-to, before-after, over-under, above-below, up-down, plus-minus, since-until,
inside-outside, with-without, around-through … et cetera,
And none of it all the while.

* * * *

Your original state was absolutely, indivisibly, unconditionally flawless.
The only question is whether that unutterably formless, timeless emptiness,
That immaculate awareness prior to consciousness, prior to all whims of mind,
Can be steadfastly reestablished while immersed in the given day-to-day.
It is a homecoming only the rarest of the rare ever contemplate.

* * * *

All things under every star across the great unknown
Are of the same quantum essence ever churning anew.

* * * *

This mystery is too incomprehensible to even try to shroud it with rhyme or reason,
And yet we do again and again and again. each and every mind born afresh,
Striving to comprehend the ever-mystifying nature of the given maze.
Is it any wonder saloons are full and needles litter the streets.

* * * *

Look deadly, be deadly; look deadly, be harmless;
Look harmless, be deadly; look harmless, be harmless.
Survival is as survival does in this indivisible quantum Eden,
This garden of good and evil born of imagination's egocentric notion.

* * * *

Your illusory cosmos is your teacher, it is your frame of reference.
it is a interminable streaming of faces and places and every variety of form.
It is all the creatures from large to small, it is galaxies beyond what any eye can see.
It is words and numbers and sounds and symbols, and whatever else consciousness aspires.
It is the imaginary mind, it is the imaginary you, it is the imaginary not you.
And through it all, the ubiquitous awareness you truly are,
Ever the indifferent, solitary witness.

* * * *

All this time, all this effort, all this angst, all this sillines,
Only to finally figure out that it is all nothing more than a touchy-feely dream
Sponsored by an inexplicable quantum feed.
Argh, indeed.

* * * *

Each and every timeless, streaming moment passes the same.
Call it second, call it minute, call it hour, call it day, call it night, call it this year or that,
It is ever the same quantum eternity dancing in its own illumination,
And you, the awareness, its creator and witness.

* * * *

Awareness is the perceiving, awareness is the observing, awareness is the witnessing.
There is no observer, there is no witness; the source is not a thing, it is not consciousness,
It is not at all attached to any who, any what, any where, any when, any why, any how.
It merely is – indivisibly, indescribably, timelessly– free and clear of all attributes.

* * * *

The eternal salvation so many glibly guarantee is up to you to alone discern.
Even if you follow a trusted guide up an arduous, rocky mountain trail,
You are still required to endure each and every step along the way.

* * * *

Time is the streaming of consciousness.
There is no time in the heart of awareness.
Abandon the ticking clock lodged in your mind,
And apperceive the timeless, immeasurable beingness
You truly are, have ever been, will ever be.

* * * *

The indifferent known, the indifferent unknown,
The indifferent universe, the indifferent world, the indifferent space-time,
The indifferent quantum, the indifferent mind-body, the indifferent who-what-where-when-why-how,
The indifferent now, the indifferent awareness, the indifferent truth, the indifferent false,
The indifferent everything, the indifferent nothing, the indifferent whatever,
All the same indifference masked by every indivisible guise.

* * * *

Discern the timeless stillness of the awareness prior to consciousness.
Become that peace, that tranquility, that calmness, that that serenity.

* * * *

What is human existence but an ever-streaming play of consciousness,
An ever-kaleidoscoping play of some given mind attached to some given circumstance,
An ever-emanating play of minds mesmerized by every imaginable difference
That the delusions of sensory illusion can fashion real and true.
Ultimately nothing more than the quantum enigma
Playing a game of light and shadow.

* * * *

The purgatory of consciousness offers only fragmented peace.
Heaven is the motionless oblivion of pure, unfiltered awareness.

* * * *

The time born of mind reigns through the continuity of its many memes, its many patterns.
Consciousness reinforces these repetitive cultural blueprints through conditioning.
Relatively few are inclined to free themselves from their domesticated lot,
To discern the timeless awareness at the cradle of all imagined.

* * * *

Quantum awareness, quantum consciousness: omniscient, omnipresent, omnipotent.
What more god could you possibly witness? What more god could you possibly be?

* * * *

To see the reality of this awareness clearly, to discern what you truly, undoubtedly, are,
You must have the concentration and fortitude of a tightrope walker crossing a canyon.

* * * *

What is the universe but a quantum creation spun of nothing,
And every existence witness to a unique cosmos of patterned design,
As devised by the senses in their eternal perception of the winds of illusion.

* * * *

Consciousness concocts every imaginable speculation
To grapple with this inexplicable quantum mystery,
But its ultimate reality of is prior any metaphor.

* * * *

Consciousness is the movement, the vibration, the lightning storm, of the brain.
Mind is fabricated by the attachment to the many emotional and conceptual patterns,
The conditioning, to which it abides for whatever sojourn the dreamtime of quantum ordains.

* * * *

It is a perpetual yellow brick road littered with non sequitur.
So it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.
Awareness, alone, serene.

* * * *

It is the nature of reflective, earnest doubt that no lie will long suffice.
Once you embark on this solitary journey to discern the truth of this implacable mystery,
There will be a never-ending array of ever-enticing interruptions and diversions.
Every sort of blind alley, roadblock, dead end, and impasse imaginable.
But there will be no turning back, there will be no stopping.

* * * *

If you give your self over to Self,
Things just seem take care of themselves
In a way that only you very much alone can witness.
No need to pray to some idol, no need to worship some god,
Just being fully in the ever-kaleidoscoping moment is more than enough.

* * * *

The awareness you are is within all life from the smallest to greatest, all across creation.
So you are every moment being born, you are every moment dying.
Life and death, how are they not the same?

* * * *

What sense can perceive the eternal conundrum of awareness?
What attribute can prove it? What word can define it? What mind can bind it?
Awareness is the sovereignty of all things imperceptible, unprovable, indefinable, unbindable.

* * * *

You are the eternal awareness experiencing manifest form.
To die to the little self is not physical death, but psychic death.
It is awakening, it is being born again, into the Self you truly are.

* * * *

An indifferent universe witness by an indifferent awareness.
Is the notion of caring any less capricious than the wind?

* * * *

Once you discern there is something more than the mundane temporal to this existence,
Once you realize awareness is the source code to this dreamtime, the rest is up to you.

* * * *

How quickly attitude can turn on its head.
How quickly perspective can morph into some contrary state.
How quickly white can become black, light become shadow, good become evil,
Clear become murky, more become less, hit become miss, right become wrong, love become hate,
Similar become different, have become have not, smile become frown, ecstasy become agony,
Flexible become rigid, pleasure become pain, interest become tedium, full become empty,
Kindness become intolerance, compassion become cruelty, inclusion become isolation,
Moderation become excess, exotic become tedious, eloquence become incoherent,
Positive become negative, respect become disdain, esteem become loathing,

Logic become arbitrary, harmony become discord, benevolence become malice,
Modesty become vain, honor become shame, virtue become vice, refined become coarse,
Yes become no, trust become suspicion, tolerance become prejudice, sensible become absurd,
Soft become hard, unconditional become qualified, sincerity become irony, reason become paradox,
Deep become shallow, hot become cold, happiness become sorrow, respect become contempt,
Freedom become coercion, paradise become dystopia, indivisible become divisible,
Reality becomes illusion, truth become delusion, red pill become blue pill,
And vice versa and hither-thither gray on all of the above, as well.
What is the psyche but a swirling cauldron of passion.

* * * *

Why in any god's name would anyone ever need to kill anyone else,
Simply because they do not see this unfathomable mystery the same way?
How stupid must stupid be before stupid wakes up to its stupidity?

* * * *

Whether coincidences are anything more or less
Than the mystery creaking silently away in its synergistic fashion,
All speculations aside, is well beyond the pay grade of we playing out the mortal realm.

* * * *

You have always been very much alone.
Your attempts to avoid it have always proven futile.
It is your eternal nature no matter the diversity streaming about.

* * * *

Somehow the mysterious indivisible quantum glue of the eternal now
Holds together each and every streaming holograph moment one into the next.
It is just all too fucking boggling for consciousness to ever wrap its wee little mind around.

* * * *

In the worship of any god or gods,
What are individuals or groups really doing,
But bowing and scraping to imaginary confabulations?

* * * *

You must be very fearless undo all that has been done to tackle the unknown.
It is a yellow-brick-road journey from which you will not return as you were.

* * * *

To state this ethereal kaleidoscoping dreamtime is all one, quantum fact that it is,
Is for many little more than some after-the-fact-romantic-lyrical notion.
The timeless awareness is the ever-present, intangible reality,
And consciousness, despite all its skillful wordplay,
Can in reality never do much more than grunt and point.

* * * *

Though it is countless times the greatest of challenges,

You are, in the you-are-the-world view, your world's keeper,
For there is not one part or particle that is not
As equally quantum as your Self.

* * * *

At some point in the hereness, at some point in the nowness,
Some minds, bit by bit, little by little, awaken to the given conditioning.
Awaken to the great doubt, the great question, and in that calamity of consciousness,
Begin a long and winding and solitary journey towards eternal reunion.

* * * *

Enthrallment with any of the assorted forms of occult power,
Whether it be called paranormal, sorcery, mysticism, spirituality, religion, or ad infinitum,
Are nothing more the continuing dance of consciousness with illusion.

* * * *

Those who would explore the expanses of the eternal mind
Will wander through many cycles of limbo, of anguish, of despair.
In the play of consciousness, there are no heights without nadirs between.

* * * *

Any given existence is just one thing after another:
Twinklings of delight punctuated by stretches of misery,
An indivisible dance from whatever beginning to whatever end.

* * * *

Someone may point out this inexplicable, indivisible mystery,
And perhaps offer thoughts and suggestions and cautions and encouragement.
Call them teachers, call them gurus, call them priests, call them mystics, call them what you will.
But there are no followers in the journey, the expedition, the quest, the pursuit, for Self.
There are no disciples, no believers, no devotees, no partisans, no adherents.
Only friends and acquaintances, and perhaps the vexing adversary,
All inquiring, very much alone, into what is real and true.

* * * *

There can really only be one source to this mystery.
The only question is whether it wears a Christian face,
A Muslim face, a Buddhist face, a Taoist face, a Hindu face,
Or any face at all.

* * * *

What is any pattern but an energy system
Interacting seamlessly with other energy systems
In one vast indivisible all-in-one-one-in-all quantum sea.

* * * *

It is attachment to one parochial mindset or another,
Attachment to one narrow-minded, insular vision or another,

That blinds so many to the fact that the same truth is indivisible in all.

* * * *

The gods of the electromagnetic spectrum run the gamut from long waves to short,
From the cosmic rays to the broadcast bands: the gamma rays, the x-rays,
The ultraviolets, the infrareds, the microwaves, the radars, the radios,
And whatever other idolatrous icons indivisibly radiates between and betwixt.

* * * *

You are the quantum program,
You are the quantum programmer,
Creation creating a quantum mirage.

* * * *

The great unknown, a mystery prior to the spontaneity of creation.
No need to fear it, no need to worship it, no need to bow or scrape to it,
No need to name it, no need to dogmatize it, no need to swath it in laurels.
No need to do anything other than to simply be it, as awareness allows.

* * * *

The sea of awareness knows no time,
Knows no space, is bound by no limitation.
What words could ever suffice to expound eternity?

* * * *

All mythologies are mind-made narratives; none abide in the eternal abyss.
They are not foundations to anything more than arbitrary, capricious cultural memes.
Thumb-sucking security blankets for those unable to endure alone the winds of temporal illusion.

* * * *

Jesus ain’t coming back, and you will not, either.
Each existence is a one-time show courtesy of the given seed,
And the ever-churning matrix into which it is cast.

* * * *

Free your Self of the concept of original sin,
The dualistic notion decreed by ignorance upon innocence,
That you were involuntarily forced into by being cast into the human epoch.
None are born wicked, none are born offending any god or gods,
None are born transgressing any moral imperative.
There is no sin, no evil, only separation.

* * * *

Why be envious of experiences others are fated to play out?
Are any parts really, truly, more important than your own?
Not even one iota of quantum stardust could be more or less.

* * * *

Discern the nature of any life form
In the awareness peering through their eyes.
There are none who are not cousins of the same puddle.

* * * *

You are reminded of your immortality, yet choose the death of separation.
All for a few coins, the vanity of the senses, and an ceaseless variety of illusive dreams.
We are all parts in each other's plays, witnesses to an infinite diversity.
Use your awareness to discover the unicity of it.

* * * *

Belief is a spurious brainchild of dualistic notion.
To believe implies that the subject is not connected to the object,
That the beingness is some dynamic force outside you, the observer, the witness.
It is a denial of the unicity of all that is seen, and all that is unseen.

* * * *

What need for belief? What need for creed? What need for faith? What need for prayer?
What insecure beasts we are that such inflated, hollow notions are given more import
Than the timeless awareness offered in each and every kaleidoscoping moment.

* * * *

From whence comes the ever-present voice you are within and without,
Is your portal to the awareness you truly are, have ever been, will ever be.
Make the call, take the plunge, score the deal, play the choiceless, ever now.

* * * *

You purchase, you barter, you gather, you maintain, you consume,
In every way your time and space allows, yet what are you in the reality
Before all beginnings, after all endings, and within every play of light between,
But an indivisible fistful of timeless, inviolable, undying, quantum dust?

* * * *

The weaving of doubt and negation are the magic carpet, the ruby slippers,
That will get you back to the integrity of the eternal mind,
The virtuousness of the eternal life.

* * * *

As you skim this thought, everything manifested, everything quantum, is ever shimmering anew.
A wave of life comes into being, another crashes down, and many roil in the between.
Wave after wave after wave, timeless, without beginning, without end.

* * * *

There is much more faith in timelessly abiding in the awareness of the given moment,
Accepting whatever gifts, enduring whatever tortures, the eternal dreamtime manifests,
Than can ever be concocted by any fear-based belief system fabricated of the human mind.

* * * *

All belief systems of mortal persuasion are fear-based, greed-laced, and mundanely played.
It takes much more courage to stand alone, absolute and free in the indivisible dreamtime of eternity,
Than it ever will milling about, mindlessly ditto-heading with any time-bound, idolatrous herd.

* * * *

Your mortal stance, when contrasted to the eternity you truly are,
Is really no longer than that of a fruit fly, or even the universe.
What is it that entices you to believe this worldly theater real?

* * * *

In less than a blink of a blink of blink,
All is undone and done, again and again,
An infinity of times prior to all counting.

* * * *

Only in timeless awareness is there anything resembling free will,
And even then, the patterned meme filters the dreamtime theater.

* * * *

You are That I Am
Which is born again and again anew
In each and every eternally kaleidoscoping immortal moment.

* * * *

The only thing anyone can be sure of, is that no one can be sure of anything.
Even death and taxes are rather dubious in the fathoming of the unfathomable.

* * * *

How everything can be so different, and yet so much the same all the while,
Is the ever-present irony and paradox of this indivisible quantum mystery,
To which all fated to see must in timeless awareness, mindfully fathom.

* * * *

The fact that you are here in a particular form
Means you must act, you must function, in one way or another.
Until the body-mind is done, until it is food for worms, you will play out the given role.
The way that happens is labeled in many ways: destiny, fate, kismet, karma.
All of absolutely no importance to the witnessing awareness.

* * * *

Despite all groupthink to the contrary, you must work out your own eternal salvation.
Believing, hoping, praying, that some other will do it for you misses the reality.
Embracing agnostic oblivion is the true potential offered by awareness.

* * * *

To realize without doubt that you are the indivisible,
That you are not the temporal body or the universe it entails,
Is the supreme benediction, the paramount grace, existence can offer.

* * * *

Real and true peace is an unattainable ideal for the passionate mind.
Only in the stillness of eternal awareness is its true realization attained.

* * * *

It is awareness that is the immortal aspect, not consciousness.
Consciousness is but the filament of imagination,
The means to create and play in time.
It can never be real.

* * * *

Quantum is the multi-dimensional veil,
In which the omnipresent-omniscient-omnipotent mystery,
The nothingness of origin, god by any name, the source its Self, witnesses all.

* * * *

What is consciousness but wave after wave bound to attributes.
Awareness is the nothingness, the unknowable unknown of eternity,
Prior to all dimensions, all imaginary dreams of space and time.

* * * *

Birth is a moment like this, death is a moment like this,
And the eternal life between is filled with moments like this.

* * * *

Despite all assertions to the contrary, humankind is not the be-all-end-all of this manifest mystery theater.
We have certainly played out a remarkable reverie in our trifling fragment of space-time,
One perhaps not replicated anywhere else across the starry-starry cosmos,
But our egocentric, ethnocentric, geocentric hullabaloo,
From whatever prelude to whatever finale,
Has never really been more
Than vanity-vanity-all-is-vanity on steroids.
At best a negligible undulation in the electromagnetic spectrum.

* * * *

Imagine you suddenly came into consciousness in an adult body without any prior experience.
No narration, no knowledge, no conditioning, no language, no attachment, no desire, no fear,
No family, no friends, no enemies, no sense of identity, completely alone, an absolute abyss.
Just pure awareness, observing the sensory feed without it making any sense, whatsoever.
A stranger in a strange land, wandering the ephemeral garden orb, as free as free can be.

* * * *

You are but a momentary portal to that which is unknowable.
An ephemeral window between what is and what is not,
In which the eternal witness has the opportunity
To observe its Self through a worldly dream.

* * * *

You are Quantum: creator-preserver-destroyer of universes beyond counting.
All across this world, in every epoch, you have sung many songs
And left behind many writings, many creations.
You are all that has ever been, you are all that will ever be.
And in your wake, every possible ripple, every imaginable consequence.
All creation emanates within and without the indifference of your timeless awareness.

* * * *

All the pain, all the pleasure, all the agony, all the ecstasy, you have ever experienced,
Have been profound teachings when seen from the vista panorama of pure awareness.

* * * *

The unknowable unknown,
The never-born-never-die quantum reality,
Is immeasurably, indivisibly, timelessly, absolutely anonymous.

* * * *

What if the entire human spectacle, the entire world, the entire universe, the entire creation.
Is merely a means, a scheme, a ruse, a gambit, a ploy, a plan, a tactic, a stratagem,
For the ultimate awareness, the ultimate intelligence, to discern its Self.
What if the definitive speculation is all about you sitting there,
Quietly reading these words, and realizing it true,
And you Soul witness of your version.

* * * *

Consciousness requires attributes to play out its spew of imaginary notions.
Without forms, without concepts, it is caught in the abyss of awareness.

* * * *

Awareness is a solitary quality of mind, a state of timelessness, of eternal life.
And if you are to awaken to it, you must awaken alone,
For no one can do it for you.

* * * *

Death will arrive in a moment very much like this one,
With consciousness coming to an end, and eternity steadfastly carrying on,
Without the you as you have come to know it in the identification with the mind-body dreamtime.
The one and only real you, that you always are, have always been, will ever be.

* * * *

Any and all idolatry is but the imaginary confabulation of the conceptual mind.
It was not any deity who created us in its image, but we, he-or-she-or-it, in ours.
Give this moment, this instant, no thought, and awareness is the unalterable alter,
The matrix, the hologram, in which you very much alone, in every twinkling, reside.

* * * *

Human consciousness is but one lineage,

Of the of the natural-selection quantum mystery of evolution.
The synergy of awareness, brain, brawn, sensory nerve endings, opposable thumbs, larynx,
Two arms, two legs, lung capacity, group dynamics, sexuality, et cetera.
Witness that you are, have ever been, will ever be,
It is all about you, and not all about you all the while.

* * * *

Try to forget the little self, the fictitious identity, at least once and awhile.
Expand into the indivisible universe, the timeless totality, within and without.
Be the awareness, the big Self, that you truly are, have ever been, and will ever be.

* * * *

To fathom all you are, to fathom all you are not,
To discern the ultimate reality of this enigmatic eternal awareness,
You must examine the given life, the given mind, the given body, both within and without,
Catching and releasing any and every form, any and every thought,
Until only you in still awareness remain.

* * * *

Each and every moment, inhaled and exhaled, examined and released.
The eternal life is not for those who cling to the imaginary concoctions of mind.
The vague memories of all that is ever come and gone, is not real living.
It is the stillness of awareness that is the fountain of existence.

* * * *

What is real, what is true, what is you, is never knowable
In anything but the most timeless sense awareness allows.

* * * *

Is consciousness higher or lower in this monkey-mind theater,
Or more likely a long and winding continuum of endless complexity:
More or less intelligent, more or less attentive, more or less knowledgeable,
More or less perceptive, more or less creative – all about different things.
How amazing anything exists at all, much less evolved to such a degree
As to expand this mystery to an even greater scale of unfathomable.

* * * *

Eventually the human drama's candle will go out, and all we have done
Will perchance be discovered and studied by some intelligent alien species
That has somehow survived their own rise to the heights of cooperative effort,
And become technologically proficient enough to travel across
The vast expanses of an all but infinite universe.
Think about it very astutely, how likely is it, seriously?
And why on earth would it, could it, should it, matter in any way?

* * * *

How can any gaze out into the immeasurable universe
And truly believe some vain, wrathful deity

Born of their feeble imagination
Did all that and more?
Pfffft.

* * * *

From the immeasurable mystery of eternal nothingness,
The churning quantum of creation and preservation and destruction,
An ever-emanating juggernaut beyond all reckoning,
The eternal nothingness all the while.

* * * *

What if no one but you really exists?
What if it is all noting more than imagination
Playing out a sensory dream in the void of awareness?

* * * *

What is male, what is female, but the ways and means
By which the three-dimensional dreamtime of awareness plays on,
But ultimately ever the same essence, ever the same androgynous indivisibility.

* * * *

Humankind, the world, the universe, and all its many creations, is doomed to destruction,
Because there is nothing that can be saved or preserved in this quantum hologram.
Attachment to attributes, attachment to illusion, binds you to such concerns.

* * * *

Regarding your fate, you do not know what it is,
But you do have one, every manifest creation does,
In a quantum indivisible sort of way, of course.

* * * *

Every humanoid since the species evolved in the jungles of long ago,
Each with its own exclusive twist of a monkey-mind,
Plays out a completely different aspect of the same swirling consciousness,
Entirely based on the draw in the genetic lottery, and the winds of time into which the seed is cast.
We are all witnesses to completely unique quantum universes born of imagination.

* * * *

How can this unfathomable mystery not be boggling prior to and beyond all belief?
What need for faith? What need for religion? What need for philosophy?
What need for anything but to meld into the timeless nature,
The eternal awareness pervading all creation.
What need to more than realize the indelible enigma of it,
And to freely blossom into the inexplicable reality that you are it, it is you.

* * * *

To be but timeless awareness,
To be but the source prior to all patterning,

Is a quest all who doubt must undertake very much alone.

* * * *

Despite all the encumbrances about your body and in your mind,
You have never really possessed anything or anyone, and never really will.
You are but a temporal squatter in an erstwhile dream born of quantum playing time.

* * * *

The mind that craves more, more, and still more.
Has everything but eternal life, sometimes called heaven.
Something to do with camels and eyes of needles.

* * * *

The personal mind, the quantum mind, the cosmic mind, the eternal mind, the no-mind,
Are all the same ephemeral awareness, the same witness, the same youness,
Really nothing more than alternating frames of consciousness,
Filtering as the whimsical moment inclines.

* * * *

The road less traveled is less a road than a solitary, interminable, cross-country odyssey,
Through an uncharted, untamed, no-direction-known wilderness
Complete with every distraction imaginable.

* * * *

Natural laws supersede any and all man-made concoctions.
Even the gods cannot waylay the order of quantum chaos.

* * * *

What is this magical-mystery dreamtime
But a teensy-weensy sliver of imaginary perception
Sandwiched between the pre-historic and post-historic unknown.

* * * *

As it stands in its evolutionary tack, the monkey-mind
Is not even remotely capable of fashioning a casteless culture.
We are as bound by our Darwinian differences as any other creature
That has ever risen into being on this inexplicable garden world.

* * * *

The ultimate you, is in every moment, in every dimension,
Creating and preserving and destroying, incarnating and morphing,
Into any and every form that this ineffable quantum mystery deigns to devise.
There is no beginning, there is no end, there is only the unknowable.

* * * *

You are this eternal nowness, and this eternal nowness is you.
This is the one and only nowness awareness ever is, has ever been, will ever be.
In some soon-to-be mind-body space-time, you will be “doing” something else in the same nowness.

And still later, it will be the same awareness “doing” something else in the same nowness.
The timeless mind prior to the kaleidoscoping dreamtime is ever the same.
Eternal life is being mindful in an empty-mind sort of way.

* * * *

Nature is the timeless filament of all creation,
The source code by which all things come to pass,
The brush used by the quantum unknown
To paint itself the dream of time.

* * * *

Perhaps the only true act of free will
Is whether or not you give yourself over
To the choicelessness of awareness.

* * * *

We are all witness, ever alone, ever absolute, in our own unique version of a universe.
We are all right, we are all wrong, each and every one, each and every eternal moment.

* * * *

In every age, there are those rare few in any and every imaginable context,
Who awaken to the timeless awareness within all things great to small.
Some mold what will become dogma; others wander serenely alone.
The mystery in which all equally reside gives its Self freely to any and all.

* * * *

Point of reference, frame of reference, box of reference, matrix of reference, hologram of reference,
From small to large, each and every mind fabricates a unique rendering of a universe,
All ultimately nothing more than the endless spinnings of imagination.

* * * *

Whether quantum space-time is the function of the sensory-mind,
Or the sensory-mind the function of quantum space-time,
Or both are indivisible partners in awareness,
The resulting interweaving, the resulting dreamtime,
Is nothing more than a very real-seeming, figment of imagination,
Consciousness hypnotizing its Self into believing its timeless concoction real,
An illusory theater playing out every imaginable manifestation in every imaginable way.

* * * *

Across the planet throughout all time, every human being, every life form,
Playing its little quantum-chemical-biological-cultural patterning real,
To whatever degree awareness through consciousness perceives.

* * * *

The same eternal source in all timelessly witnesses all.
It is the omnipresent-omnipotent-omniscient undying force.
Ageless, changeless, perpetual, unending, interminable, transient,

Immeasurable, inestimable, everlasting, boundless, infinite, immortal.

* * * *

It is in the winds of complete and attentive breathing,
That you will be as alive as the quantum dreamtime allows.

* * * *

What is eternal life but the ephemeral awareness you truly are,
Paying as much attention as possible to the one-moment-at-a-time universe,
To which the given sensory mind-body dreamtime of temporal consciousness subscribes.

* * * *

Everything is distraction from reality.
Only the ephemeral is real.
In awareness, be.

* * * *

What is the cosmos but a massive, indivisible quantum matrix.
Matter patterned into every imaginable organic and inorganic permutation.
Continuously changing, altering, shifting, fluctuating, mingling, consuming, emanating, evolving.
A mechanism so beyond-all-bounds incredible as to be forever boggling.
And however you may or may not partake the truth of it,
You are it, and it is you, there is no other.

* * * *

What is real meditation
But the turning off of time-bound imagination
For a brief wander in eternity.

* * * *

The momentary awareness perceives through the senses
What the mind born of the quantum essence has engineered.
Always something to see, to hear, to touch, to taste, to smell,
Yet ever the eternal nothingness in each and every while.

* * * *

The closest thing to free will, to self-determination, to freedom of choice,
In this infinitely choiceless universe fashioned of every imaginable patterning,
Is the timeless awareness of the quantum essence from which all things stream forth.

* * * *

What is the point, what is the reality, of any story, any chronicle, any history,
Once all trace, all recollection, of it has been lost in the mists of eternity.
Ask the forest tree, fallen and decaying, unwitnessed and unheard.

* * * *

Awareness, that which is prior to consciousness,
That which is prior even to the quantum indivisibility,

Is the mysterious potential from whence all things manifest,
The matchless singularity, prior to one, much less two.

* * * *

What do you think all this is founded on, if not the indivisible primal source,
The quantum matrix of timeless origin, the one-and-only oneness given over to space-time,
Creator and creation in the one-in-all-and-all-in-one grand singularity,
The awareness in which all dreamtimes spring.

* * * *

To all belief systems that imagine god separate,
Why would you ever cater to such limited concept?
To a notion that does not include you one in the same?

* * * *

The limits of perception are obvious,
The doors of perception, immeasurable.

* * * *

What is history but a perpetual game, to which chess and go and dominos, are but artless analogies.
It is an ever-streaming, ever-emanating, ever-graceful, temporal play of consciousness.
Imagination given context in the hologram-matrix of quantum space-time.

* * * *

Awareness cannot be possessed.
It is neither yours nor mine nor ours.
We are it and it is us, every moment unreal.

* * * *

The mind ever seeks the security, the certainty, the consistency, that cannot be.
Constant change is the ultimate overriding attribute of this manifest quantum theater,
And it is only the no-mind steadfast in awareness that can wander through it,
Calm, collected, composed, untroubled, unconcerned, harmonious.

* * * *

Conscious breathing, the awareness of every inhale, every exhale,
Is as present as present can be in the matrix hologram born of mind.

* * * *

No matter the speculation, no matter the assertion, it always ends up being the same inexplicable mystery.
So, what is the point of endlessly arguing, much less slaying others who will never see it the same.
Discern the tranquility of an agnostic framelessness of mind, and make that your harbor.

* * * *

What is it we label God by countless names but all things quantum,
Including the timeless awareness you believe your own,
Peering out through the given sensory array.
Duality is illusion; all is singularity.

Thou art That I Am.

* * * *

What is known of the immeasurable reaches where the unknown reigns,
But the shimmering attributes that imagination adjudges real and true.

* * * *

You are as free as the mind is empty,
As free as the mind is naught but pure awareness,
As free as consciousness that has set aside any and all concern
For its Pandora's Box hodgepodge of endless bothers.

* * * *

We are all just temporal recordings of consciousness,
Each and every one of us playing out one little meme or another.
Yet at the essential level, each and every one of us is the same quantum source,
Each and every one of us the same unfathomable awareness.
What is to argue about, what is to kill for?

* * * *

And why would not so-called God, be so infinite as to include you in its creative process?
How ridiculous to believe your imaginary self, separate in any way, any shape, any form.

* * * *

Is it space-time that passes,
Or the awareness that travels a dream of time,
Ever steadfast, ever true.

* * * *

Where is the difference? Where is the attribute? Where is the transformation?
Where is anything in the mystery of mysteries, that which is eternally indivisible?

* * * *

Is it day? Is it night? Is it any time?
Open thine inner eye, thine eye of awareness,
And discern what is real, what is true.

* * * *

How many star-filled universes may have come and gone before the so-called Big Bang
Or Creation or Genesis or Turtles-All-The-Way-Down-All-The-Way-Up,
Or whatever other metaphors mind may have conjured up.
And how many will come and go after this rendering,
And how many are simultaneously happening right now,
And what was and will be before and after any or all of them,
As if there could ever be any before or after any timeless fabrication,
Before or after what may well have never really happened in the first place.
Anything and everything is on the table in the indivisibleness of all things quantum.

* * * *

Your immortality may reflect in thought and deed in this mortal banquet,
But they are naught but vibrations in the indivisibility of the quantum reality.

* * * *

Illustrate, if you can, where you are in a mind that is still,
Where you are in the timeless quietude of pure awareness?

* * * *

What is death but the end of time, the end of space,
The return to the eternal indivisibility that all ever are.
Nothing to fear, nothing to doubt, simply the way it truly is.

* * * *

Were the so-called seers and mystics and prophets in ancient times and places, early scientists?
Or merely charlatans taking advantage of fearful, gullible flocks for their own ends?
Any answers are but assertions of one unverifiable speculation or another,
But of the muddled, tangled histories played out since, we can be much more sure.

* * * *

Awareness sets in motion the pretense of existence.
The brain is but a fertile recording and processing apparatus,
That the senses permeate with an ever-present universe,
In which the mind plays out its imaginary theater.

* * * *

If you are the ever-present awareness every given moment offers,
What need for identity, or any other contrivance of consciousness.

* * * *

Where can “you” ever be but right here, right now,
In whatever sphere, whatever bubble of awareness “you”
In the inexplicable, indivisible quantum hologram-matrix reside.

* * * *

What is it little old you discerns in this theater into which you have without choice been cast?
Without all the countless devices we toolmakers have devised to measure our universe,
Without all the sciences, without all the mathematics, without all the technologies,
Without all the things the monkey-mind will do to quantify to the nth degree,
What is it you for your Self alone intuit, you for your Self alone deduct,
What is it you for your Self, without any influence from any other,
Discern real and true in this immeasurable enigma beyond all pales?

* * * *

Awareness is naught but awareness.
Neither near nor far, high nor low, great nor small,
Good nor evil, true nor false, boundless nor bound, real nor unreal.
It is the what is, that ever is, yet has never been.

* * * *

You are in no way, no shape, no form, separate from the totality of this mystery.
Call it what you will – God, Brahman, Tao, Buddha, Yahweh, Jehovah, Allah, turtles ad infinitum –
All dualistic notion is founded upon believing the illusions body and mind weave,
Upon believing the ever-kaleidoscoping sensory input real.

* * * *

Just what 'part' of the mind-body-spirit do you believe is immortal,
If not the indivisible awareness, that vast totality both within and without,
In which within or without are nothing more than confabulations of imagination.

* * * *

To be the undying awareness is to wander without attachment to the dream of mind,
To endure, free of time, free of all the agonies and ecstasies imagination musters into notion.
Eternal existence is for the rarest of the rare, those few and far flung who render themselves whole.
One must be absolutely fearless to ascertain the immutable immortality
They are, have ever been, will ever be.

* * * *

The only objectivity resides and abides in the indiscriminant awareness.
All creation is arbitrary from whatever beginning to whatever end.

* * * *

Who is the who, who desires? Who is the who, who fears?
Who is the who, who plays out any action, plays out any passion,
But the indivisible awareness cloaked by the attachment of consciousness
To the mind-body presenting itself, pretending itself, colluding itself, real and true.

* * * *

The entire human spectacle, and all its countless histories,
Is nothing more than ever-changing, temporal, imaginary perception.
A make-it-up-as-we-go, spontaneous kind of thing, that really is not any thing at all.
A holographic dream, which all are genetically programmed, culturally conditioned, to play along.
An enigmatic quantum reverie: nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.
Very bemusing to all concerned, indeed, indeed.

* * * *

The you, you think is you, the me, I think is me, the s/he, s/he thinks is s/he,
Are they really a different you, a different me, or a different s/he?
Who is born, who dies? Who is reborn, who dies again?
Who abides in heaven, who abides in hell,
But the same awareness in all.

* * * *

Consciousness is the source of all disparity.
In the quantum indivisibility, there are none.

* * * *

What is the world, the universe, but a baggage train of notions
Slung about by imagination as if it were real and true.
As if it was more than a nebulous collection
Of pluses and minuses streaming about a neuron matrix.
Discern the awareness you are, disentangle from thought, wander unbound.

* * * *

The mystery is the mystery is the mystery.
You are but one speck, one light of awareness – no greater, no lesser –
Of the incalculably vast universe of witnesses to the indelible, unfathomable, indivisible, unknown.

* * * *

No point worrying about death; it is going to happen one way or another.
Whether the means is infection, cancer, blood, endocrine, mental, nervous, circulatory,
Respiratory, digestive, musculoskeletal, genitourinary, perinatal, congenital, or some external cause.
The flesh and bones to which you are so attached is fated to melt back into the indivisibility.
If is useless, and vain hope for something more, nothing but idle speculation.
So it goes, deal with it, get over it, keep moving while you can.

* * * *

The electromagnetic spectrum changes. the chemistry changes,
The body changes, the mind changes, the world changes, the universe changes,
But the awareness, that which perceives that which exists only in imagination, is ever the same,
Unborn, undying, each and every indivisible, indelible, enigmatic moment.

* * * *

Everything that happens is beyond all explicability.
There is no reason, there is no purpose, there is no doer,
And the awareness, the witness you are, is the source of it all.

* * * *

Are you streaming through space-time, or is it timelessly appearing through you?
What is this inexplicable, impenetrable, indelible, incomprehensible,
Indecipherable, inscrutable, inseparable mystery,
But an indivisible emanation of the ephemeral eternity you are.

* * * *

You have been hypnotized, conditioned, brainwashed, mesmerized, indoctrinated, deceived,
Into imagining you are what you are not, have never been, and will never be.
In the one and only indivisible reality prior to consciousness,
You are timeless, you are without bounds.
Know this, and break free of all limits born of mind.

* * * *

But for the currents of consciousness,
It is as quantum indivisible on the inside
As it is quantum indivisible on the outside.

* * * *

Call it what you will
– Collaboration, collusion, syndicate, conspiracy –
The quantum enigma is in charge.

* * * *

Human beings always want more-more-more in their ephemeral sojourn in space-time.
But more is really nothing more than an itsy-bitsy vibration in the electromagnetic spectrum,
An indivisible, unborn-undying quantum whatever, which has neither beginning nor end,
Nor any size, nor any shape, nor any limit, nor any time, nor any value, whatsoever.

* * * *

Who is the I that believes this awareness their own,
But a brief fiction of imagination entirely alone.

* * * *

Who, what, where, when, why, how … am I?
Who, what, where, when, why, how … are you?
Who, what, where, when, why, how … is anyone?
Who, what, where, when, why, how …….. is anything?
But the same indivisible upwelling permeating everything.
Call it by whatever vibration you choose, it is the same clayness,
The same omniscience, the same omnipotence, the same omnipresence,
The same unborn-undying awareness, ever creating its Self anew.

* * * *

We are only young or middle-aged or old on the outside.
The awareness within is ever the same timeless upwelling.

* * * *

All time, all history, all narration, whether individual or cultural,
Is nothing more than the play of consciousness, a paradigm of imagination.
All illusion, all delusion, all nothing more than the existential collusion of memory cells.
You are, have ever been, will ever be, the ever-present, right-here-right-now of eternal awareness,
The singular observer, the solitary wanderer, in the infinite-infinitesimal
Of nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

The eternal life offered by pure awareness is the one and only true religion.
It has no name, and requires no faith, no scripture, no dogma,
No idols, no symbols, no priesthood, no followers.
Those who believe otherwise muddle in the fog of vanity.

* * * *

Contemplation is about consciousness
Putting your imaginary universe in perspective.
Meditation is about being the awareness you actually are.

* * * *

There are no attributes, no patterns, no systems, no laws, no histories,
No quantifying measurables at all in the immeasurable indivisibility.

* * * *

All patterns are created of illusion.
From the indivisible, all creation arises, all creation subsides.
There is naught but eternal unicity.

* * * *

The explorer of consciousness is very much alone
In the maze-like concourses of the eternal fabric,
The imaginary hologram of the passionate mind.

* * * *

What difference between wafting smoke and solid concrete?
Both change, certainly at different rates by any eye,
But just as absolutely, just as inexorably.
It is a god-eat-god universe,
No matter how any mind might measure it.

* * * *

Whether called Baal, Tao, Brahman, Buddha, Allah, God, or any other name mind might devise,
No conception imagined by consciousness can ever be more than a temporal metaphor.
The unknowable, ineffaceable truth of this mystery is timelessly indivisible.
Infinitely, infinitesimally, omnipresent, omnipotent, omniscient.

* * * *

The indelible mystery you indivisibly are, is neither friend nor enemy.
It is indifferent to all imaginary notions, indifferent to all temporal attributes.
What attachment can that which creates and preserves and destroys,
Without motive, without remorse, have to anything?

* * * *

Being domesticated, being cultivated, being trained, as a human being,
Does not make you any closer to godness than any other life form.
Every single beast has evolved from the same quantum origin.
The only difference between you and any other organism
Is an inexorable egocentricity born entirely of imaginary notion.
The entire human drama is nothing more than a collusion of consciousness,
Made possible by the evolutionary happenstance of an ingenious, group-oriented mind,
Two arms, two legs, a larynx, opposable thumbs, and high-capacity lungs.
No critter ever born into this mystery ever stood a chance.
And, being far too clever for our own good,
Neither, ultimately, do we.

* * * *

Intelligence is a quantum program,
Encoded by natural selection,
Witnessed by awareness.

* * * *

The quantum physics of nature is indivisibly, timelessly, irrevocably Darwinian.
Vectors and velocity and mass spin out consequences each and every moment.

* * * *

All the monotonous things you do day after day after day,
Broken down into a never-ending stream of programmed fragments:
Eating, sleeping, working, brushing the teeth, trimming the nails, ad infinitum,
How much longer to get the gist? To figure out the mystery is the awareness you ever are.

* * * *

How could the observer not be the observed,
In this indivisible, kaleidoscoping, quantum mystery theater?
Pfft, even the most supreme being humankind can ever imagine knows that.

* * * *

Who is there to prove anything to, really?
Apart from an imaginary vanity-vanity show,
What more is there than the quantum beingness?
What more is there than awareness of the singularity?

* * * *

The inexplicable garden world from which humankind ascended is a timeless analog creation
That our tool-making abilities have fashioned into a linear technological one.
All well and good in its own right, it is an inescapable reality,
An expedition for which there is no rewind.

* * * *

Quantum brain, quantum eyes, quantum ears, quantum nose, quantum tongue, quantum skin,
Quantum nerves, quantum ductless glands, quantum viscera, quantum everything.
A quantum matrix, a quantum hologram, by and for its Self to play,
Perchance to perceive, to realize, to comprehend, its inexplicable mystery.

* * * *

Who-what-where-when-why-how creates this kaleidoscoping theater of dreamtime,
But the eternal awareness neither within nor without the quandaries of imagination.

* * * *

There is only the here-now, there is only eternal life.
All vain notions about it are ultimately meaningless.
Be anonymous within and without, free of all claims.

* * * *

All those memories, all those things, all those sensations, all those thoughts,

All those patterns, dreams, habits, relationships, loves, likes, hates, joys, sorrows,
Skills, awards, derisions, pleasures, beliefs, opinions, notions, hopes, fears, ad infinitum,
All those many experiences, no matter how dear, must all eventually be released and forgotten.

* * * *

Within the pool of awareness,
All possible universes, all possible dreams, dwell.
The creative potential of the quantum essence is infinitely choiceless.

* * * *

What you perceive is but a quantum veil that the sensory mind arbitrarily measures.
Of the immeasurable from which all dreams manifest, there is nothing to be known.

* * * *

The mind is founded upon consumption, upon accumulation, upon differences, upon conflict;
Upon the unremitting narcissistic, hedonistic, self-absorption of the me-myself-I;
Upon the insatiable pursuit of pleasure, of power, of fame, of fortune.
There can be little real peace without discernment and surrender to the indivisible.

* * * *

Awareness is not a sensation.
Beingness is not a sensation.
Reality is not a sensation.
You are not a sensation.

* * * *

Every organism under any given star has a completely different translation of the universe.
Which begs the question, is there even a real universe that stands alone and true?
Or are all nothing more than unique, arbitrary quantum creations,
Done and undone and done again times beyond counting.
Light dancing its Self manifest, for whatever forever dreamtime allows.

* * * *

To many unanswerable questions in this dreamtime mystery,
Always springing up here and there like zombies in graveyards.

* * * *

Everything in this touchy-feely-three-dimensional-space-time dream
Is ultimately nothing more than quantum illusion.
Yes, absolutely all of it.

* * * *

How would any of this be if the awareness you truly are were not bound to the mind-body,
If you were not attached to all the notions inspired by the sensory dream.
The universe did not exist before the unborn was born.
It will not exist after the unborn dies.
Die to it now.
Eternal life is yours for the being.

* * * *

What is prior to religion, prior to doctrine, prior to faith, prior to belief,
Prior to all notions of gods and devils and their myriad minions,
And the countless heavens and hells they spawn in time?

* * * *

To observe your existence with the same indifference as the infinite unknown,
That is the challenge of all who would be free of all claims of the finite known.

* * * *

The mind weaves its own traps, cuts its own grooves, molds its own way,
Its own obstacles, its own fetters, its own miasma, with unceasing regularity.
It is evolved of narrow thinking, and often resides fogbound for the given lifetime.
Relatively few realize the insightful emancipation, the sovereignty of the immeasurable.

* * * *

Neither one nor two,
Neither single nor double,
Neither solid nor ephemeral,
Neither everything nor nothing,
Neither what is nor what is not,
Neither living nor nonliving,
Neither right nor wrong,
Neither time nor space,
Neither here nor now,
Neither good nor evil,
Neither true nor false,
Neither judge nor jury,
Awareness is.

* * * *

The quantum universe is engaged in a fair number of adventures.
Sometimes you have to stand in line and wait you turn.
Try to remain rational about it, if you can.

* * * *

An indifferent mind is a reflection of the indifferent awareness.
And the eternal mystery from which it all indifferently emanates.

* * * *

What is awareness? What is consciousness?
A chemical reaction? An electromagnetic storm? A quantum wind?
The unknown playing known? Nothing playing something?
A stream unto its Self, however mind conceives.

* * * *

Happiness and contentment are delusional ideals born of sorrow and dissatisfaction.

Consciousness ever ebbs and flows through the ductless glands and viscera.
Abiding in the moment, in the awareness prior to all the chatter,
Is the as-good-as-it-gets any given mind can offer.

* * * *

Everything you experience,
Everything you see, hear, smell, touch, taste,
Adds to the frame of reference from which it is eternally witnessed.

* * * *

Even the ethereal begins supposedly traversing the Himalayas,
Are fellow primates, fellow two-leggeds, of the same quantum origin.
No need to make them more paranormal than you or any other cockroach.

* * * *

What pattern is not born of conscious design,
And why would the quantum ground, the source of all,
Be bound by any notion, no matter how grand?

* * * *

You need not answer all the secrets of this indelible mystery,
To yield to the essence of the indivisible awareness,
You are, have ever been, will ever be.

* * * *

Outside the last box is that awareness prior to consciousness,
And where can any box abide in that which is indivisible.

* * * *

When the immeasurable is presumed measurable,
Pretense and arrogance take root, and chaos rules.

* * * *

What is it to awaken, to realize, but to become very still, very attentive,
To the eternal awareness you truly are, have ever been, and will ever be.

* * * *

The mystery is prior to all thought, prior to all knowledge, prior to all emotion, prior to all passion,
Prior to all language, all science, all math, all music, all everything ignited by consciousness.
It is the primal awareness from which the unknowable bursts into timeless creation.

* * * *

Awareness cannot even for a moment
Pause to examine its timeless, non-dualistic nature.
After all, how can that which is the origin, that which is the essence,
Do anything but what it does, be anything but what it is.

* * * *

You are the mystery, you are the unknown, you are the known unknown.
You will make of it what you will, you will do with it what you will,
And if you are a rare one, you will perhaps undo what you will.

* * * *

Any philosophy, any religion, any archetype, any paradigm, that loses sight of natural law,
That loses sight of the indivisible relationship between all things,
Is no worldview worth its brine.

* * * *

Eternal peace is merging into the indivisibly, the aloneness, free of attributes.
Giving the world no thought: some call it heaven, some call it madness.
What matter what any other thinks, what any other believes?

* * * *

This quantum theater is never more real than a dream.
The awareness you are is never not the witness.
The only question is whether or not you are aware of it.
And from all beginnings to all endings, and all endings to all beginnings,
It really does not matter if you wake up to it or not.
It never did, it never will.

* * * *

The so-called scriptures are not really belief systems.
They are histories, archives, field guides, instruction manuals, schemas.
Insights set down by seers across time and space who have discerned the mystery firsthand.
Does the quantum indivisibility need to worship the forms into which it is made,
Some imagined sculptor, or the essence that is its truest nature?
Does it really need to venerate anything at all?
Is not simply being enough?

* * * *

Of course, there is what many, by one name, by one concept, by one dogma or another, call god.
But the fundamental reality is that it is a timeless, indivisible, unattainable mystery,
That cannot be bound by any form, by any circumstance, by any creed.
It is not some dualistic invention like a Zeus, a Jupiter, a Shiva, or a Santa Claus.
It is not a deity, a goddess, a divine being, a celestial being, a divinity, an immortal, or an avatar.
It is not an idol, a graven image, an icon, a totem, a talisman, a fetish, or a juju.
Of course, there is a god, and it includes the essence you truly are.
Do not confuse any fabrications of consciousness
With the reality of awareness.

* * * *

In truth, you have no past, you have no future.
You are but a subjective dream of consciousness, of imagination.
There is only now, there is only awareness, there is only quantum, there is only eternity,
Timelessly witnessing an indivisible, kaleidoscoping, sensory play.

* * * *

Your world, your universe, your dreamtime, is your own imaginary concoction,
Founded upon the sensory input as interpreted by your patterned mind.
However you see anything unfolding, is what it is, always was, and will ever be.
Whatever you think others think, they think; whatever you think others do, they do.
You are perceiver, you are witness, you are observer, you are bystander, you are spectator.
You are the one and only awareness acting out your programmed, conditioned, habituated persona.
Immortally absolute, indelibly sovereign, timelessly unconditional, eternally indivisible,
And unutterably, irrefutably alone in your center stage of consciousness.

* * * *

To discern your true Self, to discern the awareness that is source,
Is to discern all possibilities upon which imagination might draw.

* * * *

Trust your Self.
Trust your own mind.
Trust your own awareness.
Trust your own perception.
Trust your own intuition.
Find your own way,
You, scientist.

* * * *

What is each and every imagination-born existence, but a brief window of history.
A brief flickering of light and shadow, playing out in the dreamtime of mind.
A brief span in which awareness witnesses a timeless creation born of consciousness.
A kaleidoscoping quantum theater playing itself real over and over in every conceivable way.

* * * *

You who give the mind over to its inexplicable source,
Will never be appreciated unconditionally by the human paradigm.
Thought and emotion are but evolutionary by-products of ductless glands and viscera.
It is not possible to gain the full acceptance of any meme, any group, any followers, any true believers,
Any brainwashed, conditioned, indoctrinated collusion to which consciousness is so attached,
For the capricious mix is incapable of comprehending that which is cradle to all.
You must, in awareness, stand very much alone, flawlessly absolute.

* * * *

Without the thought, the idea, the notion,
The brainwave, the inspiration, the theory, the belief,
The concept, the opinion, the plan, the conception, the philosophy,
How would the imaginary identity you delude your awareness into pretending
Play out its meme-bound who-what-where-when-why-how collusion?

* * * *

There appear to be many others of every imaginable variety,
But it is all really truly the awareness you very much alone are,

Translating the sensory play as the ever-present now unfolds.
The singular you, chattering away to your Self, so to speak.

* * * *

There is nothing in this manifest dreamtime to which you can ultimately cling.
You are awash in imaginary notion, and if that gradually dissipates,
Where can you ever be but the given right-here-right-now,
As infinitely, as infinitesimally immeasurable,
As the mystery of awareness ever is.

* * * *

When the mind is still,
When the mind is but awareness,
Who-what-where-when-why-how can you exist?

* * * *

That which you imagine you are is replete with every variety of passion and pain and regret.
That mystery which you truly are, that which is prior to consciousness, is indivisibly immaculate.
The mind is a collection of perceptions to which unmitigated detachment is the only salvation.

* * * *

Creation takes time, creation takes space.
There is no "suddenly appeared."
There is only never-beginning-never-ending process,
A quantum holograph in which humankind is but a smidgeon of a shard.

* * * *

Dreaming itself immortal,
Consciousness is indelibly linked
To the finite creation of quantum design.

* * * *

We are all the same oneness playing out the parts, the same oneness playing out the many.
We are all a kaleidoscoping hologram of inestimable, immeasurable, infinite proportion,
A quantum matrix emanating a dream of time in the timeless indivisibility of eternity.

* * * *

Your imaginary personality is how your awareness adapted
To the winds of the nature-nurture into which you were cast.
It is but a temporary temporal thing; best not get too attached.

* * * *

It is only in imagination that all players are fashioned.
The grand holograph is seamless; there is no other.
The inscrutable indivisible is without partition.
All withouts are within, all withins, without.

* * * *

Complete, unconditional, unadorned vulnerability is the means to nirvana.
To give your self over to Self, to set the body-mind adrift in awareness,
Is the discerning tap of the Ruby Slippers that will get you home.
Eternity is now, there is no other, nothingness is as apparent as it gets.

* * * *

The roles all life play out in the grand web
Are nothing more than the blueprint,
The patterning of the given seed.
All are the same inexplicable essence.

* * * *

Is it the quantum universe that creates the quantum mind?
Or is it the quantum mind that creates the quantum universe?
Or are they the same quantum creating each other,
This very much the same moment?
Yet another dreamy day,
Same old chicken or egg conundrum.

* * * *

There is a space, a stillness, an awareness,
Where entire universes disappear,
And the unknown reigns.

* * * *

Truth, neither rational nor irrational,
Is as indefinable as the moment,
Because it is the moment,
And the moment is unknown.

* * * *

The ever-motionless awareness of the eternal mind
Is prior to all movement of consciousness,
And the myriad attachments therein.

* * * *

Is there an outside the box that is not yet another box?
And then another and another and another.
Boxes and boxes ad infinitum,
Until all of a sudden, only You remain.

* * * *

To be caught in the web of time
Is to play out the death born of imagination.
Only in the timelessness of eternal awareness can existence
Be as real as the quantum dreamtime allows.

* * * *

The moment, the instant, the second, the minute,
The jiffy, the flash, the tick, the twinkling, the trice:
What are they but concept after concept after concept,
Consciousness ever trifling the timelessness of awareness.

* * * *

In any given twinkling, it does not matter how you play out your reverie of time.
It does not matter whether you were good or not, smart or not, happy or not, earnest or not,
Passionate or not. productive or not, powerful or not, wealthy or not, famous or not, beautiful or not.
The timeless awareness does not care one scintilla about you, or anyone or anything else.
We are all but temporal quantum forms in the grand nothingness of eternity.

* * * *

Your ego, your vanity, wants to matter so much, but in reality it does not, never did, never will.
You are a brief dream of awareness: nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.
Find harbor in the futility, the uselessness, the pointlessness,
The worthlessness, the fruitlessness, of it all.

* * * *

It is only imagination that feels happy or sorry or anything else, for its imaginary self.
Imagination ever-translating the ever-streaming sensory perceptions
Into endless shades of emotional gratification.
How can the timeless awareness prior to consciousness,
Feel anything for the still emptiness from which it springs eternal?

* * * *

There is no arrival because there is no place to arrive.
There is only the beingness of ever-present awareness.

* * * *

How long will you recall things that do not matter?
How long will you cling to things that were never important?
How long will you abide the infliction of illusion upon your awareness?
This is your brief dream to live, or not live, as your courage to stand alone allows.

* * * *

Sometimes angel, sometimes demon, what matter either way, really.
Gods are but the contrivance of the dread of imagination,
And an insistent hope for what can never be.

* * * *

You are the mystery, you are the enigma, you are the unknown,
And there is absolutely, unequivocally, nothing irrational about it.
Nor, for that matter, is there anything at all rational about it, either.

* * * *

Truth is not an idea; it is not tangible.
It is the intrinsic, indivisible, inviolable thread

Within the stillness of each and every timeless moment
Prior to any and every quantum dimension.
And those rare few who discern it
Live life eternal.

* * * *

In the ultimate mind, the universal mind, the god mind,
The who, the what, the where, the when, the why, the how; are no longer relevant.
Awareness is all, all is awareness.

* * * *

What a burden, the responsibility of materialism.
Anytime you own something, you must maintain it, clean it, protect it,
Insure it, give it away, lose it, throw it away, break it, repair it, consume it, et cetera ad infinitum.
Whatever the case, in the grand scheme of all things quantum matrix indivisible,
You and it are but dust-to-dust creations intertwined for all time,
And before and after that brief window, as well.

* * * *

What to do when neither creation nor preservation nor destruction draw you anymore.
What to do when even the indivisible has lost the verve of point and purpose and meaning.

* * * *

You have imagined who.
You have imagined what. You have imagined where.
You have imagined when. You have imagined why. You have imagined how.
You have imagined everything the quantum mirage has allowed.
Now imagine the nothing from which all sally forth.

* * * *

Discern the primordial awareness prior to consciousness.
Stay with that timeless moment, that stillness,
And know the serenity of eternity.

* * * *

Nirvana is just giving your mind
Over to the timeless mystery of awareness;
Dissolving back into the eternal now you ever truly are.

* * * *

All we think we know is but a grain of sand in an infinity of unknowable unknownness,
And in reality, all our invention is nothing more than the happenstance
Of our own genetically habituated imagination.
It is all a mystery, nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

Where are within and without
When all barriers are but the illusion

Of the sensory mind-body born of imagination.
The indivisibility of the quantum scale knows no bounds.

* * * *

Who are you or I? Who is he or she? Who is we or they?
So many dualistic distinctions born of consciousness,
And its myriad delusions born of sensory illusion.

* * * *

The human paradigm is immersed in the stew of its own self-made knowledge.
The mind's voracious, insatiable, craving-to-know nature blinds itself.
The screens, the veils, the shrouds, the divisions of knowledge,
No matter how scholarly, no matter how insightful,
Are the source, the creator of all delusion.
The space-time matrix, as tangibly real as it seems,
Is but the invention of an imagination-laced quantum dream.

* * * *

A still mind is a still universe, and a still universe is no universe at all.
And in that essential state, in that awareness, in that nothingness, you are.

* * * *

All creation, all universes, have come and gone in the same everlasting, undying, unending,
Perpetual, endless, ceaseless, timeless, interminable, infinite, immortal,
Never-ending, transient, temporary, eternal instant.

* * * *

You need not allow the world into your eternal sovereignty,
Unless you feel like being mesmerized by the quantum illusion,
And all the habituated conditioning it has in the given mind stirred.

* * * *

Take away your family, your friends, your acquaintances, your adversaries, your enemies,
Your work, your hobbies, your things, your pets, your memories, your reveries.
Take away all the parts and pieces, all the trappings of your existence,
And what remains but an indescribably ephemeral awareness,
To which no thought, no appendage, can ever attach.

* * * *

Call it what you will, the mystery is bound to or by no name,
No matter the subtlety, the dexterity of the namer's meaning.

* * * *

No one but you can possibly care as much as you
About your version of the mystery,
And if you do not,
Well, that is another story.

* * * *

If not for vision, your sensory universe would seem much, much smaller,
But then, it might seem just as large, just as infinite, just as true,
If you had been blind from birth and knew no different.
Awareness is the great equalizer in all creation.

* * * *

What ever-present instant is not of eternity?
Only the countless dualistic notions of consciousness,
With all its delusions born of desire and fear,
Would have you believe otherwise.

* * * *

Dualistic notion is but a fabrication of imagination.
All opposites are equally true, equally false,
Equally everything, equally nothing.

* * * *

Is your inner default setting consciousness or awareness?
Are you the imaginary figment, the mortal you?
Or are you the eternal immortal You?

* * * *

Your ancestors include monkeys and other jungle-born primates.
And before that, worms, and before that, yes, slimy goo.
And let us not forget that it all became possible
Because of the mystery of stardust.

* * * *

Eternal life, eternal awareness is ever-present, undying, unending, timeless process.
The sage stares at a rock, and sees the rock anew each and every eternal moment.

* * * *

A moment is only wasted
If you fail to give it full attention free of recollection.
History is written by the living dead.
Eternal life is now.

* * * *

So many things you will never know,
So many things known that you will inevitably forget,
The only thing to keep in focus: the awareness, the mystery you truly are.

* * * *

Time rises and falls in every mind,
And is but a biological mutation in the evolution of humankind.
It does not truly exist as anything more than the mind-made, imaginary notion of consciousness.
There is only this now … and now this now … and now this now … and now this now …

An immeasurable quantum matrix, ever-kaleidoscoping, eternally indivisible.

* * * *

Ultimately, as complex, as intricate as humankind may be,
We two-leggeds are ever nothing more than a genomic configuration
Set in motion in the quantum stardust chemical reactions of the long, long ago.
We are fabricated of nature, and every moment reside in its fold,
No matter how hard we try to disconnect ourselves,
No matter how hard we try to be more.

* * * *

To exist in clear, timeless awareness, is the natural state,
The state of immaculate being available to any and all
Who earnestly pursue that which is absolute within.

* * * *

There is no you; there is no me-myself-and-I.
There is only awareness confined in a corporeal configuration,
And imagination creating everything under the sun.

* * * *

What is any world, any universe,
But an illusory dream constructed by the senses.
Naught but a neural veil, a sensory shroud, a quantum vibration,
Of imagination creating much ado about nothing.

* * * *

It is imagination, not awareness, that identifies with the mind-body.
Consciousness creates a world, a cosmos, to which awareness is but witness,
Absolutely detached – separate, apart, disconnected, isolated – in every which way.

* * * *

In every yes, a no; in every no, a yes.
In every truth, a lie; in every lie, a truth.
In every good; a bad; in every bad; a good.
In every vague, an exact; in every exact, a vague.
In every infinite, a finite; in every finite, an infinite.
In every unknown, a known; in every known, an unknown.
In every intangible, a tangible; in every tangible, an intangible.
In every abundance, a shortage; in every shortage, an abundance.
In every superiority, an inferiority; in every inferiority, a superiority.
In every inexplicable, an explicable; in every explicable, an inexplicable.
In every immeasurable, a measurable; in every measurable, an immeasurable.
In every intelligible, an inscrutable; in every inscrutable, an intelligible.
In every open hand, a closed fist; in every closed fist, an open hand.
In every creation, a destruction; in every destruction, a creation.
In every brilliance, a dullness; in every dullness, a brilliance.
In every positive, a negative; in every negative, a positive.

In every logic, an absurdity; in every absurdity, a logic.
In every blessing, a curse; in every curse, a blessing.
In every deep, a shallow; in every shallow, a deep.
In every right, a wrong; in every wrong, a right.
In every large, a small; in every small, a large.
In every whole, a part; in every part, a whole.
In every plus, a minus; in every minus, a plus.
In every savant, a fool; in every fool, a savant.
In every gray, a gray; in every gray, more gray.

* * * *

You are playing the script of space-time's patterning,
But you are not the script, you are not the part,
You are not the body, you are not the mind.
It is all nothing more than a quantum dream.

* * * *

Of awareness it can be said: This is it, this is all there is.
Everything else is imagination born of sensory illusion.

* * * *

How could any man-made concoction
Ever have any ultimate, accurate, truthful answers to anything?
Only in the stillness of awareness is the one and only conclusion discerned, and it is serenity.
And it is the end to all uncertainty, to all speculation, all concern,
Over what is knowable, and what is not.

* * * *

You need not meditate with others for consciousness
To merge back into the awareness which you ever alone are.
The within and without the without and within that are and are not.

* * * *

The sciences have a sizable array of tools to explore the mystery,
But ultimately are only as discerning as the mind
In which the data is pondered.

* * * *

All differences, whether cultural, ethnic, gender,
Religious, political, economic, linguistic, and on and on and on,
Belie the indivisible, synchronistic, undying quantum mystery orchestrating all.

* * * *

Eternity, the mystery that is prior to consciousness, is immaculate, unblemished, spotless,
Unsullied, undefiled, untarnished, perfect, flawless, faultless, pure, pristine,
Impeccable, stainless, pure, virtuous, incorrupt, above reproach.
The so-called Original Sin is really about separation,
About being born into the dream of time,

About being born into mind.
And given that there is no choice in the matter,
Given that no creature has ever had any voice in its being born,
What sin, what wickedness, what offense, what estrangement, can there truly be?
To be timelessly present is to erase all notions that inspire the insipidity of creeds across the world.

* * * *

This incredible, boggling quantum matrix that we call a universe,
Is playing out in indivisible, inviolable, indiscriminate perfection.

* * * *

The timeless awareness of eternity is unconcerned what you do with your dream of time.
Only human vanity – egocentric, ethnocentric, geocentric, heliocentric – believes otherwise.

* * * *

What need for insatiable consumption once mind's hunger has subsided,
Once habitual thinking has melted back into the awareness of all origins.

* * * *

Imagination, from whence all stories arise, into which all stories recede.
A statistical ripple as indivisibly predictable as any other quantum creation.

* * * *

Through all that has been, all that will be,
This now, this essential state of awareness,
Is what you have always been, will ever be.

* * * *

Mountains erode, oceans evaporate, all things die; everything is ever-changing.
Only the indivisible quantum, and the awareness it permeates, remains the same.

* * * *

Forget who you think you are, and all you think you know.
Be the awareness prior to consciousness with all its bothers
About who and what and where and when and why and how,
And all the logical and illogical designs to which mind subscribes.

* * * *

Partake whatever you will, the hunger for more, more, more,
Remains the insatiable constant of human consciousness.
Satisfaction and serenity are the realm of awareness.

* * * *

No, you will not be back.
It is a one-time cabaret for each and every player.
Different strands of DNA, all witnessed by the same unborn-undying awareness.
Nothing personal about it, despite all notions to the contrary.

* * * *

The indivisibility, the inviolability,
Of creation and preservation and destruction,
Is clearly discerned only through total surrender to awareness.

* * * *

You are not a noun: a person, a place, a thing.
Nor are you a verb: an action, a state, an occurrence.
You are, and you have always been, and you will always be,
The stillness of eternal, immortal, absolute awareness,
Witnessing the ever-kaleidoscoping quantum play.

* * * *

The stillness, the eternal life of the awareness prior to consciousness,
What more could you possibly be than the supreme virtue of the eternal unicity?
Will there come a moment when you never again subscribe to the manifest quantum matrix?
Will there come a moment when the mind born of time no longer calls you?

* * * *

The sensory mind-body evolved in DNA's quest to continue,
To survive the creation, to abide the quantum field.
The vehicle you occupy is the result of that ever-present eternal dance,
And whether or not you continue to pass on that dream-state is a decision only time will tell.

* * * *

The creations of physics and chemistry and biology
Have again and again conspired to shape you, to pattern you,
Into a false identity that you might again and again awaken to your Self.
Is the matrix any more than a ruse to explore the mystery in every way imaginable?

* * * *

The many words, the many concepts of consciousness
Are but passing clouds in the clear sky of awareness.

* * * *

The hands of time spin the fate of humankind into an abyss of its own making.
Human consciousness cannot forever maintain the raging pace hat its insatiable nature ordains.
As any cockroach instinctively realizes, existence is a marathon, not a sprint.

* * * *

Call it God, call it Jehovah, call Yahweh, call it Allah, call it Buddha, call it Tao, call it Brahmin,
Call it whatever resonating sound your nimble mind and lucid tongue might concoct,
When were you and yours, and absolutely everyone and everything else,
Not this most-assuredly-exactly-the-same-across-the-board
Whodunit, whatdunit, wheredunit, whendunit, whydunit, howdunit?

* * * *

Awareness of the awareness cannot be taught,

Nor can it be persuaded nor forced in any way or shape or form.
There is nothing to learn, everything to forget, and few hear the call, much less respond.

* * * *

What is any world, any universe, any hologram, any matrix,
But a kaleidoscoping dream inspired by a sensory quantum feed.
A light and sound show vibrating away in the given mind's neural trail.

* * * *

In the no-mind, there is no history, there is no buddha, there is no you.
There is merely the eternal awareness, the ever-present, indivisible now.

* * * *

The quantum divide is but the separation of the sensory mind,
Deluding itself, imagining that it is the indivisibility that is unreal.
Nothing more than the neuron trail asserting it alone reigns supreme.

* * * *

Each and every seed has its own epic journey, a one-time play in the space-time matrix.
A concoction of heaven and hell in an imaginary backdrop, real and unreal all the while.

* * * *

Nothing to be. Nothing to do.
Nothing to see, to hear, to taste, to smell, to feel.
And yet being, doing, seeing, hearing, tasting, smelling, feeling, all the while.
Such is the awareness, the cosmos of the quantum mind.
Nothing at all, all-ing all over.

* * * *

You are not the body-mind identity.
You are not consciousness.
You are not the world.
You are not the universe.
You are not the quantum stardust.
You are that which is prior to all creation.
You are the awareness, you are the indivisible unicity.
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

The body issues forth from the indelible quantum mystery;
From the merger of the seeds of male and female.
The brain gradually interprets the senses to engineer the mind of self.
The mind that is molded, sculpted, conditioned; the mind that ever bends to its given nurture,
To its environment, to its window of time, all fostered by the play of imagination.
An ever-expanding cosmos of consciousness burst into being;
Indelible quantum mystery all the while.

* * * *

So much more knowledge with each and every passing moment.
To let go, to forget, is the challenge of the mind that would be eternal.

* * * *

To quantify the quantum mystery as infinite or infinitesimal is all but absurd,
Once it is without doubt realized that the enigma of awareness is immeasurable.

* * * *

Perfection in consciousness is but an ideal.
There are pluses and minuses to practically everything,
Unless you are Mary Poppins or some other imaginary fabrication.
Only in the indivisible nothingness of eternal awareness can perfection be realized.

* * * *

Consciousness is a function of awareness,
But it is up to you to discern the implication
Of that far-reaching, life-changing realization.

* * * *

The mind-body is about the consumption of its quantum dreamtime in every way imaginable:
Food, drink, sex, power, fame, fortune, spirituality, materialism, et cetera, et cetera.
An unremitting quagmire, and ultimately all much ado about nothing.
As William Shakespeare puts it in Macbeth's soliloquy:

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more. It is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury
Signifying nothing.

* * * *

No looking backward, no looking forward.
Only now, each and every moment indivisibly emanating.
How fucking amazing is that? And the essential you its inexplicable source.

* * * *

Abandon the mind and all its thoughts of identity and personality and character.
All the histories, all the narrations, all the time-bound concoctions you imagine real.
Be the awareness, the stillness, the emptiness, the nothingness, you timelessly are.

* * * *

The confines of the mind can grow very small or very large,
Depending upon the awareness, and the consciousness it inspires.

* * * *

In the struggle between consciousness and awareness,
Is there a victor, or simply the serenity of cessation?

* * * *

In every blink of any given eye,
One universe destroyed, a new one created.
How many blinks to create a god?

* * * *

The exciting moment, the monotonous moment;
The pleasurable moment, the painful moment;
All witnessed by the same timeless awareness.

* * * *

The mind devours through the eyes, the ears, the tongue, the nose, the flesh.
What is it but imagination's craving for a permanence it can never attain,
For it is but an intangible dream of the indivisible quantum hologram.

* * * *

The awareness is without face, without body, without mind, without identity,
Without family, without tribe, without country, without world, without universe.
It is timelessly alone, sovereign and true, no allegiance known, all in one, one in all.

* * * *

No, you are not going to change the ever-changing world,
This garden orb will spin on and on the same as it always has.
Your brief window of time will be just another vain, hollow flurry
In a seemingly endless emanation of vain, hollow flurries.
Our vain, hollow drama is not near as critical as we,
For whatever reason, always seem to believe.

* * * *

There can only be one source,
It is an indelible mystery unto its Self,
And you are very much it, and it is very much you.

* * * *

Your personality, all you imagine yourself to be and not be, is born of desire and fear.
To be free, to abide vulnerably in awareness, you must still all thought,
And merge back into the timelessness of eternity.
To do so is to be born again into the indelible indivisibility,
Into the absoluteness, into the mystery that is prior to consciousness.

* * * *

Self-imagery is nothing more than imagination's rainbow,
A panorama of every conceivable color, or every shade of gray.

It is the awareness in which you are every moment truly born anew.

* * * *

The awareness, the stillness, the nothingness, the absoluteness,
The aloneness that you truly are, is as close to reality as you can get.
Residing in the timelessness of now, you are free of the senses,
Free of the swirling of mass, of vectors, of velocity,
Free of the light cavorting about darkness,
Free of the identity you are not,
That you have never been, will never be.

* * * *

Everyone's gotta be from somewhere.
Everyone's gotta live and die somewhere.
All just different aspects of the same mystery.

* * * *

What is time but the assumption, the illusion, the delusion of memory,
Nothing more than the evolutionary happenstance of the neuron trail.

* * * *

You play but a finite form in a finite field
You only get to see, to hear, to taste, to smell, to feel,
A smidgeon of a teensy-weensy scratch of the electromagnetic spectrum,
And that in its Self, is nothing of the totality you truly are.

* * * *

You were born again many, many times
Before imagination did a gradual sunrise in your mind,
And the rest is a history only you can know.
And everyone else the same.

* * * *

It is through scrutiny, through inference,
Through deduction, through induction, through intuition,
That you can even begin to grasp the subtlety of the mystery you most truly are.
And in all that you discern, there is nothing to which you can cling.
You are but one gaze of the awareness witnessing all:
Omniscient, omnipresent, omnipotent.

* * * *

What is any personality, any character, any ego, but the response, the reply, the answer,
The retort, the rejoinder, the comeback, the reaction, the survival mechanism,
That the winds of time in mind shaped your imagination to play out;
To enjoy, to endure, the agonies and ecstasies of existence.

* * * *

You are the timeless awareness.

Still the imaginary mind.
Be here, be now.

* * * *

There is no saving anyone or anything in this temporal quantum theater.
There is only awakening or not awakening to the mystery,
And living out whatever fate is in store.

* * * *

Happiness, serenity, delight, harmony, bliss, joy, ecstasy, call it what you will,
Require that you first and foremost rest easy in your own company.
That the awareness you truly are abides well in its aloneness.

* * * *

Mu is a concept of negation used in Zen Buddhism,
But explored in a variety of other traditions prior to that.
It is a term defined as "no", "not", "nothing", or "without,"
As nothing, not, nothingness, un-, is not, has not, not any.

[1] Nonexistence; nonbeing; not having; a lack of, without.
[2] A negative.
[3] Caused to be nonexistent.
[4] Impossible; lacking reason or cause.
[5] Pure human awareness, prior to experience or knowledge.
[6] The 'original nonbeing' from which being is produced.

* * * *

What is the relationship between the awareness and the quantum indivisibility?
Are they one in the same, or is awareness prior to all creation, all preservation, all destruction?
What relationship can there possibly be between the nothing and the everything?
Between the awareness observing and the energy field manifesting?
Once you discern you are not the manifestation,
What is there left to be, to do,
But whatever needs being, needs doing.

* * * *

It does not matter what you say or do,
Believe or do not believe, know or do not know,
The timeless awareness ever emanates exactly the same.

* * * *

It does not matter how you are.
It does not matter why you are.
It does not matter who you are.
It does not matter what you are.
It does not matter when you are.
It does not matter where you are.
You are all the same consciousness.

You are all the same awareness.
You are all the same dream.
You are all the same now.
You are all the same me.
You are all the same you.
You are all the same quantum.
Call it God, call it Buddha, call it Tao,
Call it Allah, call it Brahman, call it whatever,
You are all the same prior-to-consciousness mystery.
If truth does not bring you the harmony of peace, nothing will.

* * * *

We are but whims of the quantum matrix,
Players in a universe of differences
That are but vibratory illusion.

* * * *

History is matrix woven of ecstasies and agonies, glories and horrors,
To which the indivisible, timeless awareness has always been witness.

* * * *

The world spins and spins and spins.
The cosmos glimmers and glimmers and glimmers.
And you, unmoving witness through all eternity, through all eyes.
Naught but awareness: indivisible, immortal, immaculate.

* * * *

Creation, Intelligent Design, Turtles All the Way Down, Big Bang,
Or whatever, whatever, whatever, et cetera, et cetera …
Here you are, faking whatever the best you can.

* * * *

In every mind across the manifest board,
The ethereal winds of imagination huff and puff helter-skelter
In their own little singular double-double-toil-and-trouble bubbles of space and time.
The world, the cosmos, the unicity, is ever eternally unmoved, indifferent,
To all the self-absorbed dramas of the human paradigm.

* * * *

Slime and worms and monkeys, to which we are likely cousins in one form or another.
Slimes and worms and monkeys, through which quantum stardust
Ever so inexorably evolved into you.

* * * *

Cannot say whether or not God is dead,
But Jesus most definitely is, and whoever he was, or was not,
He was not in this mind's eye any more or less that which is God than any you or I,
Or any other land or water or air critter, great or medium or small.

We are all equally born of the same quantum mystery.
Only the vanities pretend otherwise.

* * * *

But for the mind caught in its own snare, its own vice, its own egocentric notion,
There is no sure, no clear, no particular way anyone or anything must be.
The indelibly indivisible quantum mystery this all is, this all is not,
Is without any principle or meaning or purpose, whatsoever.

* * * *

The moment is ever-fresh, ever-anew,
But are you clear enough, attentive enough,
To imbibe fully the eternal upwelling?

* * * *

The mortal persona that you imagine you are
Is in the all-seeing awareness of totality gazing out
Through the quantum senses into a quantum hologram.

* * * *

Rationality decries and derides irrationality,
But what of the unknown prior to consciousness,
Where all rhetoric becomes absolutely meaningless.

* * * *

What would this garden world become if humankind could just throw out all the memes:
Political, economic, religious, philosophical, cultural, and start all over again.
Can anyone even begin to envision what that mindset would be?
Would we, could we, truly create anything different?
Is it not obvious the monkey-mind
Is too entrenched in all its emotional passions,
All its imaginary impulses, to ever evolve from its jungle of origin.
The fate of our kind, of the world, of the universe, is etched in the sands of quantum.

* * * *

How meaningless all speculation.
“Tis but chatter of a busy mind.

* * * *

There is only one source, one creation, one soul, one quantum.
Only consciousness imagines its countless splinterings real.

* * * *

Humankind has always been about making into its own image, into its own imagination,
That which has no image, that which is eternally faceless, that which is eternally nameless.

* * * *

You have never seen your own eye, nor any body part out of its view.

You are the mystery peering out from the unknowable unknown.

* * * *

Everything has its little slice of now,
Which it must enjoy or endure,
Or perish in the attempt.

* * * *

All creatures from great to small have the same awareness as you.
It is only consciousness that endlessly fabricates the notion of duality.
It is only consciousness that continually divides youness into me and them.
It is only consciousness that deludes itself separate from the indivisible.

* * * *

Without all those memories, without all that knowledge,
Without the collusion of all the myriad others around you,
Who-what-where-when-why-how would you have ever been?
The quantum feast is an indivisible creation of intelligent design.

* * * *

The newborn knows nothing of space and time, knows nothing of any other,
And it is the longing to rediscover the timeless birthright, the no-mind of awareness,
That calls cosmic seekers few and far between to quest without and within,
Until they are reborn into the stillness of eternity's quantum womb.

* * * *

Everything you think you are, everything you believe the cosmos to be,
Is nothing more than a subjective, haphazard collection of vague perceptions
Imprinted throughout the brain: a neural transmitter of evolutionary confabulation;
Organic fiber bundles firing this way and that; a lightning storm blazing away inside a skull.
You are nothing more than a figment of imagination perpetuating a delusion.

* * * *

Yes, there is a god, and, no, there is not a god,
And it is, and is not, what you or anyone else thinks.

* * * *

It is the awareness of the light within that shines out upon the world, upon the universe,
But it is consciousness that invents your version, your account, your interpretation,
Your translation, your rendition, your exploration, your understanding, your conclusion,
Of all the myriad experiences that come and go within the sensory perception of the given vessel.

* * * *

Eternal awareness is the state
Of those who have shed name and identity,
Of the rare few who bear no memory of that needing none.

* * * *

The entire human paradigm
Is but a bare scratch of earth's history,
And far, far less in the cosmic genesis before that,
And who can ever know how many more creations before that.
Turtles all the way down does not even remotely grasp
The depthless depths of this boggling mystery.

* * * *

Paying close attention to the cosmos without
Leads to an equally sharper vision
Of the awareness within.

* * * *

The quest for truth, the quest for eternal nature,
May be less about discovering something else,
May be less about experiencing some higher state,
Than it is simply unchaining from everything imaginable.

* * * *

While some prance about one great stage or another,
The fate of most seers is to reign alone, quietly unknown.

* * * *

The quest for the eternal journeys a long and winding Yellow Brick Road,
In which there nothing is to be had, in which there is nothing is to be un-had.

* * * *

The mind ever seeks solutions, clarifications, explanations, remedies, resolutions, results, antidotes, cures;
And many if not most minds will create one answer or another if one is not easily available.
Hence the proclivity toward assumption, superstition, prejudice, stereotyping,
And all the other numerous varieties of delusional cogitation.
To be rational, pragmatic, is to stand alone,
Aloof from the tenacious absurdities of ignorance.

* * * *

Thought is but the puff of quantum,
Which the awareness you are need not give weight
If you cultivate the wit to pay attention.

* * * *

A mind slathered in superstition is a mind born of groundless, irrational, illogical dread.
The scientific mind is a courageous mind bent on rational investigation
As far as the theater of quantum mind and body allow.

* * * *

Truth is not an emotional heart state, nor is it an intellectual mind state.
The indivisible is indivisible, and the human paradigm
Is not its rhyme and reason.

* * * *

What need to justify, to defend, your existence when you had no choice, no say, in the matter?
Why should you ever have to bother having to rationalize the inexplicableness you ever are?

* * * *

All the views involving mind and heart are the tripe of busy minds.
Only in awareness will the observer discern the truth of all things.

* * * *

Does anything created of the human mind
Matter anywhere near as much as so many vainly believe?
How can truth be attached to anything confabulated
By the imaginary notions of consciousness?

* * * *

The splintery fence between awareness and consciousness is not easily straddled.
Sometimes you are awake, sometimes you are asleep, sometimes you are merely a tad drowsy.
So, in the end of all beginnings, it all boils down to: Oh well, so it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.

* * * *

Bright or dim, every living creature is center stage
To a very different, very unique universe born of its genetic coding,
Through which the same omniscient-omnipresent-omnipotent awareness in all peers out.

* * * *

There is only the ever-present moment,
There is only the timeless awareness prior to consciousness,
And there is no need to habitually encumber it with every variety of imaginary notion
Of what was, what is, and what might or might not be.

* * * *

Consciousness is the game awareness is forced to play
In order to survive and endure in this manifest dreamtime.
It serves no other rhyme or reason in the ultimate sense.

* * * *

What is time but vague perceptions of memory cells
Projected day-in-day-out into every conceivable imaginary whatever.
That, coupled with vocal chords, opposable thumbs, two legs, and a flair for tool-making,
And, voila, a never-ending, dreamtime collusion of human scale.

* * * *

You have seen and done and thought many things; you have worn many hats.
And none of it would have happened without the corporeal mind-body.
None of it would have happened without the vehicle of creation,
But you are not the vehicle; you are not the medium.
You are the awareness; you are the witness.

You are the source of all creation
In your temporal speck of a universe.

* * * *

Most human beings are mindlessly happy, mindlessly content,
With the given conditioning, the given frame of reference, the given idolatry.
To be a seer, doubt is required, and disbelief, skepticism, cynicism, are scarce commodities.
No point in trying to debate, to persuade, to convert, any true believer.
All must ultimately discern truth alone in their own way.
In other words, mind your own awareness.

* * * *

Every life form has a story: some long, some short; some interesting, some mundane.
But all happening in the same timeless awareness in which all narratives are written.

* * * *

It is the same babble all across the world.
The same desires, the same fears, the same passions,
The same relationships between people and activities and things:
Male and female, families, lovers, friends, acquaintances, strangers, enemies,
Home, food, work, politics, education, theater, art, sports, hobbies, et cetera ad infinitum.
There is only one monkey in the world; one monkey, with many faces.

* * * *

Look left, look right, look up, look down, look all around.
Everything perceived is mind-eye's projection: arbitrary, capricious, whimsical,
Random, chance, unpredictable; casual, wanton, unmotivated, motiveless, unreasoned, unsupported,
Irrational, illogical, groundless, unjustified, personal, discretionary, subjective.
The you that you in so many indivisible moments believe you are,
Is nothing more than an imaginary creation.

* * * *

What is the truth but the ever-present, ethereal, timeless moment,
To which memory is but a figment of imagination
Carrying on as if it were real.

* * * *

In every mind, a different world, a different universe.
Every one created of the same timeless essence.
Every one the same undying indivisibility.
All alone, together, there is no other.

* * * *

A window of mind.
A window of space and time.
A window of eternity.

* * * *

What Me-Myself-and-I can there possibly be,
When the ever-present, ever-churning quantum,
Stills for no creature, no form, under any sun.

* * * *

To not value learning is to miss out on the dreamtime about you.
A sturdy, profound education – robust, strong, determined –
Is the key to discerning the truth, the reality of all things,
And how they make their way in the mystery of time and space.

* * * *

You are that awareness, that space, that emptiness, that void,
That mystery of nothingness through which quantum wanders.

* * * *

Ultimately, everything is simultaneously happening at the indivisible quantum level.
Chemistry and biology are but the means by which the manifest illusion
Plays out every possible illusion, every possible delusion.

* * * *

The quantum mystery creates you, and you in return perceive it,
In whatever way the conditioning of your consciousness ordains.

* * * *

Humankind has been playing out its pattern of dualistic self-absorption for thousands of years.
And through most, it was possible, with relatively little consequence, to pillage the world in every way.
But those daze are long over; consequences are daily becoming more apparent, more amplified.
Clean air, clean water, clean ground, seemingly limitless resources, are all plumbed out.
There is a looming wall fast-approaching: tick, tick, tick, time is running out.

* * * *

What does a rock perceive, what does it do,
And how in quantum is it different from you?

* * * *

The indivisible matrix will not even chirp a warble
When the last hominoid one day dissolves
Back into the quantum mist.

* * * *

The god mind is the empty mind, the no-mind of awareness.
As simple as it gets, the finale of all quixotic misadventure.

* * * *

How can you perceive Self
When there is no Self to apprehend?
The only evidence you have that you even exist
Is provided by the same imagination collecting the data.

Awareness is all there is, and even it is more than a little equivocal.

* * * *

Dying to time, dying to memory, dying to identity, as simple as it is,
Is not an easy thing for the ever-moving, ever consuming mind to do.

* * * *

What is complete and utter detachment
But a mind given over entirely to its natural state,
Given over to the awareness, the stillness prior to consciousness.

* * * *

To those frequently asked questions:
What is the meaning of life?
What hours are you open?
Et cetera, et alii, ad infinitum.
Dialing zero will get you nowhere.
Please excuse me while I put you on hold.

* * * *

Those who fathom eternal life abide artlessly in the ever-present moment.
To embrace the duality of space-time and all the assumptions of identification,
Is but the living death fashioned by the usurpation of awareness by consciousness.

* * * *

What is the best word to describe the passing of time?
Moving? Fleeting? Marching? Happening? Unfolding? Streaming?
Emanating? Projecting? Reflecting? Kaleidoscoping? Matrixing? Holographing?
The mystery that defies any and all description would likely guffaw long and hard, had it a voice.
The indivisible, ephemeral now is all there is; time is but the creation of imagination.

* * * *

The awareness you – and all that is dualistically perceived as otherness – timelessly are,
That which is prior to consciousness, that which is prior to the indivisibility,
Is without attributes, without blemish, and permeates all as one.

* * * *

What an ephemeral thing this me, this my Self, this I,
This awareness that has no bounds, no limits,
But those concocted by imagination.

* * * *

It is consciousness that imagines all divisions, all boundaries, all classes, all conflict.
The singularity, the awareness, from which all things emerge, is without attributes.

* * * *

Behind every set of eyes, an unfathomable awareness.
Peer out from that awareness, the awareness you truly are.

* * * *

What you truly ever are, and are not, is prior to all assumptions,
Prior to all assertions "I am this" or "I am that,"
Prior even to the most austere conscious declaration: "I Am."
The prior that is the immaculate, indivisible awareness permeating all creation.

* * * *

What if this incredible mystery, what if all of creation,
Was for nothing more than to have a variety of others to talk to
And see, hear, taste, smell, and feel a few interesting things along the way.
After all, the oblivion of nothingness is a tad monotonous.

* * * *

Every mind born anew
To wander the yellow brick road
Offered by the sensory quantum holograph
Timelessly emanating from the mystery of imagination.

* * * *

The awareness you are observes the body breathing in, breathing out.
The awareness you are observes the mind thinking this, thinking that.
The awareness you are, call it what you will: observer, watcher, witness;
Always ever-present, always motionless, always changeless, always ageless.
An eternal mystery traveling dreams of time in mortal patterns of every hue.

* * * *

We must surely be of the same source,
Else the duality, the plurality, the intangibility,
Would schism as beyond all reckoning
As it is before all reckoning.

* * * *

Quantum is the building block, the source code,
And awareness, through consciousness, the designer,
Gradually awakening through eons of creative evolution
To the insoluble mystery of its inexplicable source.

* * * *

The awareness you truly are is not bound to any form or identity.
The inexplicable mystery which is indivisibly, irrevocably, undeniably, irrefutably, indelibly alone,
Gazes out through two eyes, listens through two ears, smells through two nostrils,
Tastes with one tongue, and feels through a maze of nerve endings.
The you that you pretend to be in this quantum play,
Is but a temporal sensory universe,
A dream born of imagination.
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

The religions and cults of this or any other garden world,
Are fashioned of the mind's ceaseless yearning for more and still more,
And are but inconsequential variations of that which is so much more, so much less,
Than anything but pure awareness of the awareness can ever attain.

* * * *

It is through one Self-absorption or another that all things indivisible are discerned.
There is no other way that the boundless can be fathomed but through limitation.

* * * *

Eternal life is awareness of the awareness.
Enlightenment is awakening to the awareness.
Liberation is wandering the awareness.
Nirvana is being the awareness.

* * * *

How can there be karma if you are nothing more than the eternal moment?
Karma is nothing more than yet another imaginary notion
Playing in the smoke of the given mind.

* * * *

That which is real, that which is true, at first calls in many ways from without,
But for those singular few who have eyes to see and ears to hear,
Eventually makes Self timelessly apparent within.

* * * *

You are the same timeless mystery that was before creation
As you will be after it timelessly dissolves back into
What you have and have not ever been.

* * * *

Divining the divine, discerning the mystery of all mysteries,
Can be a long and winding journey, replete with every agony, every ecstasy,
In which those few who earnestly quest it eventually become it.
Some call it god by many names; mine is quantum.
That which has no name, endures all.

* * * *

Creation is the awareness, through quantum stardust, evolving from atoms into molecules,
Mutating into genes, into cells, into life forms, playing out consciousness,
In whatever way the patterning of the mystery allows.
And the one and only you, the real you, always the witness.

* * * *

Soul |sōl| noun … is defined as the spiritual or immaterial part
Of a human being or animal, regarded as immortal.
Part? What part? How can it be a part?

Let us not confuse that which is indivisibly, immortally eternal
With the imaginary personality, the trite character born of time-bound consciousness.
Let us not fall into the egocentric trap that its ephemeral nature
Is anything that is in any way exclusionary.

* * * *

To be that which is prior to consciousness,
To be that which is but unending awareness,
To be that which is nada-nil-zilch nothingness,
To be that is to be the eternal unicity in all:
Omniscient, omnipresent, omnipotent.

* * * *

Where would time be without stars and sun and moon?
Without the tick-tock-tick-tock-tick-tock of clocks on walls?
Without ever-changing digital numbers scribing silent screens?
What is time but a mind-made collusion pretending eternity is real?

* * * *

When you were young, time did not exist because there was no history
Against which to ruminate, to evaluate, to estimate, to duplicate, to reflect,
You were free of the weight of mind, of ego, and all the bother of self-imagery.
To discern that state of rejuvenation, to throw off the yoke of time, is the challenge.

* * * *

Be grateful to all the one-percenters and their minions for working so hard,
Building their castles, climbing their mountains, fighting their wars, counting their gold,
So that you can wander about their busy-busy world in a state of mind as infinite as awareness allows,
Far more often than they in all their mansions and jets and yachts and limousines.

* * * *

… awareness … awareness … awareness … awareness … awareness … awareness … awareness …
… awareness … awareness … awareness … awareness … awareness … awareness … awareness …
… awareness … awareness … awareness … awareness … awareness … awareness … awareness …
… awareness … awareness … awareness … awareness … awareness … awareness … awareness …
… awareness … awareness … awareness … awareness … awareness … awareness … awareness …
… awareness … awareness … awareness … awareness … awareness … awareness … awareness …
… awareness … awareness … awareness … awareness … awareness … awareness … awareness …

… Ad infinitum …

* * * *

In the tale “The Emperor's New Clothes,” a tale of a vain king swept up by a deceitful notion,
The young child, too young to understand the desirability of keeping up the pretense,
Cries out the truth no one else dared: "But he isn't wearing anything at all!"
And if you step back a bit, you will clearly see the human paradigm
Is based entirely on the vanity-vanity-all-is-vanity trickery of consciousness,
An imaginary dreamtime reality to which eternal truth has no allegiance, whatsoever.

* * * *

Born of an intangible, indelible, ineffable, indivisible mystery,
Over which we have little or no say, little or no control, little or no anything.
We are all alone, together, playing out our whimsical little fates
Which ultimately have no meaning, whatsoever.

* * * *

Why identify with anything or anyone? Why belong to any group?
Wander empty, wander anonymous, wander absolute, wander free.

* * * *

Is there really a universe, a cosmos jam-packed with galaxies?
Or simply an indivisible matrix, an awareness,
Timelessly dreaming a universe?

* * * *

The stream of consciousness is everything
From shallow and wide to deep and narrow,
From slow and tranquil to swift and untamable,
And meanders every variety of tack across all time.

* * * *

To give your self completely over to the awareness,
Is to be free of conditioning, witness to the dream.

* * * *

We are all the same inexplicable, indivisible, immortal quantum essence.
It is consciousness that conceives every imaginable difference.
There is, has never been, will never be, any other.

* * * *

Is the space-time born of consciousness
Anything more than the creation of desire and fear,
Indelibly imprinted in the genetic code?

* * * *

You are awareness: nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.
Everything else is but the endless confabulation of imagination.

* * * *

What a beast, deoxyribonucleic acid, in its mindless quest for immortality,
That it would relentlessly persist in propagating consciousness
Into so many hazardous, torturous circumstances:
Ailments, illnesses, infections, viruses, syndromes, diseases,
Maladies, disorders, accidents, disasters, misfortunes, catastrophes,
Mishaps, malaise, mayhem, turmoil, havoc, bedlam, anarchy, pandemonium,
Calamites, conflicts, and every other sort of indescribably painful whatever ad infinitum.

* * * *

You imagine there is point to all this absurdity?
Well, no, there is not, there never was, there never will be.
It is simply an emanating, kaleidoscoping, hologram of pointlessness,
Seemingly destined to play out until there is absolutely nothing left to play out.

* * * *

The senses created the illusion of time,
And time created the mind.
A quantum circle.

* * * *

Love and compassion, animosity and indifference, or some conduit between,
Or perhaps what equally, indifferently permeates them all:
The equanimity of pure awareness.

* * * *

The nowness that you perceive, the nowness to which you cling,
The nowness that you every moment spin into your dream of time,
Is already nothing more than the ephemeral ash of imagination.

* * * *

Purpose and meaning and all the passions of vanity are overrated.
Only in unmitigated detachment, is there any resolution to the human absurdity.
Stop knowing, stop caring, stand alone, wander alone, absolute and free.

* * * *

Science can never measure more than the kaleidoscoping veil of the electromagnetic spectrum.
The immeasurable is immeasurable, no matter how intricate the veneer technology might weave.

* * * *

Scientists are explorers of the mysterious unknown, of the perpetual enigma,
Using ever-evolving technology to fathom beyond the limits of the sensory panorama,
Yet restricted all the while, by the conditioned mind through which they perceive,
Through which they futilely measure but a veil of that which is immeasurable.

* * * *

How far is far? How close is close? How large is large? How small is small?
The elephant asked the mouse, who answered, “Even God does not know.”

* * * *

All speculation shall hereby cease and desist,
And all well-meaning witnesses shall from here on refrain,
From any further mentioning, any further hinting, any further pretending,
About anything of the esoteric that they do not, cannot, know.
They shall be silent and keep counsel to themselves,
That the thistles of the world might declaw,

And the age of humankind. carry on
In a more agreeable manner.
Pfft, yeah, right, sure.

* * * *

Unify within and without until within and without dissolve into a stillness
In which the boundaries, the movement of imagination, disappear.
And the harmony of the manifest becomes Self apparent.

* * * *

Awareness peers out from the empty stillness through the filters of consciousness,
Which tailor the world, the universe, to its own conditioned, self-absorbed design.

* * * *

In consciousness, you are a human becoming.
In awareness, you are a human being.

* * * *

What is death but one day not waking up,
And the ripples of corporeal existence ceasing to emanate
Into whatever portion of the universe your given dreamtime played out.
Whether or not you had great or little impact thereon out is not for you to ever perceive.
Only the omniscient-omnipresent-omnipotent quantum unicity witnesses all,
In the awareness, the nothingness, the oblivion, that is and is not.

* * * *

Eternity whisks away every footstep without thought, without remorse.
Only the sensory mind bound to the dream of time imagines any of it real.

* * * *

Wisdom is the distillation of all the ecstasies and agonies
That have brought you to this point in the eternity of time.

* * * *

Quibbling over evolution, quibbling over chromosomes, quibbling over anything,
Does not change the most essential, the most indelible, the most indivisible truth,
That it is all connected, and that its origin and means will forever be a mystery.

* * * *

All things are equally the creation of the entirety; none are more or less.
Even discerning it does not give any more quantum standing.
To lay any claims is naught but hollow prattle.

* * * *

Awareness is the baseline of all consciousness,
No matter the manifestation, no matter the dimension.
Prior to that eternal stillness, that timeless now, naught but mystery.

* * * *

How real, how alive, can the quantum of the electromagnetic spectrum ever be,
But through the streaming mix 'n match of the given sensory theater,
And whatever delusions of imagination it orchestrates.

* * * *

Eternity does not at all careen or lurch.
It does not sputter, it does not shake.
It does not jerk, it does not strain.
It does not stick, it does not slip.
It does not tick, it does not tock.
It does not do anything but be exactly what it is,
Which is to stream, to emanate, smoother than silk in every way imaginable.

* * * *

What need for faith in anything?
What is faith but a form of intellectual laziness,
A lack of discerning exactness, a lack of discipline for critical inquiry
To discover the truth of this mystery for one Self.

* * * *

Do not confuse the brain that is creating this timeless manifest dream,
With the time-bound mind that is through imagination interpreting it.

* * * *

To know that which is godness, that which is absolute,
You must engage in the ever-present moment to such a degree,
As to completely forget whatever temporal role
You imagine the awareness to be.

* * * *

Eternal life is not something remembered, not something born of the mind in time.
It is merely being the timeless awareness, the timeless nowness, the timeless emptiness, you truly are.
There is nothing to become, nothing to prove, nothing to maintain, nothing to pretend.
To be in that state of timeless quietude is to be all there is to be.

* * * *

No belief, no faith, no dogma, is required.
Let go of consciousness, of thought, of imagination.
Simply be the awareness you truly are.
Simply be the given here now.

* * * *

You have never existed as more than a thought.
How can the ephemeral ever-present, the timeless moment,
The indivisible quantum, ever be alive, but through imaginary notion?

* * * *

This singular instant is all it is.
There is nothing more, nothing less, for it to be.
Discern the immeasurable expanse between becoming and being.

* * * *

See it, hear it, taste it, smell it, feel it, as awareness alone, uncarved,
Without the imaginary self-perception and all its a priori attachments.

* * * *

These writings are for the rare few inclined to fully examine the underlying form of existence.
Best stop quickly if you lack the doubt, the skepticism, the cynicism, required.
Elsewise, you might find yourself down an infinite rabbit hole
For which you have neither hunger nor aptitude.

* * * *

You are awareness, as infinitesimally small as you are infinitely large.
You are awareness, neither infinitesimally small nor infinitely large.
You are the awareness that is neither infinitesimal nor infinite at all.

* * * *

Do not even for a moment expect others to worship your indivisible realization.
More than a few would be only too willing to slit your throat,
Or fling you into a deep-dark-dank leper's den.
You are on your so-it-goes-deal-with-it-get-over-it-move-on own.

* * * *

What need for the sanction of any other,
Once you discern the mystery you truly are.

* * * *

You have played out every conceivable mythological role:
God, Allah, Brahmin, Tao, Buddha, Christ, and on and on ad infinitum.
None of them are anything more than collusions born of the idolatrous monkey-mind.
Let them all go, give Self over to the eternal awareness prior to all naming, prior to all imagination.
There absolutely is no need to be, to pretend anything more than the timeless stillness,
The quantum indivisibility you are, have ever been, and will ever be.

* * * *

Does the tiger think itself a tiger? The whale, a whale?
The shark, a shark? The crow, a crow? The snake, a snake? The frog, a frog?
The ant, an ant? The spider, a spider? The worm, a worm? The weed, a weed? A microbe, a microbe?
Or do they all merely act out the given instinctual patterns
That all this mystery's creatures small to great,
Play out in harmonized fashion; a ballet that knows no bounds.
And is humankind, despite all the pretenses of consciousness, really doing any different?

* * * *

The quantum matrix is a timeless, spaceless, immeasurable fact.

Measure it, appraise it, in every way imaginable until kingdom come,
All you will ever calculate, all you will ever speculate, is but the veil of illusion.

* * * *

Despite its innumerable strengths in the quest for ultimate truths,
The scientific mind is ever-hampered by its own mortal limitations.

* * * *

Once the sensory universe convinces the mind to take its awareness seriously,
It is condemned to play an imaginary, impromptu role until death does it part.

* * * *

The source for one is the source for all,
Which means in the ever-changing quantum theater,
All things great to small are ever consuming, ever being consumed.
It is an eternal, indivisible, kaleidoscoping, one-in-all-all-in-one, god-eat-god reality.

* * * *

Awareness, the source of all creation, knows nothing.
Self-knowledge is but the imaginary fabrication of consciousness.
Without the matrix of quantum indivisibility, without the dream of otherness,
There would be no reflection, there would be no inquiry into the mystery of all mysteries.
And even in that reflection, as expansive or focused as it might be,
The inexplicable remains forever inexplicable.

Soundbites

How agnostic is agnostic?

* * * *

Consciousness is but waves crashing, tides ebbing and flowing, in the its dream of time.

* * * *

The genetic lottery has been DNA's eternal dice roll since its inception.

* * * *

It is not time, it is not space.

* * * *

The unknown is unknowable, no matter how you chatter while you scamper and scratch.

* * * *

Bask in this quantum awareness as will allows.

* * * *

Much easier to worship idols and follow someone else's law than it is to discern eternity within.

* * * *

Awareness coupled with consciousness, we all are.

* * * *

It has all happened so that this matrix of a moment could happen.

* * * *

Quantum this, quantum that, quantum everything.

* * * *

You have always been an energy being, a quantum being, whatever the form.

* * * *

Without awareness, without consciousness, without imagination, what is there?

* * * *

Seemingly so many things, yet not all the time.

* * * *

The unknown that is known is not the unknown.

* * * *

And at some point, the awareness twitched, and a universe was born.

* * * *

Close your eyes, still your mind, and see the awareness for what it is, and what you are.

* * * *

What is death but merging back into the home alone mode of the indivisible oblivion.

* * * *

The aloneness of singularity, complete and absolute, the essence, the core, of everything.

* * * *

You are the awareness to which no identity can for more than a short while subscribe.

* * * *

Random is as random does, The Great Quantum loves dice, Mr. Einstein.

* * * *

You are Quantum, You are Nature, You are That I Am.

* * * *

A quantum-schooch-quantum dream.

* * * *

You are a time machine in imagination only.

* * * *

Ever as inexplicable as it has ever been to eyes that see, ears that hear, one minds, eternal.

* * * *

The cosmos is absolutely indifferent to all its creations.

* * * *

The quantum source, from which the birth and death of stars is made manifest, permeates all.

* * * *

Only through limitation can infinity be discerned.

* * * *

Where stillness is not, there is one delusion or another.

* * * *

Vain notion cloaks any vision of the quantum field.

* * * *

Awareness is neither of the heart nor in the mind.

* * * *

Mastery of breath is the link to eternal life.

* * * *

What is friction but a quantum love fest?

* * * *

What a teeny-weeny view of god not to include your Self.

* * * *

You are the will of godness, quantum fever that it is.

* * * *

Is anything really yours or mine for anything more than a brief burst of time?

* * * *

So many ways to fill the mind with the distractions born of time.

* * * *

Be the awareness, formless and unknown.

* * * *

What else can bliss be but the perception of the indivisible pervading all.

* * * *

Time bears naught for long.

* * * *

There you go again looking for the literal in what is ultimately just a matrix of metaphors.

* * * *

Corporeal bodies are portals through which the quantum mystery has achieved consciousness.

* * * *

You are, have always been, and will ever be, absolutely free, to be, or not to be.

* * * *

The dream of space and time is only real if you believe the sensory body-mind.

* * * *

It is the eye of awareness that creates the cosmos.

* * * *

Who needs God, Jesus, or any other deified idol if they have the courage to stand alone.

* * * *

Be the awareness, absolutely alone, without concern for the sensory feed.

* * * *

Go formless.

* * * *

The time-bound grip of any universe loosens as time draws to a close.

* * * *

Nature is the mystery's creative expression, and that most definitely includes you.

* * * *

Awareness, in which all is manifest.

* * * *

It is in total awareness that all is forgotten.

* * * *

In the midst of all, absolutely alone.

* * * *

Consciousness is the weaver of Samsara, awareness the witness.

* * * *

The body is merely an accessory to the awareness.

* * * *

Another thing to fill the time that does not exist.

* * * *

Discern your formless nature.

* * * *

Awareness, now.

* * * *

It may only be a dream, but it is your version, a one-time show, indeed.

* * * *

Another day in the dreamtime of the quantum ether.

* * * *

Steep in the awareness.

* * * *

Transcend all boundaries; become the indivisible.

* * * *

What is the matrix but an elemental fishbowl.

* * * *

What else can perfection be but the quantum sea?

* * * *

What time could ever be outside eternity?

* * * *

Immersed you are in the infinitesimally, infinitely, indivisible quantum sea.

* * * *

What suffering it has taken all across time and space for you to be right here, right now.

* * * *

The end of history, the end of time, the end of mind.

* * * *

Ever the same mystery, the same enigma, no matter how it is named.

* * * *

Yes, yes, we know it is an indivisible pattern, now what?

* * * *

For good or ill, you must play your little part for a relatively brief notion of time.

* * * *

Look closely and you will discern it is the light of awareness, the youness, that is witness to it all.

* * * *

Seeing the larger picture tends to make it all relative and absolute in each and every moment.

* * * *

What is time, and how can it ever be wasted?

* * * *

Even just one moment of the eternal mind transcend all time.

* * *

The quantum indivisibility, given meaning and purpose, however temporary it may be.

* * * *

The eternal life is about being fully attentive, with your entire being, to the fleeting moment.

* * * *

Neither existence nor non-existence are of the eternal moment.

* * * *

In the indivisibility of all things mystery, how can there truly even be one boundary?

* * * *

Truth is for everybody and not for everybody at the same time.

* * * *

Be awash in the timeless so as to be doubtless beyond all horizons.

* * * *

Hell is the passion of time, heaven the indifference of now.

* * * *

The eternal life cannot be had by the mind a-swirl.

* * * *

Attentive process inevitably trumps time-bound goals.

* * * *

The universe has already moved on by the time you recognize it.

* * * *

Unknown within, unknown without, no boundary between.

* * * *

The truth of it is absolutely indifferent to your existence.

* * * *

The depth of anything is quantum deep.

* * * *

Time is on everybody's side, and on nobody's side, all the while.

* * * *

The awareness prior to all movement of consciousness.

* * * *

A tiny view is only made infinitesimally tinier in the reflection of eternity.

* * * *

To transcend death, you must discern the eternal life you have ever been.

* * * *

Wisdom is the coin of eternity.

* * * *

There very much is a quantum beingness, and it is within and without all things.

* * * *

Punctuality is a myth once you discover it is only time.

* * * *

What is the sun, what is the universe, but a tiny, brief sparkle in the infinity of your quantum sea.

* * * *

When it comes to the grand infinity of it all, always paint the largest picture you can imagine.

* * * *

Step back and watch that life you pretend with the detached eye of awareness you really are.

* * * *

Everything is God, and how can you not be a part of everything?

* * * *

This is all big bang.

* * * *

The vapor of intelligence is the quantum fever come to life.

* * * *

There is no inner, there is no outer, there is only the clarity of awareness.

* * * *

In consciousness, you are just another monkey; in awareness, well, that is another matter.

* * * *

Your skull is the finite edge of your infinitely imaginary universe.

* * * *

Eternity is an awfully long timeless to stay still, ergo, genesis.

* * * *

Awareness is indifferent to what plays out in its hollow ground.

* * * *

Each of us creating our universe, one moment at a time.

* * * *

Awareness is the touchstone of existence.

* * * *

What is the world, the universe, but a habit formed by the conditioning of time.

* * * *

The senses are mesmerizing deceivers in this quantum dream, and the mind the willing deceivee.

* * * *

All knowledge is spun from the nothingness of the awareness prior to imagination.

* * * *

The big bang, genesis, whatever you want to call it, is still underway, and very much includes you.

* * * *

You are but an ephemeral reflection of the many-faced mystery.

* * * *

It is all you, it is all not you, challenging as it is to endure sometimes.

* * * *

What is a calling but an inexplicable inclination whose source is unknown.

* * * *

Wind and waves are only different in quantum inflection.

* * * *

If the soul is awareness, is it any less indifferent than the universe from which it is spawned?

* * * *

Freedom is just a word, eternal awareness its only reality.

* * * *

The mystery is neither good nor evil as much as it is indifferent.

* * * *

The quantum plays out every pattern with immaculate perfection.

* * * *

In all futures past and all pasts future, you ever are the same eternal nowness.

* * * *

Swimming on two legs in a quantum sea, you are, you are.

* * * *

You need not keep the world in your head all the time.

* * * *

Awareness is the still hum, the silent Om.

* * * *

How could stars across the cosmos shine so without the light of your awareness?

* * * *

The eternal moment perceives no wind, no attributes, whatsoever.

* * * *

The smoke of consciousness whirls and curls in the sea of awareness.

* * * *

Imagination is the time machine in which you daily travel.

* * * *

What is consciousness but eternity playing in time.

* * * *

You are as infinitesimal or infinite as you imagine.

* * * *

Eternity is free, and spent before you know it.

* * * *

A world of personalities; one quantum Soul, one quantum Self.

* * * *

What is any god-man but the one who realizes the witness within for what it truly is.

* * * *

Letting go of everything is the living death of eternal life.

* * * *

Eternity cannot be discerned through the veil of time.

* * * *

The matrix is both infinitesimally and infinitely singular.

* * * *

Why is it necessary to believe in anything when just being is mystery enough.

* * * *

A mind washed free of its chatter is a mind in which the eternal life like a lotus abides.

* * * *

The seeker who discerns and abides that which is sought attains the peace of the eternal mind.

* * * *

In a world, a universe of possibilities, the Great Quantum explores all.

* * * *

What is awareness but a bubble of immeasurable potential.

* * * *

Every mind a new genesis.

* * * *

Looking back in the vague traces of memory, has not the awareness always been the same?

* * * *

A well-rounded, science-based, agnostic education makes for intellectual sobriety.

* * * *

Dissolve into the one mind where awareness is the eternal all and nothing.

* * * *

It is as finite or infinite as you imagine it to be, and nothing all the while.

* * * *

It takes a matrix.

* * * *

Of awareness and nothingness, how can they be distinguished as anything but one in the same.

* * * *

Every moment is the spontaneous combustion, the spontaneous selection, of the quantum fever.

* * * *

Why worship many gods or even one when you are that which is prior to all?

* * * *

If you wander the given moment untrammeled by thought, where are you but the eternal?

* * * *

And where, pray tell, is this duality to which your senses and mind are so inclined?

* * * *

It is imagination that spends itself, consumes itself, as it is in awareness, witnessed by its Self.

* * * *

The winds of consciousness are stilled by attention to the awareness through which it blows.

* * * *

Awareness, the mother of all dimensions.

* * * *

You are of the source of all things, of all dimensions, of all known and unknown.

* * * *

Open up to the vast maw of awareness, inexplicable host to consciousness.

* * * *

Oh, indifferent quantum.

* * * *

Neither young nor old, eternally unborn you are.

* * * *

It is always the first time in the sunshine of the eternal mind.

* * * *

Be formless.

* * * *

The truest believer, the truest faith, is agnostic.

* * * *

The agnostic mind – completely open to the given moment – is actually the highest spiritual state.

* * * *

Open your mind up to the great expanse of awareness, and you will see it all you.

* * * *

Why would you not take an all-inclusive galactic view in your exploration of this mystery?

* * * *

Every life form great to small is but a pattern, a quantum receiving unit in the slot allotted.

* * * *

The eternal awareness, is prior to manifestation, prior to consciousness.

* * * *

It is an awareness too profound for the linear mind caught in time to even begin to conceive.

* * * *

Only in the stillness of mind is vanity waylaid.

* * * *

Time is death, life is eternal.

* * * *

The abyss equally grinds all notions into the indivisible they always were.

* * * *

To what itsy-bitsy slice, to what itsy-bitsy smidgen, of the infinite does the finite pertain?

* * * *

Eternity is an indifferent bull ride upon which no form long stays astride.

* * * *

That most esoteric doubt launches many a mind into parts unknown.

* * * *

What can exist without the mind melding its eternal creation.

* * * *

Me, my Self, and I in the most absolute sense.

* * * *

In the expanses of eternity, no sound long echoes.

* * * *

Awareness, through which speeding bullets and rays of light, must pass, to be.

* * * *

Everything appears and disappears within the indivisibility in which all eternally abide.

* * * *

Discern the indivisible: See it, hear it, taste it, smell it, feel it, be it.

* * * *

Awareness is a still sea through which consciousness is the only churning.

* * * *

To quantum, or not to quantum, that is the question.

* * * *

Awareness, now, what more is there, really?

* * * *

Individuality is the assumption of imagination, as is everything else.

* * * *

Self-promotion on a quantum scale.

* * * *

Awareness is the source code of the underlying formless.

* * * *

The mystery of existence is short no matter how long, and long no matter how short.

* * * *

The immeasurable is immeasurable, no matter how it is spun.

* * * *

The indivisible I Am is a formless thingless.

* * * *

When it comes to the mystery, what explanation can ever really mean anything?

* * * *

The Great Quantum giveth, and the Great Quantum taketh away.

* * * *

The mystery is a big or small as you envision it.

* * * *

The veil of space-time masks the stillness in which it eternally emanates.

* * * *

Your perception is as real and unreal as anyone else's in this quantum dreamtime.

* * * *

How can the mystery witness its Self, but through one dream of time or another?

* * * *

Only in the heart of awareness can the mystery even vaguely grasp its Self.

* * * *

Round and round we all go in the rat wheel of speculation.

* * * *

Awareness, the font of consciousness, ever the same.

* * * *

The quantum faceless is not bound to any face, any form, any creed, any path.

* * * *

What judgment can awareness, need awareness, conveyer of all dreams, ever muster?

* * * *

Awareness is the witness to any sensory devise any universe might possibly create.

* * * *

The intractable doubter settles for nothing less than the absoluteness of that which cannot be known.

* * * *

Even the most impenetrable rock cannot withstand eternity for more than an instant.

* * * *

How aware is awareness without the wind of consciousness to create and explore its empty expanse?

* * * *

The immeasurable is immeasurable, no matter the measure.

* * * *

Eternal life is yours for the being.

* * * *

Words are such inadequate tools for such an eternal task.

* * * *

With every breath, another note in eternity's magnum opus.

* * * *

Awareness has no hunger.

* * * *

The known mind is a finite pattern; awareness, infinite potential.

* * * *

Unwind the clock of time; be unto awareness as it is unto you.

* * * *

A mind given over to the indivisible is no mind at all.

* * * *

Wake up to the awareness and see what you truly are and are not.

* * * *

The perfection of all things quantum is in the awareness prior to consciousness.

* * * *

Glimpses of eternity are gleaned by the finite mind through a sensory fog.

* * * *

The measurable is the immeasurable all the while.

* * * *

The indivisible is … well … indivisible.

* * * *

You are but a slice of eternity's indivisible electromagnetic rainbow.

* * * *

Your universe is your teacher, and it is a many-faced mystery.

* * * *

What is eternal life but being born again and again and again each and every moment.

* * * *

Awareness is the origin, the source, the fountain, the portal, of all mystery.

* * * *

The remorseless tick-tick-tick measures eternity real.

* * * *

There is no god but that awareness which peers out from within.

* * * *

It may well matter less what you do, than the awareness with which you do it.

* * * *

Eternity does not even give a shrug whether you brand it with some conceptualized sound, or not.

* * * *

In awareness, be.

* * * *

Dualistic delusion is so much easier than having to actually think for your Self.

* * * *

Behind the eyes, the stillness of eternal awareness, if the frontal lobe can allow it.

* * * *

That you are this indivisible quantum mystery is the most obvious of factless facts.

* * * *

You are the indifferent quantum.

* * * *

Quantum dream, quantum dreamer.

* * * *

You are the unknown made briefly known through the delusion of imaginary notion.

* * * *

God is a metaphor.

* * * *

What is real, and what is not real, is the awareness upon which all imagination is founded.

* * * *

The quantum reality is pointless.

* * * *

Life springs from and to oblivion, quantum dust all the while.

* * * *

Suffer well, quantum, suffer well.

* * * *

Imagination is a prison of its own design; awareness its emancipation.

* * * *

Quantum chaos, quantum order.

* * * *

The all-embracing, ever-indivisible Great Nada; nothing pretending something.

* * * *

All that can be said with any certainty is that you are the mystery.

* * * *

Quested in the mind of consciousness, it rests in the heart of awareness.

* * * *

The true agnostic does not know, does not care.

* * * *

You are doing the matrix, and the matrix is doing you.

* * * *

Awareness is awareness: Unborn, undying, eternally present, timelessly ephemeral.

* * * *

Where can there be a boundary between the absoluteness of you and any god?

* * * *

The inexplicable requires no god.

* * * *

There is no before, there is no after, in the clarity of eternal awareness.

* * * *

The dream of consciousness, or the reality of awareness, you each and every moment choose anew.

* * * *

Quantum is creation is evolution is an incessant, indivisible fact.

* * * *

The Eighth Deadly Sin: Speculation

* * * *

Only the mystery knows all, sees all, is all.

* * * *

The limits of science are the certainties of its hypotheses and the absolutes of its theories.

* * * *

Eternal life, ain't it grand?

* * * *

Is it a holy spirit, or a whole-y quantum?

* * * *

The pleasant boredom of eternal presence.

* * * *

We are all equal quantum creators creating; nothing divine about it.

* * * *

Any mind can suffer its own quagmire, ever drawing the awareness into its depths.

* * * *

Be ever-watchful in the prior-to-consciousness awareness sense.

* * * *

Are you consciousness being watched, or awareness watching?

* * * *

Agnostic is not knowing what it is, and it is also knowing what it is not.

* * * *

Mind is movement, and no-mind, the awareness prior to all.

* * * *

What is this mystery but more than everything and less than nothing.

* * * *

If you put no edges on awareness, where does it begin, where does it end?

* * * *

Quantum theater, quantum playground.

* * * *

Awareness you are, nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

Existence is but a relatively brief hiccup in an otherwise non-existent eternity.

* * * *

Quantum matrixing.

* * * *

In pure awareness, you are That I Am, but to discern it, must still the vanities of mind.

* * * *

The price of the ticket to eternity is your mind.

* * * *

It is a mystery, you are a mystery, one in the same.

* * * *

You are a portal, a wormhole, to eternity.

* * * *

Wisdom, what is it good for? Absolutely nothing.

* * * *

Eternal life is being mindful in an empty-mind sort of way.

* * * *

There are some things even quantum need not endure.

* * * *

What judgment can there be in a mind drifting in the stillness of awareness.

* * * *

The all-consuming quantum is an insatiable beast.

* * * *

The masks of oblivion are a cacophony of quantum design.

* * * *

Speculations abound, including yours.

* * * *

You are the quantum gold prior to all dreams.

* * * *

On the inside of the mask, the contours are indivisible.

* * * *

Eternal life, what is it but awareness, what is it but the undying moment.

* * * *

What need for dogma when you have eternal life.

* * * *

The entire universe is but a speck in the eye of your mystery.

* * * *

Awareness, ephemeral, indistinct, nondescript, you.

* * * *

It is only consciousness that changes hues; the palette of awareness is ever the same.

* * * *

Yet another adventurer exploring this quantum affair.

* * * *

Fear of the unknown runs deep in time's bones.

* * * *

Consciousness blurring into an indistinguishable quietude of stillness.

* * * *

It is your eternal life; best pay reasonably close attention while it lasts.

* * * *

Awareness is the end-all-be-all of everything and nothing.

* * * *

What is eternal life but this very moment in awareness you are.

* * * *

There is only one quantum in the universe. One quantum, with many faces.

* * * *

For the inscrutable indivisible, there is no within, there is no without.

* * * *

It is all awareness; get over yourself.

* * * *

The rabbit hole of technology is a never-ending journey into the abyss of loneliness.

* * * *

Explore the mystery without assumption, and you shall become its source.

* * * *

A mystery too humungously mindboggling for any mere word.

* * * *

The stillness before time, or the silliness of time, you decide.

* * * *

Yes, there is a quantum matrix, through which awareness gazes, and it is all you.

* * * *

Can the mind be reprogrammed, reconditioned, or is awareness the only key?

* * * *

Consciousness is smoke; awareness, fire.

* * * *

A mind at peace with its Self, abides in the eternity of awareness.

* * * *

The tranquil mind is awareness its Self.

* * * *

Awareness is the first and last freedom; it is the only freedom.

* * * *

The mystery is a mystery is a mystery, even unto its Self.

* * * *

What bounds can there be to the nothingness of awareness?

* * * *

The intelligence creating this mystery is prior to all manifestation.

* * * *

Another name, another story, same quantum.

* * * *

Now is where you wax and wane, indivisible all the while.

* * * *

Meditation is viewing the mind as space, as pure awareness, empty and clear.

* * * *

And there it has always been, awareness, witnessing.

* * * *

It is only through the illusion of duality that unicity can awaken to its Self.

* * * *

A ceaseless game of pretend played by the one in the same quantum pretender.

* * * *

A sensory mystery, untouched by all that is witnessed.

* * * *

In consciousness, you are splintered; in awareness, you are unified.

* * * *

You are the mystery, the eye of awareness from which all creation comes into being.

* * * *

Are you a conditioned identity, or just awareness pretending to be a conditioned identity?

* * * *

There is no god here; only awareness of a ceaseless, timeless mystery.

* * * *

Knowledge is but a superficial coating to the mystery its source truly is.

* * * *

In the vastness of this cosmic mystery, anything is possible.

* * * *

A mind given over to eternity is no mind at all.

* * * *

Is oneness one point? Or as many as two or an infinity of more?

* * * *

Matter up, quantum, matter up.

* * * *

It is desire and fear that have molded you from pure awareness to finite consciousness.

* * * *

Awareness has no Self; awareness is Self.

* * * *

Too much awareness to completely quantum.

* * * *

Nothing is born, nothing is preserved, nothing dies, the mystery is all.

* * * *

Be the ‘No I’ of awareness.

* * * *

Consciousness is but clouds passing through the clarity of awareness.

* * * *

Explicable or inexplicable, you decide.

* * * *

Some seers spend their awareness in a cave; for others, the world is their cave.

* * * *

The no man’s zone between known and unknown is the madness of the mystic philosopher.

* * * *

Quantum mind, quantum universe, quantum everything, quantum nothing.

* * * *

Big bang, or big swirl?

* * * *

To go where knowledge cannot is to return to the unknown.

* * * *

Awareness trumps all.

* * * *

Dualism, a sensory-induced imaginary notion; nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

What is creation, what is existence but a quantum shake.

* * * *

What are life and death but different reflections of the same mystery.

* * * *

The quantum scale, the quantum scaleless.

* * * *

From mystery comes life, and from life, mystery discerned.

* * * *

The awareness is the omniscient-omnipresent-omnipotent within and without all things.

* * * *

You, awareness.

* * * *

Awareness is all, and there ain't no more.

* * * *

What is the world when awareness is all.

* * * *

A vast quantum matrix conceived and nurtured in your imaginary mind.

* * * *

Now is an impenetrable mystery.

* * * *

And the other was created that the Great Quantum might discern its Self.

* * * *

Tomorrow is a new day, and, quantum willing, you might even live to see its sunset.

* * * *

When the mind becomes its awareness, where is the fear, where is the desire, where are you?

* * * *

Whether you are as still as a pond, or as restless as a typhoon, the awareness is ever the same.

* * * *

Devise whatever claims you will about awareness, all are speculations, none are real.

* * * *

You are the ever-born-ever-undying mystery, nothing more, nothing less.

* * * *

In any creative enterprise, only the artist knows all the agonies and ecstasies of its genesis.

* * * *

The indivisible nothingness slathered with imagination is still indivisible nothingness.

Breadcrumbs

All these thoughts are but a few decades worth of babble
That came to mind during the wandering from one adventure to the next,
Reflections of an unsought existence born of the choiceless repast of the genetic lottery,
In an inexplicable mystery too infinitely unfathomable to claim any knowing.

* * * *

How often these little ditties, when they do not come out practically camera-ready,
End up transmuting into something very-if-not-entirely different,
As they stream from eternity into time.

* * * *

Got a hankering for the Great Nada, a yearning for some quantum oblivion.

* * * *

These many thoughts come from where everything comes:
The mystery, the enigma, the unknown; call it whatever you will,
You impromptu players, you jazz cats, of the eternal stage.

* * * *

What a prison the body can become as it loses its wellbeing,
Especially to a spirit no longer intoxicated with the vanity of existence,
Incarcerated in the space and time of a mind, of a body, of a world, of a universe,
Playing an infinitesimal function in an ephemeral dream, for which there is no longer appetite.

* * * *

Biding my time, making the best of this perdition.
Not at all interested in being a human being ever again.
Have experienced far more that would have ever been imagined.
Existence is no longer necessary in any dimension.
The quantum singularity beckons.

* * * *

These thoughts come to mind of their own accord.
An effort effortlessly composing its Self.
To what end, if any, unknown.

* * * *

Another inexplicable post from oblivion.

* * * *

Quantum jester.

* * * *

Random thoughts from the mind quantum built.

* * * *

What a state of serenity,
That clear space of awareness
From which these many thoughts spring.

* * * *

The words, the words,
From the vast stillness within,
From the greatest mystery ever told,
They do sprinkle, they do pour.

* * * *

No, this human drama is not going to end

With some Hollywood-Bollywood happy ending.
More likely a stark, dystopian, existential no-mans land.
And that is from an eternal optimist's point of view.

* * * *

A troubadour of the unfathomable way.
No fame, no fortune, no power.
Just content just to be.

* * * *

Looking forward to oblivion and some good eternal snooze time.

* * * *

Whether or not there will be legs or wings to all these thoughts,
Whether or not the seeds that have been tossed into so many minds,
Will blossom into something more in humanity's journey,
Is for time's telling by some yet-to-come watcher
Of the all-things-quantum-matrix kind.

* * * *

Have you ever read this one before,
Or is all this silly patter blurring together?
It certainly has for this Sisyphus in the daily toil,
Wrestling the rock of vanity up the hill.
And still they bubble, bubble
From mind to paper,
Each unique in its own little way.
An inexplicable calling, a mystery, indeed.

* * * *

The pitter-patter of a body-mind giving itself over to awareness.

* * * *

The eternal historian.

* * * *

What is there for the mystic seer to leave behind
But yet another set of writings examining the inexplicable
In whatever way the given inner vision and linguistic capacity allow.

* * * *

An apologist for eternity,
A reluctant prophet, indeed.

* * * *

And who else could articulate this vision clearly
But one who has entertained enough possibilities
To discern that the innumerable differences

Are merely fabrications of imagination,
To which pride is the only harbor.

* * * *

Why continue writing this babble?
Because it is amusing, because it is the rutted road,
Into which you have mysteriously fallen.

* * * *

The calling is nearly complete.
So many adventures to reach this point,
This awareness without measure.

* * * *

In the aphoristic fashion that springs forth from this mind,
The articulation playfully fathoms the unfathomable
Beyond the farthest shores of imagination.

* * * *

These writings are adrift
In the abyss of this world's future.
It is too late to reel them in.
Their fate, if any,
Is unknown.

* * * *

By one aphorism at a time, the Return to Wonder,
a.k.a., The Stillness Before Time,
Is written.
Each one an insight
Passed on to those who have
The eyes to see and the ears to hear.
For the future, however it rolls.

* * * *

Yet another eternal scribe of the third kind.

* * * *

These many thoughts
Have been scribed through me,
The me that is in all things, including you.
It is only through this me, the me that is also in you,
That the vast awareness which is eternal,
That which has many names,
Can be discerned.

* * * *

The scribe knew enough

To throw together a smattering of words
As defined by the education and existence he was offered.
We are all patterns within the ephemeral matrix
In which the senses play out time.

* * * *

How these words will play out in history's unfolding,
The scribe can only wonder, but does not pretend to know.
Just a large collection of random thoughts that came spontaneously
Which he wrote down because the mystery had shaped him into a witness.
Is it a message of the divine, or just the inanity of a foolish madman?
You decide, if you have the inclination to traverse the attempt.

* * * *

The first work, The Stillness Before Time,
Said pretty much everything that needed to be said.
The rest is for scholars and other insatiables,
Those who enjoy the riddle of words
And the play of mind in time.

* * * *

The stillness was enticing even in the youngest daze.
Sounding and breaching like a whale in the deep end of the public pool,
And letting go, eyes shut, in the bubbling whirlpool of the falls at the canal across the road.
The innocent do not require the ceaseless confabulations of any mythology
When Mother Nature speaks truth each and every moment.

* * * *

The keyboard is stage enough for this quantum eye.

* * * *

The riddle wrapped in a mystery inside an enigma,
Lingers well beyond the clever scribblings of any scribe.
Pride-filled wings of wax will ever melt in the given sun of mind.

* * * *

Birth may fire up the Holodeck, and death turn off the switch in its Twilight Zone,
But whether the Matrix plays on forever and ever is known only to some higher pay grade.
All that can be offered here is the greatest non-fui-non-sum-non-curo to which this mind has access.

* * * *

What a wearing thing it is to be an infinite spirit trapped in a diminishing body.

* * * *

As flawed as everyone and everything else is in this realm.
Perfection is the deception of the monkey-mind.
Only the quantum is free of such mania.

* * * *

These spontaneous little ditties just keep rolling out
One by one in any given moment, in any given place.
This existence has indeed been an inexplicable voyage.

* * * *

Such an inexplicable thing how this mind has been fashioned to compose all this.
Quite a process it is to witness ditty after ditty find their way into manifest reality.

* * * *

I do not say there are not ghosts or aliens or dragons or elves or dwarves or vampires
Or sasquatches or unicorns or tooth fairies or angels or whatever or whatever,
But I must discern them with my own eyes, my own ears, my own mind,
Or the minds of others, who I perceive harbor a taste for truth.
I am too much of a scientist, too much of an agnostic,
To accept anything that cannot be verified.

* * * *

This teensy-weensy slice of eternity is enough for this eye.

* * * *

The ink spreads as the thoughts bubble from stillness personified.

* * * *

It is not about me, unless you are referring to the me that is you
And everything else, in this unfathomable matrix cum laude.

* * * *

The stillness before time, a.k.a., the silliness of time.

* * * *

It has been a remarkable thing to exist, to be a witness to the incomprehensibility of it all,
This imaginary game of make-believe in an illusory, dualistic, space-time continuum.
But I am long over this little touchy-feely, three-dimensional, dreamtime matrix.
I yearn for oblivion, for nothingness, and am only putting up with existence
Until the body-mind becomes too agonizing, or the world too annoying,
To want to bother about waking up to battle windmills ever again.
Alas, I am afraid life is akin to a cold that will not go away,
A case of "you-can-check-out-any-time-you-like-but-you-can-never-leave."
Not me in the manifest-worldly-time-bound sense, of course, but me ever just the same.

* * * *

All I do is open up ye old inner eye to the abyss of awareness,
And yet another brain wave ditties into consciousness
For this busy mind to occupy its wayward way.
Tick … tick … tick … cannot help my Self.

* * * *

Rest assured that the Great Quantum,
No doubt as wayward a roguish scalawag as I,
Finds my inflated bubble of dreamtime tolerably amusing.

* * * *

You keep on asserting that you know where infinity begins, and where it ends.
That the unknown can be known, that truth can be possessed,
That space-time is real, and you are, too.
You make me laugh plenty hah-hah hard, Pilgrim.

* * * *

Another ditty lost back into the formless mists of mind.
Easy come, easy go.

* * * *

To wake up as many times as possible
Before the final breath wanes
Is this mind's Soul goal,
Until eternal sleep
Sets its final course adieu.

* * * *

Believe you me, I have given in to every enticing distraction,
And it is always the inner awareness to which I return.
A marriage to my Self that can never be escaped,
No matter how tempting the siren's song.

* * * *

From the infinitesimal moment all genesis began, through all that has taken place since,
It all had to happen for you to have this relatively brief, temporal opportunity, to awaken,
So, gracias to all the countless others, across time, across space, who played your vital part.

* * * *

Another day of kickin' and scratchin' and bitin and whinin',
And unleashing blood-curdling howls and wretched moans,
As eternity slowly drags me back to its unearthly domain.

* * * *

Nothing is wanted for you but that you be eternally, happily content.
There is nothing here but compassion for your unnecessary plight.

* * * *

I just carry paper and pen, and scribble down whatever comes to mind.
Whether or not it will have any impact in the tempest to come, I know not.
The observer I have become is as agnostic as this busy-busy mind allows.

* * * *

It makes absolutely no difference who I was,

Where I was born, how I looked, how I lived, how I died,
Or any other superficial differences anyone might imagine important.
All that matters is what you or any other critical thinker discerns
In the many thoughts that have come through this mind.
No veneration or dogma or groupthink is required
On the meandering road of Self-discovery.

* * * *

If there is some sort of supreme deity, some sort of all-powerful being,
And he/she/it is as petty and possessive and downright mean
As the minds of our kind have so often ordained,
Well, all I can say is fuck him/her/it,
And willingly cast this life force back into the obscurity,
The indivisible oblivion from which I perceive all creation is made manifest.

* * * *

A lengthy list, it is, it is; pages and pages of regrets.
Sigh, oh well, so it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.
In the quantum Ice-Station-Zebra of it, it never really happened.

* * * *

All across time, in every geography,
So many names for this unfathomable unknown.
I call it Quantum, and I am That I Am.

* * * *

These many thoughts are dedicated to future incarnations of awareness,
Others who are not others, but awakened versions of the same discernment.
We all play out consciousness in our own way, but at the source, ever the same.

* * * *

These writings must develop their own legs.
Else they will evaporate back into the quantum ground
From which all things are born and unborn.

* * * *

Jaded to tears but for the occasional hiccup in the quantum fray.

* * * *

Another day of absurdity infinitum … Ho-hum.

* * * *

These writings have absolutely no connection or allegiance
To any organized religion or philosophy, that has ever, or will ever, come to light.
They are reflections of a solitary sojourn into eternal reunion,
And there are no rules in a knife fight.

* * * *

Some call it God.
Some call it Allah.
Some call it Yahweh.
Some call it Brahman.
Some call it Quantum.
Some call it Jehovah.
Some call it Shiva.
Some call it Tao.
I call it Mystery.

* * * *

I, Quantum

* * * *

I, Awareness

* * * *

I leave you neither ist nor ism,
Nor anything else to which you might vainly cling.
I leave you nothing to believe in, nothing to embrace, nothing to hope for.
I leave you to alone wander the long and winding pathless path through the fires of a mind never born.
I leave you to alone discern the awareness of the mystery that you truly are:
That which has no name, needs no name;
That which is timelessly sovereign, timelessly free;
That to which the bothers of mind have no meaning whatsoever.

* * * *

I am unknown because the stage has not called, and I am not unhappy about that.
What need have I for that degree of intrigue, that play of power and fame and fortune?
I who am but the timeless stillness of awareness; I who am the source of all, alone and free.

* * * *

The quantum mystery has done did every sort of mystic seer, and now me,
A ne'er-do-well curmudgeon cast by the fates into the light of awareness.

* * * *

Many thoughts have been set down in these rambling pages.
But it has never been easy to remain in that eternal state of awareness.
Best wishes to any who peruse this and other similar works,
And are drawn to explore the path less traveled.

* * * *

Who but me could ever read all this, much less write it.
An inexplicable, inordinate, unexpected fate, to be sure.

* * * *

Sometime back in the early years after college,
As awareness of the world and all its horrors grew daily greater,

I told my mother that if I had a button I could push to wipe away all of humankind,
And give this spinning orb back to all our fellow earthlings, I would push it without a second thought.
But, other than mutually assured nuclear annihilation, there is no button of that sort,
And so, instead, a life of contemplation, and perhaps one day, suicide.
Much simpler to die to the world than push any button,
And that is certainly no simple task, either.

* * * *

A work scribed by the fluid spontaneity of the unknown,
Given over to the vagaries of time-bound consciousness.

* * * *

I am the son of eternity, as are you if it is your fate to discern it.

* * * *

I am awareness, you are awareness,
The entire manifest dreamtime is awareness,
All the same, all alone, all together, forever, such as it is.

* * * *

Soon enough, I shall join the graveyard of dead philosophers,
And all this absurd babble will play to what end I need neither know nor care.
Likely as not, it will evaporate back into the prior-to-consciousness abyss, all but undiscerned,
And the human species shall continue racing madly toward the dualistic destiny
Ordained by its vanity-laced Darwinian genomic predisposition,
Which is so oh-well-so-it-goes-deal-with-it-get-over-it-move-on the way it is,
In the grand schemelessness of all things manifestly grist-for-the-mill eternally indivisible.

* * * *

All this random babble has been scribed over a period of going-on thirty years.
Apologies for all the repetition, but it is more a journal of whatever springs into mind,
Than it is any kind of cohesive narrative, or cohesive anything, for that or any other matter.
Basically, it all boils down to this fact: You are the indivisible, timeless mystery,
And for all practical and impractical purposes, you are on you own.
Rotsa ruck, best wishes, et cetera, et cetera, et cetera.

Corollaries of Yaj Ekim

Friedrich Nietzsche:
When you look into an abyss, the abyss also looks into you.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary
When you look into an abyss, the abyss becomes you.

* * * *

Hamlet:
Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatio; a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy;
He hath borne me on his back a thousand times; and now, how abhorred in my imagination it is!

My gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft.
Where be your gibes now? Your gambols? Your songs?
Your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar?
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
Poof!

Possible Last Words & Epitaphs

No more tomorrow, no more yesterday,
Naught but the unborn eternal,
Yay oh yay oh yay.

Standout Duplicates
Used in "The Stillness Before Time" 2017 Revision/Expansion

When struggle and resistance end,
When surrender to what is, is complete,
You will be the awareness that is home to all.

* * * *

To maintain any one path most true,
To insist on duality in any way, any shape, any form,
Is to completely misconstrue the relativity of this manifest dreamtime.

* * * *

Explore love as much as you might with all your beingness,
It is the awareness within all that is its unfathomable cradle.

* * * *

Nothing wrought of this quantum genesis is ultimately real.
Everything is imagined, everything is dreamily timeless.
All indivisibly appearing, all indivisibly disappearing,
Within and without the eternal matrix of awareness.

* * * *

The senses tease and taunt you.
They are lies of the delusional mind.
You must ascertain the witness within,
Discriminate the freedom that they cannot,
And know with every particle of your beingness,
That only in the timelessness of awareness are you real.

* * * *

It is consciousness that suffers, not you.
The awareness is without laws or principles or ideals.
What consciousness believes are but choices founded in delusion.

* * * *

When you discover what you truly are, what you truly are not,
What is left but an inexplicable sense of awareness, unchained.

* * * *

The eternal quest for understanding,
For emancipation from that which is known,
Is a convoluted, subtle, puzzling, chess-like maze,
A timeless game of strategic and tactical finesse,
Which only the most earnest discern and mate.

* * * *

When one surrenders to insight, eternity emerges:
Infinite, timeless, pathless, unencumbered, serene.

* * * *

Continuity is illusion, a subtle trick of memory, of imagination.
The indivisible waves of reality timelessly break ever anew.

* * * *

You suffer the linear continuity of time and space
Because your view of awareness is locked
Into a constricted conscious identity
That is not, has never been,
Will never be, real.

* * * *

What unutterable vanity to believe that this timeless quantum mystery
Needs to be, much less can be, systematized into any so-called religion.

* * * *

Avoid moral dilemmas and quagmires.
Good and evil are the stillborn of duality.

* * * *

Though all that is, is the unicity of the great quantum dreamtime,
Few deeply discern the ever-present, unborn-undying state.
Many are called, few are chosen, fewer still volunteer.

* * * *

Prior to consciousness, prior to the sensory theater,
The stillness before time is what you every moment are.

* * * *

Free your Self of the notion of original sin, that you were born evil.
It is nothing more than an idea inspired by ignorance, by greed, by the need to control,
That the pure awareness you most definitely are, did not choose at birth.

There is no sin, no iniquity, only dualistic whimsy.

* * * *

The mind-body is a temporal vessel of finite patterning,
In which the infinite has potential to consciously manifest.

Standout Duplicates from "The Return to Wonder"

Chapter One

Your mind-body is merely a finite vehicle, not a conclusion in itself.
Catering to the many ists and isms of ignorance, delusion, and all its illusions,
Are contrary and binding to your natural, essential, infinite state.

* * * *

Be wary of Maya's infinite ability to entice your desire for continuity.

* * * *

It is consciousness that suffers, not you.
The awareness is without laws or principles or ideals.
What consciousness believes are but choices founded in delusion.

* * * *

Nothing wrought of this quantum genesis is ultimately real.
Everything is imagined, everything is dreamily timeless.
All indivisibly appearing, all indivisibly disappearing,
Within and without the eternal matrix of awareness.

* * * *

Traditions and dogmas and rituals and symbols
Are nothing more than distracting, empty encumbrances
For those yearning to regain their essential, absolute birthright.

* * * *

Consciousness will just play you out
Once you are no longer attached
To its temporal, dualistic nature.

* * * *

How can anyone play out an entire existence,
And never inquire earnestly, with great veracity, at least occasionally,
Into this vast mystery from which all things spring.

Chapter Two

The senses tease and taunt you.
They are lies of the delusional mind.

You must ascertain the witness within,
Discriminate the freedom that they cannot,
And know with every particle of your beingness,
That only in the timelessness of awareness are you real.

* * * *

The eternal quest for understanding,
For emancipation from that which is known,
Is a convoluted, subtle, puzzling, chess-like maze,
A timeless game of strategic and tactical finesse,
Which only the most earnest discern and mate.

* * * *

If all sentient beings were to awaken at once,
Consciousness would not, could not, be the adventure it is.
So, the relentless, gnashing, grinding, kaleidoscope of bondage and suffering
Spins on in its mysterious, unfolding dreamtime destiny.

* * * *

To see, to know, to own, that you are the absolute, manifest, is beyond all imagining.

* * * *

When one surrenders to insight, eternity emerges:
Infinite, timeless, pathless, unencumbered, serene.

* * * *

The releasing discernment of the absoluteness within,
Is the fulfillment of every so-called scripture ever written.

* * * *

The quest for eternal freedom requires great courage.
The oblivion of identity, simple as it is,
Is not easily realized.

* * * *

Travel beyond knowledge into the realm of wisdom, and beyond that, stillness.

* * * *

In all that is and is not, the totality of absoluteness reigns.

* * * *

Nothing is lost, nothing is forgotten.
Each alone must search for it, each alone must discern it.
Each alone must let go of all that is known, release all that is held near and dear,
To realize the eternal truth that must forever remain unknown.

Chapter Three

The individual, the mysterious you has never really existed.
You are a seeker seeking, a weaver weaving, an image imagining,
A dreamer dreaming, a witness witnessing, a kaleidoscope kaleidoscoping.

* * * *

The kaleidoscoping play of dreamtime illusion
Offers an infinity of pleasures and pains.
Fearing the loss of all you cling to,
All that you believe you know,
You choose the continuity of identity,
And thus suffer the burden of consciousness.

* * * *

How can anyone be anything but agnostic? Only pretenders pretend to know.

* * * *

Maya is a rogue trickster, a sublime whore.
Few can serenely decline the infinity of temptations
Which will be offered before the journey's end.

* * * *

You are the dreamer in the dream, the player in the play, the mystery in all answers.

* * * *

Simple ignorance is the most true state.
You can only know appearances and attributes,
Projections you in mind, in imagination, in time, create.
The unknown is ever clouded in mystery.

* * * *

In the ultimate eternal infinity of reality, each of us our own law.
In the club and fang of this mortal garden, however,
That is entirely a relative matter.

Chapter Four

You suffer the linear continuity of time and space
Because your view of awareness is locked
Into a constricted conscious identity
That is not, has never been,
Will never be, real.

* * * *

When you truly discern none of it ultimately real,
You will find desire and fear no longer govern the day to day.
That the reality of the awareness in consciousness is timeless, changeless.
The you immersed in myriad limitations born of conditioning,
Becomes the indivisible, unborn, choiceless You,

That which is prior to all creation.

* * * *

All distinctions, though seemingly real, are ultimately illusory,
A vast eternal play of light and shadow imagining itself
On the kaleidoscoping screen of consciousness.

* * * *

The choice is ultimately yours.
Endure according to you own vain will,
With all the suffering consciousness comprises.
Or give yourself over to the dimensionless isness of Self,
Your true nature, the inexplicable source of all that is, all that is not.

* * * *

There is no mental energy
Or physical energy or sexual energy.
Chakric distinctions are conceptual fabrications.
The quantum is but one force manifesting all appearances.
And whether it even exists is itself but the endless morass of speculation.

* * * *

Because one piece of fruit is ripe, ready to fall,
And another is small, green and tasteless,
Does not make it superior in any way.
All manifest forms are equally absolute,
Equally created of the same indivisible force.

* * * *

When you discover what you truly are, what you truly are not,
What is left but an inexplicable sense of awareness, unchained.

* * * *

Avoid moral dilemmas and quagmires.
Good and evil are the stillborn of duality.

* * * *

Though all that is, is the unicity of the great quantum dreamtime,
Few deeply discern the ever-present, unborn-undying state.
Many are called, few are chosen, fewer still volunteer.

* * * *

It is the awareness that is, for lack of a better word, divine,
Not the imaginary, insignificant, self-absorbed ego-identity.

* * * *

The quest for eternal freedom takes you to an arena
Few have the insight, discernment, or courage to explore.

* * * *

Circumstance frames each of us to play out one identity or another.
In discerning this truth clearly, you can rediscover reality,
And in that reality, eternal life, eternal freedom.

* * * *

Continuity is illusion, a subtle trick of memory, of imagination.
The indivisible waves of reality timelessly break ever anew.

* * * *

The mystery can never be known or possessed, only intuited.

* * * *

Detachment comes with understanding, illumination with the liberation of eternity.

* * * *

The promise of permanence is a mythological weaving born of mind.
No manifestation can resist the kaleidoscoping nature of isness.
Only in the original state can the eternal reality be fathomed.

Chapter Five

The imaginary persona is not what you truly are.
Discern the indivisible you, surrender to the isness.
The solitary journey to manifest the unconditional reality
Is the raison d'être of this kaleidescoping quantum dreamtime.
All else is nothing more than absorbing distraction.

* * * *

The mind-body experience, all the ravenous weavings of sensory craving,
Combine in countless ways to impart the awareness of reality
To those rare few discriminating enough to see it.

* * * *

The indivisible absolute is no more responsible for this illusion
Than any ocean is for its surface, its bottom,
Or the play of its waves
Upon any number of shorelines.

* * * *

When all ambition and purpose is released,
You return to the naturally flowering awareness
Free of the burden of psychological identification.
To discern and own this peaceful, dreamlike freedom
Requires an inward simplicity, a detached humility,
An upheaval from the birthplace of all beingness.

* * * *

The inward exploration of the mystery is the ultimate frontier of this manifest dream.

* * * *

To realize with every thread of your cloth
That you are the aloneness of totality's quantum fabric
Offers mind an unimaginable equanimity.

* * * *

Where exactly are you in that mind-body?
Where is the elusive center you imagine you are?
Is it in the brain, is it in the heart, or some other body part?
An unyielding, unrelenting, unfaltering, discriminating, quest for it,
Discloses the absolute nature of any dream of existence.

* * * *

No experience is more spiritual than another.
Every passing timeless moment is shrouded in mystery.
Picking your nose is in truth just as astounding
As raising someone from the grave.

* * * *

Real revolution is not reaction to the cause and effect of outward stimulus.
It is tuning within and following the insights born of your own awareness.

* * * *

The suffering of ego-identity,
With its isolating passions born of desire and fear,
Require the maintenance of interminable imaginary, often debilitating, effort.
Residing in the awareness of your real nature is effortless.

* * * *

Spiritual legalisms cannot touch your unfathomable lawlessness.

* * * *

To awaken to its inexplicable, timeless, indivisibly absolute awareness,
Is surely the ultimate point and purpose of this manifest quantum paradigm.

* * * *

The absolute nature is the common denominator, the essential core of all manifestation.
Even if there someday proves to be a supreme being, it is created of the same source.

Chapter Six

As you awaken, it becomes increasingly apparent
That your existence is not really yours to own.
Fabrications begin to gradually fall away.
That once self-absorbed persona dissipates,

Giving way as impenetrable mist does to the sun.
Eventually it becomes apparent that nothing can persevere
Except this ungraspable sense of abiding awareness,
Which pervades every portion of your being
As globules of water do the ocean.

* * * *

These many thoughts are ultimately about simplicity itself.
You will not hear them, understand them, clearly
Until you are inwardly simple enough
To comprehend the mystery they are in you.

* * * *

So subtle this illusive play,
Only the most simple,
The most humble, can even begin
To perceive, discern, distill and joyfully wonder
How unfathomable it truly is.

* * * *

When identity fades in importance, what remains is the awareness of awareness.
Reality resides in this moment-to-moment functioning.
Nothing more is necessary.

* * * *

The first and last error is believing this mysterious awareness
Somehow belongs to you as an individual, somehow belongs to you as a distinct soul.
That all the thoughts you have about your identity and your world,
Are somehow real, are somehow true.

* * * *

To maintain any one path most true,
To insist on duality in any way, any shape, any form,
Is to completely misapprehend the relativity of this dreamtime reality.

* * * *

Your eyes, when seen impersonally,
Are just one set of those beyond number
In eternity's well-trod, ever-present witnessing.

* * * *

Avoid being enticed by meaningless speculation.
Attempting to know the unknowable is vexing and futile.
All you can ever know is what your mind projects.

* * * *

Whether there is just one life or a trillion,
You have never possessed or been anything more

Than the awareness you are right now.

* * * *

Consciousness through the senses creates duality.
Duality fabricates the illusory concept.
Concept believes itself real.

* * * *

What is there to believe? What is there to know?
How can you be in anything but contemplative wonder,
And the still awareness from whence it every moment sparks.

* * * *

No one observing you will ever see much.
You function and interact habitually,
Completing all required tasks
In much the same mode as before.
It is only within, out of temporal viewing,
That the absoluteness reveals its handiwork,
The unfathomable nature of its creative destruction.

* * * *

To discern reality clearly, to surrender to it absolutely, agnostically,
Is to have no more questions, and a dwindling number of concerns.

* * * *

Transcendence, enlightenment, illumination,
Are but catchwords for living naturally, rationally,
In the unfiltered awareness prior to all concept or concern.

* * * *

All manifestation is subject to the patterning,
While the source to which all patterns essentially subscribe,
Remains timelessly inexplicable, timelessly inscrutable, forever unknowable.

* * * *

The awareness that you truly are, call it whatever you will,
Is prior to all the suffering, prior to all the torments of consciousness:
Unconditional, indifferent, desireless, birthless, deathless, indivisibly timeless.

* * * *

Maya manifests an infinity of veiled facets.
Once the original nature is discerned and understood,
How can you not own each and every one?

* * * *

The mind-body is but a limited, partial receiver,
Discerning but a mere sliver of the all but infinite potential

Of the electromagnetic spectrum in this inscrutable hologram matrix.

* * * *

When there is no longer any hankering for separation,
You will merge into the infinite ocean of oblivion,
Never to return to the pretensions of form.

* * * *

Explore love as much as you might with all your beingness,
It is the awareness within all that is its unfathomable cradle.

Chapter Seven

The point of these words
Is to fan the fire of absoluteness,
The hidden reality and all you truly are,
Until sovereignty rages your identity into ashes
And the phoenix of pure awareness is all that remains.

* * * *

At some point in your investigation of this pathless mystery
You must set aside all teachers and teachings
And fish by your own light.

* * * *

You were the original nature before your manifest genesis.
Since then, the conditioning of geographic collusions
Have denied you the awareness of that impersonal reality.
It is a challenging calling to discern and return to your birthright.

* * * *

Pure awareness does not differentiate sex, race, color, culture, creed or nationality.
That is nothing more than the capricious play of manifest human consciousness.

* * * *

It is the ever-evolving comprehension
Of what complete surrender of identity signifies
That will get you as near as any mind can
To still pool of awareness you are.

* * * *

Any attempt to fill the void is futile
And only prolongs unnecessary suffering.
Aloneness should be savored like premium wine.
Learning to waft in your eternal vintage is the challenge.

* * * *

It takes a great deal of discerning courage

To be vulnerable, unconditional, intelligent, content, total,
To allow no phenomena to deter opening your heart and mind to eternity.

* * * *

To be ensnared in the web of identity is unequivocal misery.
To believe the temporal mind-body personality real and lasting,
What an arbitrary, confining impingement upon the eternal spirit.

* * * *

Travel as far as the farthest reaches allow,
That which is absolute, that which is eternal,
Is ever the space prior to all imaginary pursuit.

* * * *

Parables in most every tradition point to the ultimate absolute nature
Yet most only hear the tale, and miss entirely the mystery of the lesson.

* * * *

In the quest of your eternal nature,
There is no good-old-boy authority network.
You are the soul author of your dreamtime universe.

* * * *

So many try to change themselves into someone else's ideal.
See the complete falseness of trying to duplicate anyone else's journey.
This discernment of the awareness, this insight into the eternal, cannot be imitated.

* * * *

Call it what you will, do with it what you will,
All any seeker can really do in this immeasurable mystery
Is grapple with imagination's endless permutations,
Until they become aware of the awareness,
And at long last set themselves free.

* * * *

There is really no river to cross, nor ocean into which to merge.
The original nature is on both banks, and all shores,
And above and below, within and without,
Each and every point, as well.
The quantum matrix knows no other.

* * * *

The god or gods the mind projects are but fabrications of imagination.
Godness is the awareness prior to all combobulations of consciousness.

* * * *

You are a holograph of isness.
Everything isness is, everything it is not,

Is discernable within the awareness “you” truly are.

* * * *

Do not deny, do not doubt, the quantum nature, the quantum matrix, you truly are.
Call it divine, call it god, call it what is, call it whatever, the words do not matter.

* * * *

There may or may not be a supreme being, a personal god,
But even if there is, it is also of the same clay as you.
Absoluteness is the common denominator of all.

* * * *

Surrender all you think you are, and what is left is the harmony of eternity.

* * * *

The length of any given moment
Is so infinitesimal as to have never been.
There could be at least a trillion trillions in any given blink.
If you were counting, that is.

* * * *

You never know what jewels or coal will come your way
In the indivisible serendipities of the given day-to-day.

* * * *

Through consciousness, the awareness timelessly witnesses all.
Discern and surrender to the quantum essence,
That which you indivisibly are.

Chapter Eight

What unutterable vanity to believe that this timeless quantum mystery
Needs to be, much less can be, systematized into any so-called religion.

* * * *

What is the use of worrying over anything?
The only problem is the maker of the problem,
The duality the mind in separation creates.

* * * *

Those aware of the awareness neither need nor create nor foster
Any belief, any tradition, any ritual, any symbol, any dogmatic hierarchy.
That is the entangling outcome of those who are forever baffled,
Those who follow, those who imitate, those who recite.

* * * *

The dreamtime river is an ever-flowing quantum matrix.
Though mind may attempt to dam it, to channel it,

Or to encase it until it wallows in stagnation,
It ever remains unconstrained, eternal.

* * * *

To flow in the symphony of isness
Is to know the serenity of eternity.
It is as simple as the next breath.

* * * *

By succumbing to knowledge and the experience of separate identity,
Consciousness weaves a sticky web of dualistic perception,
The reckoning to which, all who yearn freedom
Must alone realize the key.

* * * *

You are ultimately alone in this eternal journey.
At best another can only offer some hints and urge you on.
You must blaze it anew in whatever way you will.

* * * *

When you came into this garden through your mother's womb,
You and all the other creatures knew only the concord of eternity.
You consumed the harvest of knowledge and lost sight of its source.
The so-called beasts still reside in there, awaiting your timeless return.

* * * *

The point of all this is to help you learn
To tap your own eternal nature.
That all your vain divisions are illusory,
That your sense of duality is utterly fabricated.
Examine closely everything you have ever been told.
To fully own this, you must be in revolution to the very core.

* * * *

The quantum matrix kaleidoscopes into human beings,
And humans imagine the mystery in their own image.

* * * *

You can speculate and argue about this mystery all you please,
But what you think makes absolutely no difference, whatsoever.

* * * *

Every culture creates an ethos to perpetuate its continuity.
Identification with any mindset, any tradition, is ultimately a quagmire.
To become boundless, to realize absolute nature, to become the cosmic dance,
Discern that all mythos is nothing more than vain, arbitrary fabrication.

* * * *

These sundry thoughts are for those no longer enchanted or distracted
By the ever-kaleidescoping light show of this manifest dreamtime,
Those called to discover that which is prior to consciousness.

* * * *

All are free to drink fully from the eternal reservoir.
How thirsty any are is really the first and last question.

* * * *

You need not "try" to become absolute supreme.
You already are that ultimate, effortless state.
Simply rid yourself of the forged sense of identity.
Still the mind, ignore the senses, abide in the awareness.

* * * *

The indelible mystery and those who discern it with a dollop of clarity,
Have always been misconstrued and desecrated by the vanities of ignorance.
Awakening to your own witlessness, challenging it in every way, is the prime directive.

* * * *

When the inner voice, the ego, the little self,
Dissolves into the awareness, into the witness,
The mistaken conception of duality ceases.

* * * *

The awakened mind in awareness wanders a pathless path,
In which, within every breath consciousness allots,
It repeatedly discerns there is no other.

* * * *

As long as you abide the mind set in some concrete, arbitrary reality,
You cannot discern the fluid timelessness of its indivisible nature.

* * * *

To quaff at the trough of eternity without sharing
Does not seem to be the nature of the indivisible.

* * * *

Those who will not collude, they are the unborn, prior to mind and senses
Free of desire, fearless, absolute, timeless, serene, they wander alone.

* * * *

Are you Jew, Muslim, Christian, Buddhist, Taoist,
Existentialist, nihilist, ad infinitum?
Or none of the above?

* * * *

Thought as identity, as persona, is a yellow brick road

Bent on every conceivable, every imaginable genre of suffering.
Only in the tranquil stillness of the indivisible awareness
Is there any prospect for genuine contentment.

* * * *

Whatever you do, whenever you do it,
Wherever you do, in whatever form you do it,
It will ever be nothing more than a quantum dream.

* * * *

Through awareness of the other comes awareness of the no other.

* * * *

It may take a few billion years
For all traces of humankind to be obliterated,
But eventually everything recycles in this quantum playground,
So, no worries, Mate, earth abides.

Chapter Nine

The eternal salvation so many claim
Remains up to you to discover and recover.
Following some guide up an arduous mountain pass
Still requires that you undertake the journey very much alone.

* * * *

Such a mysterious dream, and you, the mystery dreaming.

* * * *

You are on your own.
The eternal is yours to tap.
The keys are your heart and mind,
And your unwillingness to settle for lies.

* * * *

So many just throw their minds, their lives away
On the kaleidoscoping illusion of appearances and attributes,
Never grasping that it is the portal to the mystery neither within or without.

* * * *

All explanations of the inexplicable mystery in any mythos
Are limited by the conceptual constraints of the given language,
And the expansive or contracted vision to which its aspires.

* * * *

To discern heaven, you may well long and far traverse purgatory,
That which this temporal enterprise oftentimes appears to be,
Until, within and without, you awaken to its eternal reality.

* * * *

The temporal world urges you to gather all you can whenever you can,
But to discern the indivisible, inscrutable, timeless source,
You must, within and without, let everything go.

* * * *

You can never really hope to know
Who, what, when, why, where or how.
It being an intangible, ungraspable mystery,
All you can do is intuit that you are it and it is you.

* * * *

We are all faking it, pretenders making it up as we go,
And all the while trying so hard to justify ourselves bona fide.
Stop, take a deep breath, take the play and yourself less seriously.
Be here now, be the timeless awareness you truly are.

* * * *

Transcending the doubt, merging into that which is intangible, indivisible,
Is an arduous journey, a profoundly mysterious inner quest,
The ending to which is timelessly the same.

* * * *

Prior to consciousness, prior to the sensory theater,
The stillness before time is what you every moment are.

* * * *

The essence of what you are is unknowable and ever out of reach.
Embracing an agnostic state of mind makes existence very simple.

* * * *

Most are satisfied with one mythos or another.
Few discriminate the indivisible foundation directly.
The maya of consciousness is a great distractor.

* * * *

Do not encumber what is written here
With the labels and assumptions of the intellect.
No concept treads in the arena of indivisible absoluteness.

* * * *

Identity is so painfully confining, so dreadfully mundane.
Why you continue to seek continuity is, indeed, a mystery.

* * * *

All the imagination in the universe
Cannot project itself into either past or future.

The eternal here now is the only time there has ever been.

* * * *

If you are here-now-ing in awareness, you are That I Am.
No brag, just fact.

* * * *

Desire and fear have molded your mind into imagining time real.
Freedom in consciousness is abiding in the momentary awareness.

Chapter Ten

Using some confining, dogmatic, pointlessly hollow concept of god
To endure, to stomach, the day-to-day time-bound mundane
Does not make anyone more spiritual or transcendent
Than they and everyone and everything else
Every indivisible eternal moment is.

* * * *

The quantum of humanity awakens at its own pace
Into conscious action in routine daily living.
Do not wait for others to follow suit.

* * * *

Erase any and all doubt that you are indivisible quantum source.
Exist serenely in the ever-present, moment-to-moment, timeless reality.
Even in the midst of complete and utter chaos, you are the harmony that reigns.

* * * *

To peer through the dualistic sensory screen
At the ceaseless diversity across this garden world,
And see only the unicity of awareness, is an arduous task.

* * * *

Explore the underlying indivisible simplicity within all things.

* * * *

Never disbelieve or deny another's experience.
Just because it has not yet been discerned within your realm
Does not mean anything is not perhaps possible.
You are the eternal proof of that.

* * * *

To assume the source of this mystery is either male or female
Is to completely miss the very real probability that it is neither,
That sexuality is really nothing more than arbitrary happenstance.
A Darwinian fixture too imbedded in the genome to see its relativity.

* * * *

Is creation anything more than one big unfathomable quantum experiment?

* * * *

When struggle and resistance end,
When surrender to what is, is complete,
You will be the awareness that is home to all.

* * * *

Somehow the mysterious glue of now holds together into the next.

* * * *

Light and dark are but sensory perceptions of consciousness.
The reality of the indivisible absolute is prior to any and all notions.
To subscribe to any conceptions is merely the vain game of imagination.

* * * *

One by one, drop by drop, quantum by quantum,
Human consciousness must individually reconcile its indivisibility.
All resistance is imagined.

* * * *

Each must find their way alone as suits disposition, interest, and capacity,
The mysterious givens of the manifest patterning that makes all unique.

* * * *

Those who strive only for the vanities of power and fame and fortune,
Close the gateless gate to the timeless mystery within and without.

* * * *

Coming to grips with the eternal nature is rarely as simple as it is.

* * * *

You may transcend the innumerable limitations of the mortal nature,
But must still partake the confines and consequences of the given form.

* * * *

Do not hope for a better time.
Heaven's eternal way will ever be now.
Hope only puts off the realization of the unfolding.

* * * *

Eternity begins and ends this moment,
A birthright most are far-removed from ever knowing,
And even fewer tap with their whole being.

* * * *

The mortal mind is a temporal, mysterious tapestry threaded by desire.

Fear and anger and obsession and every variety of vanity,
Are among the most negative outcomes.

* * * *

As long as you believe your identity genuine,
As something more than the underlying awareness,
You will dread sickness and injury and aging and demise.

* * * *

To give over, to relinquish one's existence
To fully discerning the awareness, the godness within,
There is no greater actuality, no superior truth,
Than opening the portal to the eternal.

* * * *

To own this awareness,
And somehow abide in the world,
Is what this scarred garden so badly needs.
Likely will not change anything in the inevitability of it all,
But it needs it just the same.

* * * *

Whether they be relatives, friends, acquaintances, or enemies:
Grasp as best ye may whatever lessons the departed may have offered,
Then release them in peace to whatever the indivisible, the unknown, has in store.

* * * *

You may cloak it, ignore it, deny it,
But you cannot escape the indivisible within.
Eventually, it summons all home.

* * * *

Nothing is known, nothing is left unknown.

Chapter Eleven

I Am is the Way.
It is within and without where within and without no longer exist.
It is you in the most timeless, absolute sense.

* * * *

Those who quest that which is true will discern it written about in many teachings.
But to actually be the awareness is to look prior to mere belief and faith.
Union with that which is absolute, that which is eternally real,
Is far more than hollow superstition and idolatry.

* * * *

If your spiritual quest yearns only for distracting

Magic tricks, carnival ferris wheels, and circus light shows,
You are not quite ready to embrace the unknown.

* * * *

To have superlative knowledge of this mystery,
To have read many books, to have attended many lectures,
Does not mean the truth implied has even come close to being realized.

* * * *

The passionate mind is the birth and rebirth,
The cause and effect, of the ceaseless suffering of duality.
There is tranquil agreeableness in the dispassion of timeless awareness.

* * * *

At some point in some given hereness-nowness,
Some minds undergo a crisis, a watershed, of consciousness,
And begin a long and winding and solitary divergence toward eternal reunion.

* * * *

For the rare few, the mind is a seed that sprouts and grows,
Flowering into timeless realization, eternal liberation,
Conscious awareness of the original nature.

* * * *

Any given mind-body experiencing offers its own means to the eternal.
It will be realized by earnest seekers in every time, in every space, imaginable.
There is really only one Way, but there are any number of pathless paths to discern it.

* * * *

The countless abuses of affluence have ever been set before you.
Those whose greed helms their destiny have neither heart nor mind for eternity.
Their absorption with gold and other shiny things blinds them to the reality of the. Mystery.

* * * *

To identify with any movement of thought is delusion.
Only in awareness is there any relationship with reality.

* * * *

The senses read only an illusionary sliver
Of the total functioning of that which is quantum.
They cannot even begin to touch its unmanifest reality.

* * * *

All that can ever be perceived is but a kaleidoscoping light show.
The quantum reality prior to all manifested is for intuition's telling.

* * * *

Whether the emphasis is on one teacher or teaching,

Or a wander through a wide array of teachers and teachings,
All are in reality nothing more than masks of the same quantum matrix.

* * * *

Why participate in any organized religion?
Your awareness is a portal as absolute as any,
And you may well articulate things far more sanely.

* * * *

So-called spiritual experiences are not required to discern and own the presence.
Clarity of mind in the awareness of each and every moment is more than enough.

* * * *

Time and space are in the realm of dualistic notion.
What you travel through is an indivisible dream.

* * * *

Even quantum manifest can get a ticket, so pay the meter.

* * * *

There is insight to be discerned, yet in so few does the fullness of awareness bloom.

* * * *

Do not most of us occasionally wonder
What we might have done differently with our given existence?
But, in this quantum theater, would another route
Really have been all that different?

Chapter Twelve

You are a human being by design only,
And from the eternal perspective,
Fads change very quickly.

* * * *

Own your given virtue, your given quality.
Put behind you all guilt, all hesitation, all remorse.
Rest content in the serene indivisibility.
You are eternally absolved.

* * * *

The god state is a persevering realization
And you will absorb the conviction
Sooner than you may think.
After all, there is eternity to play.

* * * *

The mind-body is a temporal vessel of finite patterning,

In which the infinite has potential to consciously manifest.

* * * *

Your fear of the unknown is unwarranted.
You are it, have ever been it, will ever be it.

* * * *

There is nothing not filled of the quantum essence,
It is only the dearth of awareness of its real and true nature
That creates the confusion we all too clearly witness.

* * * *

Admission to eternity will cost you everything you hold dear, chiefly your mind.

* * * *

If your happiness is dependent on form or happenstance,
Then you have not fully owned your quantum birthright.

* * * *

Free your Self of the notion of original sin, that you were born evil.
It is nothing more than an idea inspired by ignorance, by greed, by the need to control,
That the pure awareness you most definitely are, did not choose at birth.
There is no sin, no iniquity, only dualistic whimsy.

* * * *

Though any can realize they are a cosmic dancer
If they have the discerning pluck and determined tenacity,
The inexplicable does not blossom in unfertile, unprepared ground.
There may be little more one can do than wish them bon voyage and move on.

* * * *

Break through the sidelessness where relativity of duality is unknown.

* * * *

We are all drawn to the scale we can fathom; absoluteness is a rare calling.

Chapter Thirteen

The still point now, ever fresh,
Is the boundless spring of the eternal,
The dawn of creation and dusk of destruction.
It is where pleasure and pain, cause and effect are not.
It is where the timelessness of awareness streams conscious.

* * * *

Witness, dweller, awareness, soul, atman, brahman, god,
Are but inept concepts describing the youness, you truly are.

* * * *

You seek and learn from a vast array of mirrors.
They are all reflections cast by the light of beingness.
Resistance ends when none are tainted by dualistic notion.

* * * *

Judgment is an act of separation.
Discern the indivisible awarenesss,
And the weighing will dissolve eternal.

* * * *

If time and space were real, you could stop and linger for awhile.
But, alas, even the stillest stones are churning in the quantum sea.

* * * *

Every deed and thought creates a ripple in consciousness.
Find that stillpoint, that quality of awareness, that momentary witness,
Where the ever-churning cause and effect crafted of time and space are no more.

* * * *

Water and oil mix just fine from the indivisible view.

* * * *

The mind functions in time.
Timelessness is the death of identity,
Which resists as desperately as a fish out of water,
With every ounce of its dualistic nature.

* * * *

Awareness knows no boundaries and harbors no delusions.

* * * *

Sex and the countless other pleasures of the senses
Take a back seat when contrasted to this reunion within.
What earthly pleasure can possibly match eternal salvation?

* * * *

All your emphasis on light and the many shadows it casts,
Is just more play, more distraction, of the illusional mind.
You are the indivisibly absolute prior to all light shows.

* * * *

The senses are merely specialized nerve endings
Evolved though eternity's quantum orchestration.

* * * *

The eternity of time traverses all creation.

* * * *

The eternal ether courses through the veins of the river of creation,

* * * *

Every bubble of awareness, whether instinctual or conscious, its own unique vision.

* * * *

Awareness of the awareness is potential in all.

Chapter Fourteen

The beasts seem so content in the ever-streaming moment.
How did you mislay that timeless awareness, that childlike quality?
What was it that enticed you from the garden, beguiled you from the source,
But the intractable, remorseless weaving of desire and fear,
And other passions inspired by the vanities.

* * * *

Those who assert god (a.k.a., quantum) is in all things,
That its unfolding nature is even witness in you,
Are not just saying what you want to hear.

* * * *

You have yet to meet someone or something
That is not a mirror of your own awareness.

* * * *

There are an infinite number of ways
To experience living and dying.
The ultimate you experiences them all.
The trick is fearlessly embracing their teaching.

* * * *

The stillness of awareness you are
Has always been and will ever be the same.
The only meaningful difference there can possibly be
Is awakening to the awareness of the awareness.

* * * *

Your time-bound desire for consistency and permanence
Is born of ignorance and confusion framed in duality.

* * * *

The mind seeks ordered consistency,
But the manifest reality of true nature
Is ever the order of spontaneous chaos.
Awareness suffers no divisive boundaries.

* * * *

How mesmerizing this mystery.
Maya casts a spell of blinding ignorance
Using the guiding reigns of the mind-body identity,
And the multitudes compliantly follow the tantalizing carrots
With little question of the underlying, ultimate reality.

* * * *

Ants, bees, and all the other wandering beasts are true sanyasis.
Their instinctual aimlessness is the high mystery in manifest form.

* * * *

How do you spend your life? You put food and liquid in, poop and piss it out.
You make and buy and take and sell and toss and lose and give things.
You put the body through a seemingly infinite variety of paces,
And then slumber or medicate yourself to rejuvenate.
Your form deals with a nearly endless series of states and stages,
And in the end, it will be as any dream, as if nothing at all had ever happened.

* * * *

Even the greatest portion is but a slice of the whole.
The tiniest morsel is ever of the same quantum recipe.

* * * *

All identity is but a habit, a patterning of human conditioning.
The broom of discerning awareness sweeps it immaculate.

* * * *

What was before the so-called big bang, and what will be after?
How many creations have come and gone? And how many will be hence?
Anything and everything is possible in the realm of absoluteness.

* * * *

No mathematical equation will ever grasp or explain the mystery of it all.
They, like words, or any other symbol, are by their nature ever incomplete.

Chapter Fifteen

You are the same mystery of which earthquakes, hurricanes, lightning,
Volcanoes, supernovas, quasars, black holes and big bangs are made.

* * * *

Why is it that humankind seems incapable of greater awareness?
Will the seed of the fall from Eden's grace ever blossom into consciousness?
Certainly, questions well beyond the scope of this temporal window,
Though the seed to that potential is ever the same now.

* * * *

You are the manifest way, absoluteness witnessing its Self.
You are the dreamtime experiencing, the totality functioning.

* * * *

Science as so many discern it is the ultimate expression of dualistic notion.

* * * *

Why identify yourself at all? Why crimp the immeasurable?

* * * *

Consciousness is an indivisible spectrum of imaginary degrees of separation.

* * * *

As this awareness consumes more of your wakeful state,
You will find your Self practicing mindfulness naturally.

* * * *

Like and dislike, pain and pleasure, male and female, white and black, true and false,
All sides of the same coin created by dreamers locked in memes of dualistic notion.

* * * *

King or pawn, both just pieces on a quantum board.

* * * *

The fountain of youth is the eternal spring within.

* * * *

Be of good cheer at the demise of your identification with the body-mind.
You are at last eternally free of the many constraints of human concoction.

* * * *

Again and again, moderation and balance are important keys to clear, sane living.
If you insist on excessiveness, error in favor of the awareness, the unknowable within.

* * * *

There is no need to follow any personality, or join any group.
Freedom is for each alone to realize and preserve.
Those who would deprive your birthright
Are better left in the streaming dreamtime wake.
To give undo significance to any in denial of your autonomy
Is to deprive your Self the unique opportunity of this mystery-given lifetime.

* * * *

Those rare beings who discover the false separation of the universe within,
Free themselves of all binds in the realm of conscious awareness.
Through their eternal freedom heaven opens to the manifest.

* * * *

To be eternally reborn, to never perish again, you must die to what never was.

* * * *

Through thought and deed, the mystery is discerned.

* * * *

If you understand science and its methodology,
You know it has been proven beyond all doubt that all is one,
And that you are an equal part of that oneness,
Witness to its eternal mystery.

Chapter Sixteen

The lone drop catapulting above the indivisible crashing wave
Entertains the mistaken perception of individuality,
But only until its inevitable return home.

* * * *

Like any other beast with limbs, fins, or wings,
You are a sack of bones that appears to move around.
You have the potential to realize awareness of the indivisible,
But do you have the capacity for discernment, do you have the doubt?

* * * *

Pure eternal awareness is the common ground for all

* * * *

Even just one life, no matter the role played, is an eternal epic.

* * * *

What goes up must come down.
Existence is a statistical mystery.

* * * *

Gaia has always been in absolute and perfect balance.
Disharmony is but consciousness as humanity manifests it.

* * * *

Neither telescopes nor microscopes, nor any other technology,
Will aid your comprehending what this quantum mystery truly is.

* * * *

The mind-body identity ever seeks fulfillment.
It is the intertwining of insatiable desires and trammeling fears.
The quietude of awareness is the oblivion of origin,
Well prior to all mortal trepidations.

* * * *

To spend your existence counting a mound of gold
Is to miss the immeasurable wealth you truly are.

* * * *

About the technical matters of the manifest, you may pretend to know a great deal,
But regarding the source of this mystery, you will never extract a measurable clue.

* * * *

Empires and mountains and galaxies come and go.
The quantum isness indivisibly pervades them all.

* * * *

Do not confuse aloneness with loneliness; the latter is time-bound, the former eternal.

* * * *

All manifest diversity is imagined.
It is but a light show, a sensory illusion,
Masking the indivisible, unassailable unicity.

* * * *

Subject and object are fashioned by the temporal manifestation.
Neither plays itself out without the other in this dualistic weaving.

* * * *

Each and every moment in any ever-changing stage setting
Is cloaked in the mystery you are, have ever been, will ever be.

* * * *

Dive beneath the choppy waves of the mind's reefs
Into the silent, serene depths of eternal beingness.

* * * *

You are an eternal mixture of clay and gold, both mundane and extraordinary.

* * * *

True meditation is the ending of time, the stillness before time,
Complete and utter surrender, within and without,
To the ever-presentness of Self.

* * * *

It is the indivisible awareness,
The quantum nothingness of eternity,
That is the essence of all things.

* * * *

Quantum is the scientific name for God.

* * * *

Spin the tale on the mystery.

* * * *

Why that which is immortal would choose to experience mortal fare
Is an inexplicable mystery all must fathom at the core of their beingness.

Leftovers Added to "The Return to Wonder"

Chapter One

Here you are, a drop of the grand mystery,
Weighing in as best you can with what tools you have,
Still unable to fathom any who-what-where-when-why-how to it.
What can you do but be here, be now, temporal witness to the dream of time.

* * * *

If it is your calling, your fortune, your kismet, your fate, your destiny,
You will discern the me within you, the you within me, the same me,
The same awareness within and between all things great to small.

* * * *

The world, the universe, the hologram, the matrix, the quantum, call it what you will,
Is in a relentless state of consumption, a constant state of fluctuation,
Unscathed, unchanged, uncaring, all the while.

* * * *

Duality is temporal illusion.
There truly is no other.
Nor was there ever a second.
The real You, has always been, ever is,
And will ever be, number one, first and last, inexplicably so.

* * * *

Remember always that you are the creator of this playful illusion.
When you surrender and journey timelessly prior and beyond birth and death,
There is a growing awareness of the absolute's infinite power within.
A time to be even more wary of Maya's enticing games.

* * * *

Male and female merge in the throes of sexual ecstasy.
In the quiet tempest of goo, two fertile eggs unite.
In the mystery of the woman's dark womb,
In the eternal stillness before time,
The seed grows, forms into life.
Out comes an organism
Wired for a fate yet unknown
Into a universe of its own conception.

* * * *

Neither resistance nor acceptance will connect you to the ultimate state of awareness.
You must be, allow, embrace, every aspect of consciousness as a whole,
If you are to rediscover the unbound state of the newborn.

Chapter Two

Every moment springing simultaneously anew within the indivisible quantum matrix.
All its concoctions, all its innumerable forms, ever the same source,
Ever the same awareness, ever the same you-ness,
Ever the same boggling mystery.
How astounding this indelible Song of Godness,
This eternal eye gazing out the masks and veils of manifestation.

* * * *

Awareness is the "awakeness" of all living creations,
Of the indivisible quantum matrix, the stardust, come to "life."
It is the eternal eye of the unknown prior to all manifestation ever-changing,
And whatever dreams they in spontaneous combustion may inspire.

* * * *

In all destinies there is an executioner, an assassin, a slayer,
Ever formed of the earth-air-water-fire of all things here-now ether.
There is no escape for the awareness you are, only an abiding endurance.
Spurn the Fates, they cannot touch you once the shadow of karma loses its hold.

* * * *

Call it what you will – soul, self, cosmos, god, whatever –
You are the awareness, not a dream of consciousness.

* * * *

Identity is the mistaken belief that the awareness you really are
Is at all attached to the sundry attributes of the food-body,
Or the world of appearances through which it renders.

Chapter Three

When the ebbing and flowing of the essence, the quantum fever, subsides,
When foreword is no longer forward, when backward is no longer backward,
When the singular awareness transcends the ever-moving tides of thought,
Where is the me-myself-and-I that believed its imaginary realm so real?

* * * *

Erase all boundaries, burn all flags, discern the common ground of awareness,
And wander your universe unburdened by the differences born of imagination.

* * * *

For consciousness to examine itself, for awareness to become aware of itself,
For the mystery to gaze into the indivisible depths of its mystery,
Is not this the ultimate raison d'être for all creation?

* * * *

How ridiculous it is to believe anyone individual can save anything or anyone,
When in the reality of this kaleidoscoping dream, there is nothing to save.
And even if there were, it would be the matrix-level synergy doing it,
Not some illusory persona wrapped in inflated self-absorption.

* * * *

You are entirely a dream in everyone else's awareness, and they in yours.
We are all alone together, from this shore to the farthest reaches and beyond.

* * * *

Through all creation, all preservation, all destruction,
The indivisible nothingness of totality reigns absolute.

Chapter Four

Earth, wind, water, fire, quantum ether.
That is all that all of this grand mystery truly is.
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

Awareness is a very nothing-but-youness.
What is there to think about, really?

* * * *

It can indeed be a long and winding and oft times lonely road
Until you discern the matrix through which all time-bound linear notions wander,
Is, has ever been, will ever be, eternal aloneness unto thy Self.

Chapter Six

Stop pretending to know.
You do not, never did, never will,
And no one else does, did, nor will, either.
Agnostic is the only frank assertion under any sun.

* * * *

What attachment can awareness have to anything?
Only the winds of consciousness fabricates attributes
Of every form, of every hue, of every shade of gray.

* * * *

Light is only discerned through awareness,
And awareness only possible through manifestation

In one form, one dimension, or another.
The possibilities are infinite,
But there is but one source to all.

Chapter Seven

Evaporate the wind-blown clouds of consciousness
That swirl through the awareness you truly are.

Chapter Eight

Through awareness of the other comes awareness of the no other.

Chapter Nine

Whatever bearing you take on this inexplicable mystery,
Whether the all-knowing many-faced version,
Or that all knowledge is fabricated,
Where are you left with the vision offered?

* * * *

What to do when the world and all its vanities no longer moves you,
When thought subsides and the mind is content to reside in awareness.

Chapter Ten

What was the face of God before you were born, what will it be after you die,
But the same faceless, still awareness it has always been
In every timeless here now
Since long before the advent of stardust.

* * * *

None are islands in this finite, temporal, mortal dream of time.
Only in eternal awareness are all worlds, all universes, undone.

* * * *

You can think about this grand mystery in whatever way you wish, or not at all, for all that it matters.

Chapter Eleven

Some get born into pondering such as these, some are found and hijacked into them,
But most of those who investigate the indelible unknown of their own accord
Must discover the way with their own blend of doubt and gumption,
And the many serendipities of the given Yellow Brick Road.

* * * *

Awareness is the only god,
The only dogma, the only shrine, the only idol, the only symbol,

The only truth anyone really needs.

* * * *

You cannot force someone to like you, to give of themselves willingly.
That is of a resonation inspired by an inexplicable dynamic,
A mix of commonalities of mind, body, spirit,
That may even include vibrations at a molecular level.

* * * *

What is any word but a stagnant thing
Without the dynamic of the eternal moment
Beneath the wave upon which it surfs.

* * * *

What does any patterning small to great do
But waft through its tiny slice of matrix
For as long as its shelf life pertains.

Chapter Twelve

The writings of any seers should be called just that: writings, notes, works, books.
Not scriptures, because the definition often implies some sort of authority,
And in when it comes to the unknowable, there is no such thing.
All are inquiring into the same mystery to which all have equal access.
And for anyone to claim any expertise, or some greater connection, is absurd.

* * * *

We are molecular beings inhabiting a molecular universe.
The drug-induced possibilities offered by Eden are many and varied.
How they came to be is ever a question without answer,
Other than to say, “Yay, Team Quantum.”

* * * *

Challenging to let go of vanity when the mind-body duality so inspires it
With the countless delusions that desire and fear fuel in this dream of time.

* * * *

To just completely, absolutely be,
At such a level as to neither assume nor judge,
Is a yogic feat of the highest order.

* * * *

The mortal coil comes into being, grows bright, dims, and expires,
Ever the same quantum essence witnessing its inexplicable nature.

* * * *

There is only one quantum dimension, one quantum matrix, one quantum soul.
Neither within nor without, neither known nor unknown,

Neither here nor there, you are.

* * * *

What will endure, what will emerge, what will reign,
After mammalian life can no longer survive this spinning garden orb
That humankind has through the twists and turns of consciousness forever desecrated?
What great kingdom would you not readily yield for a time machine
To witness Eden play out it magical mystery.

* * * *

To give attention to the ephemeral eternal moment
Is a busy-busy, measuring-measuring mind's most arduous task.
The imaginary past and its countless projected futures stoke far too much passion
For the quietude of eternity to be allotted its true autonomy.

* * * *

Awareness has no ego, no attributes, no boundaries, whatsoever.
The imagination of consciousness, in all its dualistic notions,
Is sole source, soul proprietor, to that whimsical state.

* * * *

Sacks of shit and piss and bones and goo,
Yup, that is all we are in our inflated game, our vain diversion,
Just the electromagnetic spectrum daily playing out its impromptu theater real and true.

* * * *

What is evolution but the unknowable,
The creation, the preservation, the destruction,
The selecting, the pruning, the thinning, the harvesting,
The ever-changing nature of matter and motion, energy and force,
In the dance, the play, the lila, of eternal space and time.
An indivisible, boundless, quantum billiard table,
With neither beginning nor end nor middle,
Witnessed each and every moment,
In every imaginable way,
By the awareness you truly are.

Chapter Thirteen

Where is the demarcation between the awareness within
And the universe without, but a wall built of imagination.

* * * *

Only in the stillness of eternal life,
Of the awareness prior to all things imagined,
Is there freedom from the myriad vanities of consciousness.

* * * *

The awareness is a formless sea behind the eyes.
The senses inspire consciousness to imagine a vast universe,
But it is no more than a brief dream to which mind every moment yields.

* * * *

Playing a little part in a little play is but a little smidgeon of imagination
Given over to vain notion based on a nature-nurture fiction of quantum design.

* * * *

The universe is a pulsating-vibrating-kaleidoscoping-hologram-matrix-quantum theater
In which you are witness within and without the within and without
That is not, was not, and will never be.

* * * *

What a hungry thing the mind is, consciousness is, the indivisible essence is.
What is all experience but the insatiable consuming itself every moment.

* * * *

The stillness of awareness
Witnesses the clouds of consciousness come and go.
You only think you are the wind.

* * * *

None of it is real, none of it was ever real, none of it will ever be real.
None of it ever more than a kaleidoscoping dream of stardust,
The quantum essence come unto the pretense of life.

* * * *

There are those rare who dwell in the momentary awareness,
Those who dwell in discernment, those who dwell in the eternal mind,
Insight is its own law, neither bowing to authority, nor subscribing to dogma.

* * * *

Is the atheist any less determined not to believe, than the believer is to believe?
So much assertion, so much struggle, so much dwelling on so many this's and that's,
For nothing more than vain notion, hollow whimsy, over that which can never be known.

Chapter Fourteen

Just about everything you have ever seen, heard or done
May well be happening somewhere in your world in particular,
Or your imaginary quantum universe in general.
Who knows, who cares?

* * * *

A multi-dimensional tapestry,
Too inexplicable for any but god-minds
To but vaguely comprehend.

* * * *

What is any hell but a veil between awareness
And that which is not, never was, will never be.

* * * *

Hang out in the left brain
When it is all about monkey chatter,
And the right side when stillness has the notion.

* * * *

This universe is merely a temporary theater,
But the you that you really are is real,
Immortal, and free for all eternity.

Chapter Fifteen

What is this world, this universe, this grand mystery,
But a quantum theater born of senses and mind.
Like cotton candy spun of sugary nothingness.

* * * *

Every life form has a unique vision
For the universe, into which they are,
From the formlessness, made manifest.

* * * *

The unknown pervades all.
You are the mystery; the mystery is you.
That which is known is but a bubble of imaginary notion,
A dreamtime play of consciousness, nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

However any life form great or small may sense it,
It is ever the same quantum matrix playing its magic.

* * * *

Duality is a fabrication of consciousness.
In reality, there can be only oneness:
All-pervading, all-knowing, ever-present.
The all-in-one-one-in-all quantum awareness.

Chapter Sixteen

The hologram born of imagination is discerned complete
When the awareness you believe a separate you
Fully realizes that its true, ultimate nature
Is the infinite, eternal oneness.

* * * *

Yet another dogmatic, idolatrous, cultish hoax played out as religion.
Why waste any eternal breath attempting to convince others,
Of that which is obvious to those who are not blind?

* * * *

You have pretended it all matters long enough.
Feel free to take a long vacation,
An eternal holiday,
From this theater of the absurd.

* * * *

The passions draw you out into this imaginary world.
Without their hot and cold, you are nothing more
Than the infinite stillness of pure awareness.

* * * *

What a mystery this holographic matrix,
A mirage of space and time,
An imaginary sandbox,
In which all play,
But none truly exist.

* * * *

Totally, completely, absolutely, indivisibly, undeniably,

Soundbites Added to "The Return to Wonder"

Chapter One

You are nothing but a dream of the absolute to fathom its eternal fathomlessness.

Chapter Two

To see, to know, to own, that you are the absolute, manifest, is beyond all imagining.

* * * *

No matter how much you think you know, it is ever a mystery behind the veil.

Leftovers and Soundbites
Transferred to "The Return to Wonder"
from "Breadcrumbs 2019" and All Future Times Beyond

Chapter 250

How many ways there are to cut the eternal pie.

* * * *

A quantum dream no matter how many dimensions.

* * * *

To wrap your mind around the mystery, you must unwrap your mind.

* * * *

Speculation is the root of all inanity.

* * * *

No matter what you believe, it is all speculation.

Chapter 251

… blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah … ad infinitum …

* * * *

Gaia is a dream world of eternity.

* * * *

You are but a brief mortal dream of the immortality of eternity.

* * * *

In the whole mind, awareness is all, thunder perfect.

* * * *

The mind stilled by full attention merges into eternity.

* * * *

Yes, there is eternal life, but it is nothing you think.

* * * *

Of the unknown, nothing can be known.

Chapter 252

Awareness is as close to seeing and being as it gets.

* * * *

What you say, what you do, has absolutely nothing to do,
With what you really are, or with what you really are not.

Chapter 253

The consuming mind is an insatiable thing without the tether of awareness.

* * * *

Imagination is a quantum magic carpet ride through awareness.

Chapter 255

Vanity-vanity-all-is-vanity, except for pure awareness of the eternal kind.

Chapter 256

Die to everything but the awareness you truly are.

Chapter 257

The unknowable unknown is, well, unknowable.

* * * *

Eternity is all, attached to none.

Chapter 258

Mind your own awareness.

Chapter 259

Fill your Self with the absoluteness that transcends the imaginary persona.

* * * *

The roving sun births a new year on this spinning mirage of quantum design.

* * * *

Yet another edifice of mind for eternity to unravel.

Chapter 260

Only in the absoluteness of pure awareness is there an end to relativity.

* * * *

Truth does not exist because the eternal moment it is, is not.

Chapter 261

You are indelibly linked to the mystery of origin; there are no intermediaries.

* * * *

Make awareness the go-to state.

* * * *

The infringement of imagination is an infraction upon your eternal nature.

Chapter 262

There is no other, only you, ethereally eternal, forever present.

* * * *

Awareness is all you are; no was, no will ever be, about it.

Chapter 263

For all eternity, for all time, two very different states of consciousness.

* * * *

Sand is gold and gold is sand in the indivisible dust storm of eternity.

* * * *

Drift alone, sovereign, indivisible, free of all constraints.

Chapter 264

Consciousness measures, awareness streams.

* * * *

Consciousness ebbs and flows; awareness streams.

* * * *

Eternity does not care.

* * * *

Ethereal awareness, ephemeral consciousness.

* * * *

To live as if it is not happening,
To abide in the emptiness of eternity,
Is the every-moment challenge of any seer.

Chapter 265

The mystery is its own teacher, its own student.

* * * *

Are you this earthly, temporal, finite, mortal body?
Are you that of which this body is made?
Or are you that which is prior to all form and context,
Prior to consciousness and its innumerable channels of speculation.
Prior even to that inexplicable awareness by which all dreams of time are perceived.

Chapter 266

What part of awareness alone are you not tracking?

* * * *

We are all the same mystery from every get-go.

* * * *

Eternity is closer than you think.

Chapter 267

And what of that state between agony and ecstasy where only awareness remains.

* * * *

The truth of awareness awaits your discernment.

* * * *

Is it an electromagnetic spectrum? An electromagnetic matrix? Or anything at all?

* * * *

You are the quantum mystery playing hide and seek with its Self.
Home base is not as far as you might think.
Ollie-ollie-oxen-free!

* * * *

Beneath the open mask of any newborn,
The untainted awareness, the untrammeled path,
The uncarved block, the tabula rasa, the stillness of eternity.

Chapter 268

The only absolute is absoluteness itself.

* * * *

Eternity is no more than a heartbeat away.

* * * *

You are the mystery.

* * * *

The movement that is; the stillness that is not.

Chapter 269

You are the mystery, personified.

Chapter 270

To call it the heart of awareness is not about some willy-nilly emotional state.

* * * *

The mystery is all.

Chapter 271

The mystery born in you, was born in me, too.

* * * *

The nothing of now, across the board, for all eternity.

* * * *

Awareness has no reality but through timeless attention.

* * * *

How can you imagine any speculation but less true?

Chapter 272

The mystery born anew, born you.

* * * *

The fog of consciousness masks the eternal awareness, and time plays on.

* * * *

Another day, same mystery.

* * * *

The mystery wakes up to another day.

Chapter 273

Watch and wait each and every eternal moment that full attention allows.

* * * *

Give full attention to the present upon which awareness sheds its light.

* * * *

Quantum this.

* * * *

The quantum matrix born of a quantum mind is a figment of time.

Chapter 274

Pure awareness is neither smile nor frown.

* * * *

Infinity, what is that anyway?

* * * *

The quantum source abides all.

Chapter 275

Absolute power does not corrupt the absolute.

* * * *

The mystery is but a mystery is but a mystery.

* * * *

Look to your awareness to see the truth of you in all.

Chapter 276

Embrace the aloneness, embrace the sovereignty, embrace the infinity.

Chapter 277

You are the quantum breeze.

Leftovers and Soundbites Transferred
to "The Return to Wonder" from "Breadcrumbs 2018"

Chapter 279

The least common denominator
Is the pure awareness you truly are,
That source that abides all dreams as one.

* * * *

Speculation is not knowing.

* * * *

Consciousness is slathered in soot of the quantum kind.

Chapter 280

What is the world, the universe, but a quantum dream ever consuming itself.

* * * *

It is only in the finite that infinity can frolic.

* * * *

Infinitesimal, finite, infinite, what difference, really?

* * * *

The quantum rhapsody must be played alone.

* * * *

To be absolute, or not to be absolute, that is the question.

Chapter 281

The mystery is like a matryoshka doll without the matryoshka doll.

* * * *

Discern the awareness where measurement means nothing.

Chapter 282

There appear to be many mysteries, but ultimately there is only one Mystery.

* * * *

Consciousness is but a subset of awareness.

* * * *

The whole of consciousness is but a quantum-neural storm playing time.

* * * *

What are the vanities, power and fame and fortune, but distractions
From the source of all that is mystery, all that is unknown, all that is eternal.
The impenetrable, ineffaceable, indivisible awareness that is timelessly ever-present.

Chapter 283

There is only one mystery in this dreamtime; one mystery with many faces.

* * * *

Perfect stillness, perfect Self.

* * * *

The universe without is but a reflection of the one within, as infinite as it is infinitesimal.

* * * *

All politics is but rhetoric; do not seek truth in the abyss between two or more.

* * * *

Big Bang or Big Speculation?

* * * *

Your sovereignty is the quantum source within.

* * * *

However immeasurable the universe and all its creations,
It ever begins with the eternal awareness you are right now.

**Soundbites Transferred to "The Return to Wonder"
from "Breadcrumbs" (Chapters 301, 302, 303)**

Chapter 283

There is only awareness, everything else is babble.

* * * *

Why judge the infinity of possibilities that You your Self are?

* * * *

Happiness is in the unassailable awareness within each and every eternal moment.

* * * *

Sip eternity's infinite elixer.

Chapter 285

The grace of eternal life is in each and every breath, each and every step.

* * * *

Every set of eyes a witness to a dream of awareness playing out consciousness.

* * * *

A full breath is the charioteer of the stillness so absolute.

Chapter 286

A pathless path as clear as awareness its Self.

* * * *

Harmony is in every streaming moment, the only now there has ever really been.

Chapter 287

What does it mean, eternity begins when you die?

Chapter 288

Undying, this eternal mind born of time.

Chapter 290

Each of us wandering our own infinite universe,
Creating for others to discern what they choose.

* * * *

The manifest world is but a temporal quantum dream,
Which all inhabit and play out as their nature demands.

* * * *

No matter how much you believe you know,
It is merely bits and pieces of a dream unknown.

* * * *

Merge into the awareness of consciousness,
And what duality can there possibly be?

Chapter 291

The play of quantum ether.

* * * *

Pretty darned amazing, this seemingly endless mystery to which you are witness.

* * * *

Merge into the awareness of consciousness, and what duality can there possibly be?

* * * *

The relativity of all things is immeasurable.

Chapter 292

How has all this come about, a mystery that has no answer.

Chapter 293

Attain the immeasurable richness of the complete and utter simplicity within.

Chapter 294

Bliss is the eternal orgasm.

* * * *

Equanimity is the eternal balance between body, mind, heart and Soul.

* * * *

Awareness is the nectar of the beingness.

Chapter 295

Only in awareness are you immortal.

Chapter 296

You are awareness caught up in a sensory dream.

* * * *

Quantum menagerie.

Chapter 297

Introspection, eternally pointless.

* * * *

So infinite as to be both impossible and plausible.

Chapter 299

What a mystery Eden; a shame we did not treat it with much more respect.

* * * *

Breathe in, breath out, eternal life, now.

* * * *

Do not call it anything, just be alone in the awareness prior to consciousness.

Breadcrumbs 2018

Leftovers

When were you born?
When you exited your mother's womb?
When you were conceived by the union of sperm and egg?
When the etchings of life first began in some long, long ago primordial puddle?
When the quantum mystery first began forming into the universe?
And what makes you so sure you were ever born at all?
What makes you so sure you are anything more
Than an imaginary dream of mind?

* * * *

Why have you never even once seen your face,
And how many ever-changing faces do you really have
Across the indivisibility of your quantum infinity?

* * * *

There are consequences to action or lack of action.
There are consequences to yes, to no, to maybe.
There are consequences to every turn of the card,
To every roll of the dice, to every spin of the wheel.
Every cause becomes effect, every effect becomes cause.
Creation becomes destruction, destruction becomes creation.
There is no end to the kaleidoscoping wheel of quantum persuasion,
But through awareness that eternity is but an unending ephemeral moment.

* * * *

What to do when meaning and purpose have lost their sheen, their raison d'être?
Examining the writings of seers and philosophers across all time and space,
It can be seen there is naught but arbitrary rhyme and reason to the many conclusions,
So the answer is, as is so often the case in the vain ways of the monkey-mind: Whatever amuses you.

* * * *

The universe without is confabulated by the machinations of the universe within.
A quantum tapestry; the cotton candy of imagination spun from practically nothing.

* * * *

The awareness requires no self-imagery, whatsoever.
All notions of any identity, any self, immortal or otherwise,
Are nothing more than the perpetual ramblings of consciousness,
Of ever-churning imagination playing, pretending, deluding itself real.
Neuron trails blazing away this way and that, coining illusion out of nothing.

* * * *

Meditation is its own goalless goal.

A tuning into the timelessness of time.
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

There is only one eternal moment,
And it is ever the prior-to-consciousness awareness
Of the ephemeral right-here-right-now.

* * * *

Imaginary universe.
Imaginary world.
Imaginary you.

* * * *

Behavior codes are as whimsical as dress codes.
To be constrained by any limited mode of thinking
Is but the conditioning of a mind imprisoned in time.

* * * *

What is never born never dies.
Only consciousness endures the illusion of birth and death and life between.
Only awareness is timelessly, immortally changeless.

* * * *

The subtlety of truth is that it can never be grasped in any way imaginable,
Because it is prior to time, prior to space, prior to consciousness.
Utterly, indivisibly, timelessly, flawlessly absolute.

* * * *

What are you but immortal awareness,
Encased, ensnared, in a corporal container,
Playing out a temporal meme born of imagination.

* * * *

Life goes on; there is no stopping it.
Facades and names change, narratives change,
But is ever the same on and on and on,
As timeless as it is time-bound.

* * * *

The dreamer is the dream.
The dream is the dreamer.

* * * *

Behind the illusory mask,
Behind the imaginary character,
A space, an emptiness, ever unknowable.

* * * *

When sensory-mind surrenders to the ever-present awareness,
The world, the universe, as it is imagined, disappears into a timelessness,
And the senses simply function as the un-translated, un-rendered dreammakers they are.

* * * *

Those who contemplate thoughts of this nature
Are drawn to discerning and exploring the singularity
In whatever way their nature-nurture dreamtime has in store.

* * * *

History is process, and process repeats its patterns, but never goes back.
Square one is a long ago before the ever-after of time was ever conceived.

* * * *

Consciousness does not easily give over its delusional dreamtime
To the quietude of its original nature, of its timeless awareness,
In which it hither-thither vainly moves like clouds in the sky.

* * * *

Awareness is aware of every point and particle of the manifest dreamtime.
It is aware of every kaleidoscoping matrix quantum moment throughout all eternity.
The many creations it omnisciently witnesses are aware of it only rarely, if ever.
To awaken to the awareness, the indelible mystery within and without,
To wander through the reverie, conscious of the omniscience,
Is a center stage role available to all, but offered to few.

* * * *

People come and go in your existence in every imaginable way, from tepid to sweet to bitter.
The brew can be intoxicating or depressing, memorable or scarcely remembered,
But all contribute to your frame of reference, your wily bag of tricks,
Your memories ranging from passionate to indifferent,
From affection to mourning to loathing.
The swirl of thoughts in your mind is but a dream,
But how you perceive it, how you comprehend it, is how you roll.

* * * *

Never too late to expand that self-absorbed horizon,
That frame of reference, that perspective born of limitation,
To which so many so narcissistically, hedonistically, mindlessly cling.

* * * *

Awareness is the unknowable source of all intelligence.
Creation is but the sequential means of its eternal quantum potential
For dreaming whatever its kaleidoscoping matrix of a mystery has in no-mind store.

* * * *

Curious so many believe Jesus is going to save them

When he could not even manage to save himself as more than a myth.
Besides which, every living thing already has eternal life,
So what is there to save, what is there to lose?

* * * *

Many are called, few are chosen, fewer still volunteer.
And however it may unfold, if you are contemplating such as this,
Your fate may well be to be an unfathomable eye of the unfolding dream.

* * * *

The irony and paradox of eternal life is that the living is in the dying.
So obvious, so clear, guileless, as to be unintelligible
To all but the most astute eye and ear.

* * * *

The world, the cosmos, will consume your body, your mind, your dream, as it does everything else.
The real you, however, is eternally immortal, indivisible, untouched, ever aware.
It is That which is never born, That which never dies.

* * * *

Any cosmos is indifferent to its myriad dreams, yours included.
The truth is that only imagination cares, only imagination bothers.
Your existence is a joke, an absurdity, to which the most sober response
Is a great dollop of irony and doubt, especially toward your fictional persona.

* * * *

The true believer, no matter the belief, is caught in the web of space and time,
And can never perceive that the meme is but a dream.
Freedom is but a word.

* * * *

No one has ever, could ever, see it the way you have.
Your aloneness is very much equal to all the aloneness
Every other sentient being has ever, or will ever endure.

* * * *

The joy of aging is spending more and more time
Dealing with all the consequences of whatever you have done
With your very unfathomable, very time-bound, very timeless dreamtime.

* * * *

Every sentient creature,
Each very much timelessly alone,
Suffers existence in its own very unique way.

* * * *

Awareness is not at all concerned with what part it is given, or for how long.
It will witness, without attachment, whatever way the winds of nature-nurture blow.

* * * *

To perceive the human paradigm
As anything more than a temporal fabrication of vanity,
Is to miss the indivisible, unblemished, immortal awareness permeating all eternity.
The illusory quantum dreamtime is but a means to all the endings
That are harvested from all the beginnings,
None of which ever really truly even once happened.

* * * *

The world, the universe, seemingly offers every imaginable distraction
To seduce hungry minds away from discerning the mystery permeating all creation.
Perhaps a rare few are not enticed at all, and others awaken only after a long and winding quests,
But most are adrift in the labyrinth of greed for their entire dream of space and time,
Gorging in every conceivable way to fill the emptiness that cannot be filled.
Racing to their mortal ends still ravenous for more, more, more.

* * * *

59 Moments to Me, My Self, and I
59 Moments to Truth or Consequences
59 Moments to Diddly-Squat
59 Moments to Okey-Dokey
59 Moments to Eternity
59 Moments to Oblivion
59 Moments to Laissez-Faire
59 Moments to Mystery
59 Moments to So It Goes
59 Moments to Fearlessness
59 Moments to Timelessness
59 Moments to Truth
59 Moments to Born Anew
59 Moments to Nirvana
59 Moments to Passé
59 Moments to Godlessness
59 Moments to God
59 Moments to Rationalism
59 Moments to Existentialism
59 Moments to Annihilation
59 Moments to Common Sense
59 Moments to Discernment
59 Moments to Critical Thinking
59 Moments to Gumption
59 Moments to Grit
59 Moments to Resourcefulness
59 Moments to Imagination
59 Moments to Inventiveness
59 Moments to Creativity
59 Moments to Wit

59 Moments to History
59 Moments to Born Again
59 Moments to Ingenuity
59 Moments to Enterprise
59 Moments to Reality
59 Moments to Absurdity
59 Moments to Humility
59 Moments to Hopelessness
59 Moments to Minimalism
59 Moments to Evermore
59 Moments to Hedonism
59 Moments to Discipline
59 Moments to Narcissism
59 Moments to Ecstasy
59 Moments to Buddha
59 Moments to Null and Void
59 Moments to Emptiness
59 Moments to Nothingness
59 Moments to Now
59 Moments to Here
59 Moments to Here Now
59 Moments to Negation
59 Moments to Anarchy
59 Moments to Skepticism
59 Moments to Cynicism
59 Moments to Pessimism
59 Moments to Doubt
59 Moments to Nihilism
59 Moments to Bullshit
59 Moments to Om
59 Moments to Quantum
59 Moments to Abyss
59 Moments to Agnostic
59 Moments to Atheism
59 Moments to Freethinking
59 Moments to Belief
59 Moments to Death
59 Moments to Eternal Life
59 Moments to Nonbelief
59 Moments to Illusion
59 Moments to Delusion
59 Moments to Matrix
59 Moments to Craving
59 Moments to Satisfaction
59 Moments to Contentment
59 Moments to Immortality
59 Moments to Solitude
59 Moments to No Other

59 Moments to Detachment
59 Moments to Singularity
59 Moments to Totality
59 Moments to Absoluteness
59 Moments to Indivisibility
59 Moments to Success
59 Moments to Failure
59 Moments to Happiness
59 Moments to Sorrow
59 Moments to Joy
59 Moments to Oneness
59 Moments to Ecstasy
59 Moments to Infinity
59 Moments to Infinitesimalibility
59 Moments to Peace
59 Moments to Freedom
59 Moments to the Beyond the Pale
59 Moments to Perfection
59 Moments to Imperfection
59 Moments to Tranquility
59 Moments to Bliss
59 Moments to Meditation
59 Moments to Contemplation
59 Moments to Acuteness
59 Moments to Obtuseness
59 Moments to Heaven
59 Moments to Hell
59 Moments to Perdition
59 Moments to Brahman
59 Moments to Samadhi
59 Moments to the End of Time
59 Moments to the Beginning of Time
59 Moments to the Success in Failure
59 Moments to the Failure in Success
59 Moments to Future-Past
59 Moments to Serendipity
59 Moments to Dharma
59 Moments to Artha
59 Moments to Karma
59 Moments to Moksha
59 Moments to Go
59 Moments to Dreamtime
59 Moments to Pause
59 Moments to Stop
59 Moments to Separation
59 Moments to Unity
59 Moments to By Golly
59 Moments to the Great Pfft!

59 Moments to Manifest Destiny
59 Moments to Unmanifest Destiny
59 Moments to the End Before All Beginnings
59 Moments to the Beginning After all Ends
59 Moments to Ad Infinitum
59 Moments to Et Cetera

59 Moments … To Be Continued

* * * *

You are the mystery, eternally infinite, indelible, alone.
All else, all other, all new, all old, all anything, all everything,
Are but imaginary notions, no matter how seemingly real and true.
Time and space are but illusion fashioned by the sensory quantum mind.
This ever-present, ever-motionless, unborn-undying moment, is all there truly is.
All experience, all knowledge, all rumination, is ultimately but an inconsequential dream.

* * * *

Even the most subtle words, the most intricate explanations, cannot encapsulate reality,
For that which is indivisible is prior to all things born of the imaginary mind.
It is only in the prior-to-consciousness awareness of the no-mind,
In which the earnest seeker of truth can find solace.

* * * *

The ego, the id, the superego, the character, the persona, the self – call it what you will –
Is nothing more than the sum of imagination's attachments to all the memories, all the perceptions,
All the recordings in which it harbors, the frame of reference to which it invariably clings.
The echoing that plays over and over as identity, as individuality, as exceptional.
The inexplicable saga born of evolution, the I-am-this-I-am-not-that,
In which the human paradigm perpetually finds fusion.

* * * *

What you are is a quantum configuration.
What could possibly be real or true about that?
Is a statue carved of marble the statue or the marble?
Enjoy the magical mystery tour as best you may,
But try to remember, at least occasionally,
A dream is all it is, was, will ever be,
In the indivisibility of eternity.

* * * *

If there is truly is no other,
If it truly is naught but a dream,
What part of it is there to experience?
What part of it is there to connect?
What part of it is there to save?

* * * *

The no-mind is a state of awareness, a state of perfect detachment,
In which the sensory illusion timelessly kaleidoscopes with nary a trace.
It is a state prior to consciousness, a state prior to all creation, all destruction.

* * * *

Civilizations across all times, all geographies,
Have been established upon every imaginable assumption.
None have long withstood the countless trials, the continuous friction,
With which they have been every moment berated and battered by consciousness.

* * * *

All this knowledge that humankind has fabricated,
All these words, all these numbers, all these notes, all these whatever,
The challenge is to stir them all together, blend them into their quantum indivisibility,
And discern the illusionary matrix in which they timelessly dance.

* * * *

That which is prior to consciousness is also prior to physics.
The quantum theater is but a kaleidoscoping show of light and sound.
Much ado weaving through the timeless spacelessness of ever-present awareness.

* * * *

What is the worship of one deity or another,
But the great dread's attempt to grasp, to contain,
The indivisible, the nothingness, the emptiness, the void,
With the exceedingly hollow hope for more.

* * * *

What domino or combination of dominos will trigger the collapse?
Will it be natural cause: solar flare, comet, volcanic eruption, climate change?
Will it be human cause: overpopulation and shortages of food, water, and other resources,
Biospheric breakdown, pandemic, economic or technological collapse, nuclear or biological holocaust?
How interesting it would be to have that fictional time machine.
Meanwhile, speculation abounds.

* * * *

Being the moment is effortless awareness.
Imagination ever clings to its own creation, its own illusion.
Let go everything, forget everything, rest alone in the timelessness you truly are.

* * * *

Is the journey to eternity a long and winding road,
Or merely the right-here-right-now of this ever-present moment?
Consciousness or awareness, you choose.

* * * *

What is release but letting go of everything imagined and merely being.
It is the first and last freedom; it is the one and only freedom.

It is the immaculate awareness prior to consciousness:
Tranquil, limitless, sentient, mindful, absolute.
That which is prior to birth and death,
Prior to space, prior to time.

* * * *

Pay very close attention.
Enjoy it, endure it, as ye may.
Time passes very, very immediately,
Always materializing brand spanking new
In the very right here, very right now.

* * * *

Pay attention to the kaleidoscoping moment.
Endure and enjoy this brief dream as best ye may.
Time does not exist, but passes very quickly.

* * * *

For anyone who runs out of agenda, who runs out of meaning and purpose,
What else is there to do but return to the sanctity of the timeless beingness,
The solitary awareness, the indivisibility of totality, that is witness within.

* * * *

If you run or stand or sit or lie absolutely present in the here now,
Unattached to, unburdened by, any thoughts, any things,
Breathing in, breathing out, in perfect awareness,
The nothing more, the nothing less, the nothing but,
You will realign with the simplicity, the grace, the harmony,
The indivisible, the eternal virtuousness that nature every moment is.

* * * *

Every time you awaken from a long night's peaceful slumber, or even a pithy siesta,
Your nature-nurture frame of reference reimagines its temporal rendering of the cosmos,
A quantum mystery that has churned quite efficiently, quite effortlessly, while you were absent.

* * * *

Nature is permeated with an eternal grace
That consciousness through knowing can never attain.
Only in full awakening and surrender to the underlying awareness,
Can any ever realign with the ultimate reality upon which all creation functions.

* * * *

Self is awareness, awareness is Self.
Timeless, indivisible, unborn-undying, pristine, absolute.
Entirely indifferent to, completely untouched by, any and all imaginary fabrications.

* * * *

Such is the fleeting-ungraspable-immeasurable quantum nature of eternity,

That the senses forever lull all but the most judicious minds
Into a hypnotic state of unavoidable delusion.
Surely as indelibly binding as the instinctual patterning
Of any other creature this ineffable garden orb has ever fashioned.

* * * *

How is it that humankind has not clearly embraced
An infinite vision of that which many call God?
A vision that includes anything, everything.
A holistic vision that includes even you.

* * * *

How clearly you discern Self
Depends how absolutely you can detach,
How far you can stand back, how deep you can dive.
The heart of awareness is a very still state.

* * * *

The lotus blossoms alone, sovereign, absolute.
Be a lotus.

* * * *

Such is fleeting-ungraspable-immeasurable nature of eternity's quantum play,
That the senses ever hypnotize the deluded mind into believing it all real and true.

* * * *

Timeless awareness is continually usurped by time-bound imagination.
Awareness is now, awareness is undying, awareness is eternal life.
Imagination is the dream of past and future, imagination is eternal death.
Knowledge and identification are artificial, knowledge and identification are dead.
To exist in the present, to exist unequivocally, to exist eternally, one must forget everything.

* * * *

Despite all the zeroes to which scientists and engineers subscribe,
Only illusions that quantum allows to be measured are measurable.

* * * *

You do not exist as anything but a temporal figment of imagination.
You are an invention of a neuron trail evolved of an indivisible mystery,
To which all genesis is nothing more than illusion from quantum square one.

* * * *

Imagination is the usurper of perpetual, everlasting, undying eternal life,
It has created time and contrived mind into every permutation of Self, imaginable.
It has woven light and sound into arbitrary meaning, and deified shimmer and vibration.
It has commandeered truth, and interminably manipulated it into deceit after deceit after deceit.
And nature, alas, poor nature, so many crimes in every way, so many crimes to every end.

* * * *

Consciousness is ever fabricating one imaginary more-more-more or another.
Whether tangible or intangible, the indivisible quantum space and time matrix-theater
Can never be more than a kaleidoscoping light and sound show,
No matter the claim, no matter the assertion.

* * * *

What else could anything else be but you in yet another form.
Whatever the size and shape of that which is indivisible,
There is, has never been, will never be, any other.

* * * *

Call it worry, call it stress, call it anxiety,
Call it dread, call it fear, call it panic, call it terror, call it horror,
It all comes about because your circumstance is mesmerized, your situation is immobilized,
By the evolutionary nature-nurture context of the given mind-body.
Fear finds no harbor in pure awareness.

* * * *

Consciousness is but a dream of awareness,
Played out in a mortal-quantum-space-time-sensory-mind-body.
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

You are now.
You are awareness.
You are unborn-undying.
You are That I Am.

* * * *

The entire human drama
Is nothing more than mundane quantum fiction.
A fact that will be proven to no one as soon as the last human standing falls down.

* * * *

Any belief system that promotes dualistic notion is pure delusion,
And deserves absolutely no consideration, no argument, no regard, whatsoever.
Truth is indivisible, and any division, any boundary, is nothing more than human nonsense.

* * * *

The challenge is letting go of the cacophony ever playing out in our aloneness.
We spend so much time questing the most unadorned reality the mystery has to offer,
Yet there it is: the awareness, the witness, the enigma, peering out from behind every mask.
What need for religion? What need for spirituality? What need for belief, faith, prayer, scripture?
What need for heavens and hells and purgatories, deities and demons, mythologies, icons, sacraments?
What need for messiahs, saints, priesthoods, traditions, superstitions, caste systems, groupthinks?
What need for philosophies, dogmas, ethics, laws, principles, doctrines, idols, mystic powers?
What need for cathedrals, temples, shrines, holy places, titles, hierarchies, dress codes?

What need for dualistic or non-dualistic concepts, or any light or sound shows?
Why worship what you are? Eternity is right here right now, timeless.
Merely being the awareness is all there is: You are it, it is you.
Anything less is nothing more than the trickster mind
Playing its more-more-more imagination game.

* * * *

Brush away the many artifices of mind, of consciousness,
And what is left but uncontaminated awareness.
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

Pretty rough being born on either end of any spectrum.
Rich or poor, famous or unknown, powerful or powerless.
All have their variations, their permutations, their gyrations.
There is no existence without trials and tribulations,
But the middle deviations of any bell curve
Generally offer more moderate consequences.

* * * *

In the constant tug of war between consciousness and awareness,
Sometimes you see clearly, sometimes you do not.
So it goes, dust off, move on.

* * * *

Awareness is the timeless, spaceless, right here, right now, eternal moment,
Which human consciousness, ever strives to define or explain or categorize or analyze
Or evaluate or capture or predict or limit or expand or mythologize, in every way imagination allows.
You are inexorably drawn into the delusionary morass of the illusion inspired by the senses.
The indefinable is indefinable; what is not obvious, not unequivocal, about that?

* * * *

Thought is a transitory interloper of eternity.
Space-time is but a distracting illusion of consciousness.
An evolutionary hiccup in the unwritten chronicles
Of the quantum mystery's pathless nature.

* * * *

To allow inner peace to fully spread its wings,
To let go all the cravings, all the fears,
What a precious gift to Self,
And why not?

* * * *

It is the mind no longer enticed by the sensory paradigm,
Done with the dreamtime fabrications of imagination,
That returns to the immaculate eternal awareness
That it is … has always been … will ever be.

* * * *

The Faceless One is the one who looks within
And unequivocally perceives the indivisibility of all creation.
The one who pierces through all illusion, through all space, through all time,
And logically, rationally, without doubt, discerns there is no other.

* * * *

What is temporal consciousness but a contraction,
A wrinkle, an oscillation, an ebb-and-flow, a once-in-a-while, a now-and-again,
In the immaculate, immeasurable, ever-present awareness.

* * * *

An unfathomable whodunit, an unfathomable whatdunit,
An unfathomable whereduni t, an unfathomable whendunit,
An unfathomable whydunit, an unfathomable howdunit,
Inexplicably, insolubly, impenetrably come to life.
An unfathomable nodunit all the while.

* * * *

The indivisible-timeless-changeless is the only reality.
It never happened if it does not happen every moment.

* * * *

The world, the cosmos, all form, all light, all shadow,
Is but a temporal perception of the mind born of mystery,
In which the quantum ground every moment seamlessly weaves
An ever-changing eternal tapestry of creation-preservation-destruction.
An eternal play to which you are center-stage witness in every form imaginable.

* * * *

Human beings have five senses dialed into their central processing unit.
Even if there were more or less, it would only expand or lessen the perception
Of an always timeless, always temporal, always illusory holographic dream of time.

* * * *

You woke up again this morning with the same mind-body as yesterday.
Same thoughts, same gender, same language, same surroundings,
Same programming, same self-imagery, same appetites, same endorphins.
Mesmerized, you suited up, put on the game face, and stepped out into your dream.

* * * *

How can a dream, as tangible, as substantial as it may seem, ever be measured?
Even science, incisive as it for all practical purposes appears to be,
Is ultimately little more than another fallacious creed.
The mystery is the mystery is the mystery,
Eternally inscrutable,
No matter how penetrating the mind.

* * * *

What to do today: Watch, listen, taste, smell, feel,
Whatever light and sound the fairy dust of the mystery may churn,
And try not to get all wrapped up in the mind's hobbling propensity for desire and fear.
Let go all you think you know, and just be the awareness you truly are.

* * * *

The mind is a ravenous creature,
And the awareness you truly, timelessly are,
Must discern the wisdom of self-control to reign it well.

* * * *

What has been, has always been, and not been.
What will be, will always be, and not be.
All nothing more than quantum essence come to life,
Playing out an ever-streaming, temporal dream of space and time.

* * * *

Right now … What are you seeing and hearing and tasting and smelling and feeling?
What are the eyes, the ears, the tongue, the nose, the skin, but sensors of the carbon-based kind.
What is real, and what is not real … And need we ask anyone to tell us these things?

* * * *

Suicide is about being done with your universe and all the vanities,
All the agonies and ecstasies you have played out in its quantum dreamtime.
The means is merely what you have inclination toward and access to.
However you choose do it, and with whatever quality of mind,
Whether passionate or pragmatic, you choose to do it,
The oblivion is the same, the oblivion is the point.

* * * *

What a dream this whole friggin' so-called existence has been.
Nothing more than an ethereal, kaleidoscoping, three-dimensional, touchy-feely,
Subjective, arbitrary, haphazard, space and time matrix,
Quantum mirage of a dream.

* * * *

Call it by whatever moniker slathered in dogma that you will: God, Yahweh, Allah, Brahman, Tao,
Buddha, Akal Purakh, Almighty, Soul, Self, Universe, Mystery, Et Cetera, Whatever.
It fashioned you of its inexplicable, indivisible, beyond-all-pales essence
That you might one day discover that it is you, and you are it.
It is, therefore you are; you are, therefore it is.
One in the same; the same in one.
There is no duality,
And no dogma is required.

* * * *

Brand it, play it spiritual if you feel the need,
But the freedom, the liberation of pure awareness,
Is really just being the timeless here-now you ever are.
It is prior to all conceptions, all theatrics born of imagination.

* * * *

So many distractions, so many smokescreens, so many mirages, so many reflections,
So many interruptions, diversions, desperations, disruptions, commotions,
Disturbances, interferences, entertainments, hobbies, pastimes,
Amusements, recreations, anxieties, bewilderments,
Confusions, agitations, troubles, upsets,
Cover-ups, concealments,
Covers, camouflages, screens, masks,
Blinds, decoys, red herrings, disguises, likenesses,
Facades, considerations, indications, signs, musings, replications,
Reproductions, thoughts, figments, contemplations, deliberations, echoes, images,
Manifestations, ruminations, suggestions, expressions, evidences, illusions, visions, signals, fantasies,
So many delusions, so many hallucinations, so many phantasms, so many imaginings,
So much anything, so much everything, all of which keep you from seeing
How empty and meaningless this dream ultimately truly is.

* * * *

In the ultimate state, you have nothing to do with any of it.
Nothing to do with your temporal reverie of time,
Nothing to do with your illusory little self,
Nothing to do with your corporeal flesh and bones cadaver,
Nothing to do with what was never you or yours in any way, any shape, any form.

* * * *

What is truth? What is Self? What is awakening? What is enlightenment? What is liberation?
What is insight? What is illumination? What is satori? What is nirvana? What is moksha?
What is joy? What is bliss? What is ecstasy? What is rapture? What is love? What is heaven?
But conjecture, speculation, hearsay, rumor, theory, until you perchance find your Self here now.

* * * *

Give all its due, and its do.
There can be no existence without action.
For the manifest dance to play out in the grand indivisibility,
The space-time continuum every moment maintains a precise, meticulous, inflexible reckoning
Of accounts receivable and accounts payable across the entire universe and beyond,
An accounting that cannot be undone, no matter how intrepid the player.

* * * *

The one is not without the other; the other is not without the one.
It takes two, who knows how many more, to tango a dreamtime ball.

* * * *

All ever-streaming, ever-kaleidoscoping dynamics,

All the beyond-counting causes and effects, effects and causes,
All the influences, all the elements, all the circumstances, all the features,
All the factors, parts, aspects, issues, things, considerations, components, motivations,
That have led to this point in this dreamy mirage of space and time,
Will never be, even by speculation, known.
Boggling and beyond.

* * * *

Physics is all, and all is physics.
The cosmos is a precise, harmonic, mathematical expression,
Created of an impenetrable, indelible, indivisible mystery, a dynamic prior to consciousness,
That cannot for even one moment be undone by any of its creations.

* * * *

Self is without persona or attachment,
Without need or longing, without timeline or itinerary,
Without meaning or purpose, without like or dislike, without desire or fear,
Without any notion or inkling or concern or perception, whatsoever.

* * * *

The newborn knows nothing of the agonies and ecstasies of world,
Until the conditioning winds of the given context
Slowly imprint its reality
Into the dream of the given mind-body.

* * * *

Believe any who-what-where-when-why-how you will,
There is no supreme divinity out there choreographing your every move.
You are nothing more than eternal awareness, very much alone,
Playing out a temporal, mortal dream of consciousness.
Navigating it free of all claims is the challenge.

* * * *

What does any mountaintop care for what is beneath it?
What does any seafloor care for what is above it?
Up and down are but illusions of gravity,
The reality of quantum physics,
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

Are the ethereal dreams that stream in sleep really any more or less real
Than the three-dimensional ones that kaleidoscope so exactly while awake?

* * * *

Every mind's universe offers an endless variety of adventures and misadventures.
The choices made every moment will harvest every variety of consequence,
Which will ever navigate to new choices with new consequences.
It is a timeless, perpetual kaleidoscoping, until one moment Death appears,

And the dream merges back into the quantum indivisibility in which it has ever danced.

* * * *

What are so-called good and evil
But relative states of self-absorption, imaginary all the while.
Different states of consciousness founded on different values, different frames of reference.
None of which are in any way lasting or meaningful in the eye of awareness.

* * * *

Maybe if even just one other species on this whirling dreamtime orb,
Concocted one creed, one dogma or another, about some supreme being,
Would such absurd thoughts be worth giving even an iota of consideration?

* * * *

The truth of awareness, the truth of what you truly are,
Is the ever-present reality awaiting your untarnished discernment.
Mindsets across this dream world may point to it, may ascribe many dogmas to it,
But none in any way have any ownership of it, or of your direct perception of its indelible mystery.
You are indeed very much alone in your inquiry into the essential, immortal nature.
Put behind any who would deny, any who would limit your quest.

* * * *

Every new day begins with the mind's slumbering dream-state churning into its waking version,
In which it re-concocts its imaginary perception of its world, of its universe,
Evoked by the conditioning of its nature-nurture mirage.
The dream-state into which you awoke at age two,
Is not the dream-state you awoke to at age ten or fifteen or thirty,
Nor will it, can it, ever be same at any age before Charon arrives to collect his coin.
You are but a dreamer dreaming, and that reverie, no matter how real or true you believe it to be,
Is ultimately nothing more than the momentary cotton candy of time-bound imagination.

* * * *

It is in the stillness of the pure awareness within that you will discern true Self.
The outward show is but time-bound, sensory-based, illusory distraction
From the indivisibility that transcends all beginnings, all endings.

* * * *

There is no time.
No time to be attached, no time to be detached.
The space-time continuum and all its appearances are but a kaleidoscoping illusion,
Of which the sensory mind-body partakes but a sliver of its mystery,
And that only artifice tainted further by delusion.

* * * *

This manifest quantum theater is no less a dream than any nocturnal dream
Merely because you are seeing it, hearing it, tasting it, smelling it, touching it,
Or perceiving it in any other fashion the temporal sensory-mind might allow.

* * * *

A mind free of false problems
Is clear and spacious and vigilant awareness.
It is on the you that you really truly are to change, to evolve.
Gaia is but a brief distraction, an absorbing illusion, nothing more, nothing less.

* * * *

What is death but the end of a nature-nurture manifest dream.
The end of attachment to consciousness, to imagination,
Which is really nothing more than a neural thunderstorm
That beguiles awareness into believing the sensory theater real.

* * * *

All histories are about perspective; none ever exactly the same.
From whatever vantage any me-myself-and-I is viewing the battlefield,
Every world, every universe, is a unique snowflake entirely born of imagination.

* * * *

Good and evil are but human inventions
That could never exist in the ultimate indivisible quantum reality.
Theatrical pretenses of consciousness, at best.

* * * *

For at least brief stretches of time every once and awhile,
Both within and without, subdue all thought, refrain from all wordplay.
Let the temporal, imaginary self, go, and just be the ever-present awareness you truly are.
Call it meditation, call it contemplation, call it whatever sound you please.
Sit, stand, recline, walk, sprint, dance; it does not matter.
No need to formalize that which has no form.
Just do it.

* * * *

No one can ever be as absorbed with another's dream
Anywhere near as much they are with their own.
How far, how deep, how wide, that narcissistic synergy radiates,
Every streaming moment weaves the imaginary tapestry of the human paradigm.

* * * *

How many polarizations the human drama seems able to foster
Is likely as all but infinite as the synergy of any given mindscape.

* * * *

You are in truth nothing more than a random,
Arbitrary, insignificant, timeless smidgeon of consciousness,
A happenstance of the awareness permeating the electromagnetic spectrum.
Your inflated notions are nothing more than a cosmic joke
To which you are in imagination tethered.

* * * *

Time weaves along in me, along in you,
So we sing the song, and believe it true.

* * * *

What a curious thing that so many human beings
Want to believe there surely must be some meaning, some purpose,
Greater than the magical opportunity to exist for even just a brief time in the first place.
Where is the humility? Where is the gratitude? Where is the wisdom?

* * * *

There is no deity greater or lesser than You.
All are founded of the same eternal mystery.

* * * *

Be as the newborn in the crib: pure awareness, pure isness, pure nature,
Watchfully waiting for the winds of nurture to shape it, mold it, condition it, brainwash it,
Program it, indoctrinate it, persuade it, into its persona, its will, its destiny.

* * * *

Eternal life, living fully in the moment, is to waylay all past, all future.
As if nothing has never happened; as if nothing will never happen again.

* * * *

What would a timeline of seers, mystics, and philosophers look like?
What patterns would it make clear of the endless gyrations,
In the shaping, the molding, of the human epoch?

* * * *

Existence is but an ever-changing dream
That is incessantly tagged with every conceivable notion.
But the ephemeral awareness each and every mind every moment truly is,
Is most definitely, without doubt, exactly the same.

* * * *

You are that which knows no birth, that which knows no death,
That from which the unborn is born, that from which the born is unborn.
That in which the born ebb and flow again and again for as long as genesis allows.

* * * *

Abandon all belief that you are a human being,
Or any other imaginable form of conscious design.
You are awareness: timeless, empty, ever alone.

* * * *

The unborn-undying awareness is the same in all living creatures.
It is only in the ever-streaming outcomes of nature-nurture
That all differences are wrought in the dream of time.

* * * *

Creation is the indivisible sliced and diced in every possible way,
That the omniscient-omnipotent-omnipresent awareness
Might divine its every infinitesimal possibility.

* * * *

You are really nothing more than the timeless awareness playing out whatever appearance
The given mind-body has been conditioned to pretend for the duration of illusion
It has been allotted by the nature-nurture of the quantum mystery.
Enjoy it as best ye may, but try not to take it too personal.

* * * *

Only in the complete and utter aloneness of awareness
Can the freedom of pure beingness be fully discerned.

* * * *

The mind born of nature-nurture is a quagmire of endless boundaries,
Endless permutations of consciousness playing out a given set of limitations.
Only in pure awareness do all borders dissolve into their quantum indivisibility.
Into the infinity of potentials the grand unicity ever has at the ready.

* * * *

We are all shaped of the same indivisible quantum clayness.
Each and every one imagining existence real and true in their own very unique way.
All are nothing more than touchy-feely, three-dimensional dreams,
To which only vain notion can be attached.

* * * *

Creation and preservation and destruction
Are a simultaneous, every-moment, timeless process,
Played out in the indivisible, unborn-undying quantum matrix.

* * * *

The eternal mystery of awareness
Beneath an anonymous, ever-kaleidoscoping mask,
Is all you truly are, all you have ever truly been, all you will ever truly be.
If seers keep repeating the same mantra over and over, it is because that is all it boils down to
Every time the vanity of any given monkey mind yearns for more.

* * * *

How many universes might there be on the head of a pin.
And dimensions, well, that is another ditty lost in the mound.

* * * *

To divide eternity by space-time constraints,
Requires mathematical systems of such scale and proportion
As to plumb the greatest minds, bound by time as they are, unto their greatest depths.

* * * *

Do you remember back when you were a child
And knew nothing about yesterday and tomorrow?
Back when you did not have a care in the world?
Back when your mind was pristine stillness?
When you were immaculately absolute?
Exactly.

* * * *

From the great depths of absoluteness,
Great awareness dawns, great vision awakens,
Great thoughts are spoken, great thoughts are written,
And great minds hear, and the light of insight moves freely on.

* * * *

Awareness is about being; consciousness is about becoming.
The creator of time can never be content with its timeless origin.

* * * *

Your mind-body is the evolutionary outcome
Of a natural selection process since life's inception.
You are what you are; there is no one to blame.
You must play out what you must play out.
Call it fate, call it kismet, call it karma,
You have absolutely no say in the matter.

* * * *

The stream of human consciousness is the play of stories ebbing and flowing,
Rounding one corner after another, all its many individual drops collectively playing out history.
Carrying in it every narrative since the first thought of self, of "I am," came to mind.
How attached are you to your me-myself-and-I vanity is the question.

* * * *

Cast loose all binds that hold you earthbound.
Become a cosmic nomad born anew every moment.

* * * *

Here you are right now, timelessly eternal.
Nothing before or since has ever happened.

* * * *

The known can never attain the unknown.
The mind can never attain the no mind.

* * * *

As long as you believe that you are a mind-body, you will abide in space-time.
Only in the clarity of unblemished awareness do you see

What never was, will never be.

* * * *

Is the awakening of satori one moment or many?
Is it a one-time experience come and gone,
Or is it a never-beginning-never-ending process,
Of being born anew each and every unchanging moment?

* * * *

The imaginary you is a function of fluctuating consciousness.
Consciousness is a function of the quantum synergy.
The quantum is a function of still awareness.
Awareness is a function of ageless eternity.
Eternity is a function of the ineffable mystery.
All of which comes full circle back to the real you.

* * * *

In the existential mind, there is no one to reproach; the eternal moment is all.
Which makes you responsible for everything you choose to do,
As well as everything you choose not to do.
Perhaps an onerous assertion, but as true as any truth is.

* * * *

Each day the mind-body awakens to a universe it has in imagination built
Into an immense edifice confined by the many choices the given life has woven together,
That in the ultimate indivisible reality are of absolutely no weight, whatsoever.

* * * *

All these voices own unique little dreamtime of a universe.
Perceptions, perceptions, perceptions, perceptions.
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

It is in the untainted, absolute awareness, that you truly are.
The quantum matrix, the play of space and time, is but a finite, temporal means.
Your immortality, your indivisibility, your inexplicability,
Is prior to any and all dreams.

* * * *

What are you but a dream of perception,
In a dream of consciousness,
In a dream of mind,
In a dream of time,
In a dream of eternity.

* * * *

What more are you than an arbitrary state of perception,
Born into a time-bound, nature-nurture seed-line,

Within an indivisible evolutionary context.

* * * *

All of history's players since long before recorded time,
Could never have even begun to apprehend how whatever they did,
Has played out in its interminable, indivisible, ever-kaleidoscoping emanation.

* * * *

Return to the primordial awareness
That you ever are before all the conditioning of consciousness,
Before the nature-nurture that shaped you into believing the sensory illusion real and true.

* * * *

A mystic-philosopher's Sisyphean task is to wander where only no-mind can go.
To face the aloneness – its angels and demons – without equivocation, without hesitation.
It is a Quixotic Yellow-Brick-Road journey into the timeless fearlessness of boundless awareness.

* * * *

How far can you step back is the question only you can answer,
And that answer may well change many times in many ways.

* * * *

Who is anyone to tell another what is true or false,
What is right or wrong, what is sane or insane, what is light or dark.
Each and every one must discern and endure the cosmos
They very much alone every moment create.

* * * *

Yesterday and today and tomorrow
All have their fleeting momentary now
Across the mystery's kaleidoscoping stage.

* * * *

What are the passions? What are sorrow, anger, lust, love,?
What are fervor, ardor, enthusiasm, eagerness, zealousness, vigor,
Fire, fieriness, energy, fervency, animation, spirit, spiritedness, fanaticism,
But temporal-worldly-mundane-secular-mortal concoctions.
Attachments born of the imagined mind-body,
Caught in the dream of time.

* * * *

The senses are but mortal devices fashioned by evolution
That are but streaming smokescreens to the indelible, indivisible reality.
Mirages imagined by a nature-nurture mind snared in its dreamy fabrication of time.
Only through doubt, only through detachment, will true Self be discerned.

* * * *

The quest for truth is about discerning the ultimate true nature.

To fixate on pleasures like love or bliss, or any other emotional notions,
Is nothing more than the mind's never-ending thirst for mundane gratification.
Serious inquiry is its own singular, disciplined point and purpose.
Poignant sidebars are but time-bound upshots.

* * * *

Look within, and what is there but a stillness, a nothingness, an awareness,
To which imagination fabricates every conceivable meaning and purpose.

* * * *

From all beginnings to all ends, from your beginning to your end,
Everything perpetually, everlastingly, enduringly, immutably, immortally, done and undone.
Everything patterned, everything fated, everything destined, everything kismet.
Change, nothing more than imaginary, sensory-inspired notion.
A quantum dreamer dreaming a quantum design;
Every moment instantaneously, simultaneously indivisible.

* * * *

Is the mind-body a function of the universe?
Or the universe a function of the mind-body?
Or are they indivisibly, indelibly, one in the same?

* * * *

How to forget everything?
Let go everything false, everything imaginary, everything of space and time,
Everything not here, everything not now.

* * * *

The sovereign, indivisible, enigmatic aloneness in which you dwell, in which all things dwell,
Cannot be bought or sold or traded or encapsulated by any word or number or image or symbol.
It is a matchless state, an absolute state; it is the stage, the backdrop, the source, of all dreams of time.

* * * *

It takes practice to give your imaginary self
Over to the entirety of the indivisible awareness.
The vanity of the mind-body is not easily left behind.

* * * *

A replete and content existence may well be less about what is accomplished,
Than the attention, the awareness, that is given to as many fleeting moments as possible.
Time is but the illusion-delusion of sensory-inspired memory, and the imagination it casts future past.
Eternal life is in the perpetual birth and death of each and every indivisible instant.

* * * *

The you in you is the you in all.
The all in all is the all in you.

* * * *

Watch … listen … smell … taste … feel … anything you please,
And know it is nothing more than a sensory-inspired illusion,
That it does not really exist in anything but imagination,
A holographic mirage born within a quantum mind.

* * * *

Are all those little labels to which you so zealously cling
Anything more than patches in a piecemeal raft
Slowly breaking up in a vast abyss.

* * * *

Awareness and health are your only real wealth,
And even they are as ephemeral as any pile of gold.

* * * *

Nature is the only god.
Its decrees reign supreme for all time.
The laws of men are but insubstantial, anemic shadows
Born of one cultural groupthink or another.

* * * *

The you that is consciousness, and the you that is awareness, are mutually exclusive.
One is born of imagination; the other – prior to life, prior to death – never born at all.

* * * *

Everyone abides a unique universe, each with a variety of sets:
Cultural, political, religious, racial, gender, emotional,
Socio-economic, educational, linguistic, et cetera.
Like snowflakes, all distinct, all true, all false, all the while.

* * * *

No matter how immense, no matter how tiny,
It is a you-eat-you universe, a you-eat-you dream.
Compassion and ethics are but token notions.

* * * *

Doubt, skepticism, cynicism, uncertainty, critical thinking,
Naturally evolve in a mind inordinately bent on unlocking its mystery,
A mind resolved on discerning the reality of consciousness emanating from within.

* * * *

The gap between awareness and consciousness
Is the same as the one between eternity and time.

* * * *

Nothing like finally discovering, finally realizing
An assumption made many years before was absolutely wrong.
Sometimes so off-kilter as to be completely opposite.

* * * *

You are this set of biological functions; you are not this set of biological functions.
You are this set of bodily networks; you are not this set of bodily networks.
You are this set of perceptions; you are not this set of perceptions.
You are this set of memories; you are not this set of memories.
You are this set of truths; you are not this set of truths.
You are this set of falsehoods; you are not this set of falsehoods.
You are this set of likes; you are not this set of likes.
You are this set of dislikes; you are not this set of dislikes.
You are this set of successes; you are not this set of successes.
You are this set of failures; you are not this set of failures.
You are this set of references; you are not this set of references.
You are this set of preferences; you are not this set of preferences.
You are this set of intentions; you are not this set of intentions.
You are this set of desires; you are not this set of desires.
You are this set of fears; you are not this set of fears.
You are this set of reflections; you are not this set of reflections.
You are this set of pleasures; you are not this set of pleasures.
You are this set of pains; you are not this set of pains.
You are this set of vanities; you are not this set of vanities.
You are this set of sensations; you are not this set of sensations.
You are this set of connections; you are not this set of connections.
Your story, your tale, your narrative, your history, your sense of self,
Is but a temporal play of imagination in eternity's misty mystery,
And is, for all practical purpose, forgotten as soon as it began.

* * * *

The ways and means the vanities dream up to play out their ceaseless absurdities
Morph in every conceivable permutation, but are ever the same monkey,
Thinly disguised by yet another shade-of-gray layer of sparkle.

* * * *

Whittling down the vast assortment of deities to just one,
What a task, what a power struggle it has historically proven to be.
And now, what to name this one god, a wrestling match of these our modern times.
And once that is well-established: what creed, what scripture, what commandments, what dress code,
What, what, what … will ever resolve the ever-expanding arrays of vanity
We two-leggeds in every way portray as truth?

* * * *

Any given universe is but a quantum weaving, an inexplicable mystery,
To which all minds bent on inquiry, on examination, on investigation, on analysis,
Must ever waggle their pontificating domes in interminable wonder that all their conclusions,
All their deductions, all their assumptions, all their inferences, all their suppositions,
Are really nothing more than inconsequential, meaningless speculation.
Even the most brilliant, astute minds, must ultimately realize
There are ever so many things never to be known.

* * * *

You are the clayness,
The essence, the substance, the distillation, the chi, the force,
The soul, the spirit, the quantum, the godness,
Call it whatever you will,
Come to life.

* * * *

The one and only mystery is, has ever been, will ever be,
The You that pervades all things from great to small.

* * * *

The sage is no greater than any fool or king,
Merely more aware of the awareness
In which all indivisibly wander.

* * * *

Those who are inspired to delve into this perpetual mystery
Arrive in every time, in every geography, in every culture, in every size, in every shape.
All are imbued with the same ineffable, immutable, undying awareness.
Quantum is quantum, no matter the smokescreen.

* * * *

Every moment, a new reckoning, none a continuum,
But for imagination's inclination for time-bound assumptions.
Discern the causeless, discern the effectless, of each and every moment,
And you will be enlightened witness that the mystery of nature has ever inspired.

* * * *

What can ever truly touch the indivisible nothingness prior to all manifestation,
Prior to all the creation-preservation-destruction of quantum design.
This vast mystery is but a timeless, kaleidoscoping light show
To which consciousness is but imaginary witness.

* * * *

You in the utter aloneness of pure awareness are the eternal nowness, the eternal life,
Playing the quantum matrix real, timelessly witnessing the mystery you are,
The mystery you have ever been, the mystery you will ever be.

* * * *

The mind of mystery is the eye of mystery, the ear of mystery,
The tongue of mystery, the nose of mystery, the touch of mystery.

* * * *

Sometime the mind imprisons, sometimes the mind frees.
The awareness you are, each and every moment chooses

* * * *

Totally giving your Self over to the timeless awareness you truly are,
Is as close as you can ever come to the indivisible absoluteness
Of this mystery that you are, have ever been, will ever be.

* * * *

From the moment you are conceived,
You begin a long and winding wander
To one executioner's block or another.
Your fate is etched in the sands of time.

* * * *

Fashioned by consciousness in the ever-kaleidoscoping theater of space and time,
We all together, each in our own unique frame-of-reference way,
Are co-creating, co-preserving, co-destroying.

* * * *

Discern pure awareness,
Prior to all conditioning,
Prior to all said and done,
Prior to all conscious design.

* * * *

Be the indelible mystery of your all-but-infinite universe and its immeasurable unknown.
Be all it is and is not, from its intangible beginning to its intangible ending,
And from its intangible before to its intangible after, as well.
This little mind-body and its fabricated identity
To which you are so vainly attached
Is but a very brief, a very hollow dream.

* * * *

Looking back at the long and winding rolodex of perception of your dreamy existence,
Did it ever really happen, is it really happening right now,
And what makes you so sure?

* * * *

The weight of your world, of your universe,
Is but a sensory-laden, imaginary one.
Atlas shrugged, and you can, too.

* * * *

All creation is really as modern as it is ancient; all creation is really as ancient as it is modern.
The relativity of the dreamtime you are streamlessly witnessing, and believing so real,
Is tens, hundreds, thousands, millions, billions of years, both ago and hence.
Each and every part and particle very much eternally ever-present
In all the incalculable pasts, all the incalculable futures, that the indelible awareness
In every way and shape and manner, simultaneously permeates in this indivisible quantum theater.

* * * *

Why on earth do you need the sanction of any other?
Be your own law, be your own sovereign, be your own herald,
In your indivisible, ever-present, imaginary kingdom.

* * * *

The mind is swept up by the windy senses
Into an imaginary existence fashioned by nature-nurture.
To discern the ultimate reality, awareness must release into its eternal abyss.
True nature, true Self, is prior to any and all dimensions in this beyond-boggling mystery you are.

* * * *

To be at peace, to align with the eternal way,
You must discern the final course, the ultimate tack.
You must leave behind the sphere of imaginary knowing.
You must still the busy mind into its eternal unknown,
Into the awareness prior to little-self consciousness.

* * * *

Heraclitus and Freud wrote of the same smoky truth:
A man's character – the whimsical dance of imagination – is his fate.
Anatomy – the indivisible dance of physics and chemistry and biology – is destiny.

* * * *

We are all very much alone in our own little cosmos,
Peering out from a mask that can never be seen,
A dreamy mystery that can never be known.

* * * *

The entire universe from big bang to big collapse,
Your entire existence from conception to last wheezing breath,
Is all happening this very timeless singular moment.
And there is absolutely nothing you can do
To change even one instant.

* * * *

Awareness moves not.
It is ever-present, ephemeral, eternal.
Only a very still, very composed, very attentive mind,
Can discern it the singular source of all consciousness, of all dreamtime,
Of all creation, of all preservation, of all destruction.
And from before all beginnings,
To after all endings,
It is all the you, you truly are.

* * * *

What is that which is called god by so many names but an impersonal all and nothing,
An implausible totality so absolute, so timeless, as to be everything and nothing all the while.

An eternal quantum mystery so intrinsic as to be and not be simultaneously in every pointless point.
How is it humankind is not genuinely, beyond doubt, humbled by its relative insignificance?

* * * *

It matters much less what is going on out there
Once you discern what is not going on in there.

* * * *

Is it the hardwired, programmed, conditioned consciousness,
That spawns intelligence, that contrives all thought and action?
Or the awareness that underlies all forms throughout all creation?

* * * *

What a mesmerizing, absorbing thing the sensory mind.
Over and over it is drawn into the delusion of illusion.
You must be very still, very attentive, very discerning,
To be the timeless, indivisible absoluteness you truly are.
It requires a courageousness that transcends birth and death.

* * * *

Breathing in, breathing out, as fully, as deeply as you can,
Is as much as the mystery of eternity can offer.
It is as present as you can ever be.

* * * *

Living and dying each and every moment is the way of the mind given over
To the mysterious ever-emanating nowness of eternal awareness.
Space-time is but the illusion of the neuron trail.

* * * *

What is the tongue but a nerve-ridden muscular organ
That the mind employs to perceive sweet, salty, sour, bitter, and unami.
The same process is true of eyes with light, ears with sound, nose with smell, skin with touch.
Through illusions fostered by flesh, all universes are born into imagination,
And through imagination, every delusion imaginable
Plays out in the dream of time.

* * * *

Your skeptical, cynical, critical, inquiring mind, as rational as it may seek to be,
Resides upon an irrational mystery that has never embraced rhyme or reason.

* * * *

Every living creature has its own point of view, its own universe.
Plants, animals, protists, fungi, archaebacteria, eubacteria,
All play out their timeless dreamtime real in their own unique way,
But what is real, and is any perspective really any more so than any other?

* * * *

Every game has its rules, and there are so many games.
But what of the eclectic mind that crosses any and all boundaries.
The awakened mind that morphs without restraint any way it may choose.
The god-mind functions in a state of beingness that transcends all notions of sanity.
Some are set up on one rostrum or another, some are crucified, some become garden statues.
Who knows how many stroll freely, anonymously, watchfully, among the harried herd.
And likely some just call it a life, and blow their brains back into the oblivion.
Seers wander the dream untethered to the boundaries of humankind.

* * * *

Chance are just about everything you really think matters,
Everything involving your petty, narcissistic me-myself-and-I paradigm,
In reality does not ultimately matter even one iota in the grand schemelessness of it all.
Your significance to the electromagnetic spectrum is null and void diddly-squat.

* * * *

The quantum source abides all.
It is indifferent to any and all and every difference.
Black and white, good and evil, yes and no, dualities of any make or model,
Are but the ephemeral whimsies of temporal imagination.

* * * *

The mystery of awareness peers out through the creations of its quantum theater,
Interacting in every way imaginable as the given patterning and scenario dictate.

* * * *

Awareness is the silent om of the universe.
From it all sentient beings arise and abide.

* * * *

Your cosmos is whatever you perceive it to be,
And no one else's will ever, or can ever be the same.
You are very much alone to the abyss of your awareness,
No matter how zealously you may long for it to be otherwise.

* * * *

In the very timeless awareness sense,
What might you be doing right now
That would really be any different
Than what you are doing right now?

* * * *

There ain't no dark side, there ain't no light side, there ain't no side at all.
There just be a streaming dream of awareness that ain't no dream at all.

* * * *

This right-here-right-now is all that matters.
Everything before, everything hence, means nothing.

All is but a passing dream to which you may subscribe or not.

* * * *

Chances are, that wherever you journey, no matter how far, you will always be you;
With all your assumptions, all your behaviors, all your prejudices, all your boundaries;
All filtered by time-bound consciousness timelessly streaming through pristine awareness.

* * * *

The clear space of awareness is the enigma, the paradox, the irony,
The aloneness, the indivisibility, the absoluteness, the limitless,
The totality, the infinity, the infinitesimalibility, the solace,
The oblivion you truly are, have ever been, will ever be.

* * * *

Those who believe themselves free of vanity only delude themselves.
Consciousness has an insatiable proclivity for chasing its own tail round and round.
In pure awareness, the one and only you is timelessly, indivisibly free,
But only until consciousness stirs, however slightly.

* * * *

How long before you take that final journey?
How long before the imaginary you evaporates
Into the indivisible tranquility of pure awareness?
How long before the last word really-truly-finally is?

* * * *

Surely one must be agnostic,
For if there is a supreme being,
It is far greater than any thought.

* * * *

And from what might you hope you can be rescued?
Misfortune? Conflict? Suffering? Pain? Death?
If you truly fathomed what life and death are,
You might well perceive eternity's harmonic ballet
Playing out each and every twinkling before your very eyes.
That birth and death are but temporal illusions of mind-body consciousness.
That the you to which you subscribe is in reality nothing more than a figment of imagination.
Eternal life is the stillness of the unborn-undying awareness you every instant are,
Witnessing the reverie of a quantum matrix born of a quantum mind.

* * * *

Wander your universe free and clear.
There is nothing to do, nothing to resolve.
Redemption is for each alone to discern within.

* * * *

Tranquility is an inward state.

An outward sensory reflection may seem the cause,
But it is a mind in sync with the quantum beingness from which it is fostered.
Even in the most chaotic arena imaginable, serenity can reign
In the fearlessness of unblemished awareness.

* * * *

Can you waylay all the pitter-patter chatter of imaginary identity, and just be?
Can you release your consciousness from all its fictional attachments
To culture, politics, religion, finance, gender, education,
Emotion, language, race, caste, et cetera.
Can you be just the stillness of pure awareness?

* * * *

What you say, what you do, has absolutely nothing to do
With what you really are, or with what you really are not.

* * * *

From the ultimate quantum view,
The so-called evil deed is as indivisible as the good one.
Consciousness is not in any way as important to the infinity of eternity
As the egocentric, ethnocentric, geocentric, heliiocentric mind, in its limited visions assumes.
The temporal individual-tribal mind is to be transcended, not embraced.

* * * *

Time is a function of imagination.
Awareness is a function of eternity.

* * * *

You could be anywhere in your world, anywhere in your universe,
And if you close your eyes and still your thoughts,
Be where you have always been.

* * * *

History is the momentum of forces bent on creation and preservation and destruction,
As intentionally or unintentionally contrived by individuals and collectives and alliances between.
It is the synergistic rippling of every variety of current washing every direction,
Subject only to the whims of time and the laws of physics.

* * * *

We are one and all the same essence, the same gold, the same creation, the same source, come to life.
With but five senses, we have each fashioned, we have each imagined, immense universes.
Why should we not all together celebrate the mystery that has stitched together,
Within and without each of us, a timeless, indivisible quantum matrix,
Through which each very much alone abides their given lot.
A singular vision that relatively few feel called to clearly realize.

* * * *

What is will but the psychic synergy of desire and fear.

The fear of not being, the fear of not having, the fear of not feeling.
Of craving this or that, and fearing it will not be, or that it will not forever last.
An insatiable hunger for more that can never be quenched, no matter the dreamtime allotted.

* * * *

Dead or alive, what difference but a flurry of imagination,
Which, from the beginning to the end, is in truth, nothing.

* * * *

Superstitions are the relentless concoctions of ignorance,
And its willy-nilly attempts to placate the inexplicable.

* * * *

Life is born of patterns, predispositions, instincts,
But it is imagination that transcends the origins of matter,
And how probable is that in the farthest reaches of time and space?
There are billions and billions, maybe even trillions and trillions of galaxies,
But the dreamtime of humankind will never discover, never know, anything firsthand
About the all-but-infinite mysteries playing out in the all-but-infinite shores.
The fictions of paper and screen will be as far as we ever travel.

* * * *

Has it occurred to you that you might have total control over the churning movement of your mind,
Total control over the thunderstorms flashing about in the synapses of the given brain.
Perfect equanimity may be attainable if you are able to be detached enough,
To not care about anything your universe might set before you.
You need not allow the mundane into your sanctum
But for the desire and dread that have so shaped your dreamtime.
To respond rather than react to the given kaleidoscoping is the challenge for all.

* * * *

Even if there is a supreme being, or even many, so what?
All things great to small are born of the same timeless source.
As an ant is to you, you are to any wave or particle of the mystery.
All else is but vanity born of one imaginary notion or another.

* * * *

What difference, really, between reaching across a table or across a universe?
What difference, really, between a shattering glass or an exploding galaxy?
Physics is physics, quantum is quantum, indivisible, no matter the scale.

* * * *

You have never really been in control of anything in this ephemeral dreamtime.
Rest assured you will have even less say after you dissolve back into the mystery.

* * * *

I who am, I what am, I where am, I when am, I why am, I how am,
How can any me, any myself, any I, ever be anything but the same mystery,

The same upwelling, the same unknown, the same abyss, the same quantum essence,
Eternally ever-present, timelessly streaming, indivisibly emanating, unremittingly enduring,
Ever witnessing the kaleidoscoping dream of creation and preservation and destruction,
Through the awareness of the given seed, and its passage through the winds of mind.

* * * *

Why would you need to believe in,
To worship, to venerate, to adulate, to idolize,
Some imaginary, iconic, dualistic, on-high Olympian deity,
When you can linger in non-dualistic awareness,
When you can simply be the entirety,
Timelessly transient.

* * * *

You create your own yoke – heavy or light or nonexistent –
It is up to you and the level of attachment to your dreamtime.

* * * *

The corporal body is but a means to a dream,
A temporal reverie of the three-dimensional kind.

* * * *

Is it an electromagnetic spectrum?
An electromagnetic matrix?
Or anything at all?

* * * *

It has to be a harmonic orchestration; how else could it seamlessly function?
Duality is but a deception of consciousness inspired by the sensory mind-body.

* * * *

Are you this earthly, temporal, finite, mortal body?
Are you that of which this body is made?
Or are you that which is prior to all form and context,
Prior to consciousness and its innumerable channels of speculation.
Prior even to that inexplicable awareness by which all dreams of time are perceived.

* * * *

You are the indelible mystery come unto life.
Do not be so arrogant, so narcissistic, that you do not discern
That you are not the only you that is, that has ever been, that will ever be.
The same you abides in every animate and inanimate form that might ever be concocted.
Every part and particle, every chasm between, it is all the same indivisible, singular, unknowable you.
Everything seen, everything heard, everything tasted, everything smelt, everything felt.
Everything created, everything preserved, everything destroyed.
Whether you tread softly, or harshly, or not at all,
Know, without doubt, without disquiet,
That there is not, has never been, will never be, any other.

* * * *

The mystery is whatever it pleases you to believe, and none of it all the while,
Because no thought, no dream of consciousness, can or has ever or will ever, touch it.
And to believe, to assert otherwise, is nothing more than self-absorbed delusion.

* * * *

Prince or pauper, warrior or coward,
Scholar or imbecilic, saint or sinner,
The dream of time passes the same.
What difference but hollow notion.

* * * *

You are the ever-present awareness,
Nothing less, nothing more, nothing but.
All thoughts about it are but vanity.
Existence is but a hollow shell.

* * * *

If you had but eyes, your universe would be but sight.
If you had but an ear, your universe would be but sound.
If you had but a mouth, your universe would be but taste.
If you had but a nose, your universe would be but smell.
If you had but skin, your universe would be but touch.
And what would your universe be with but mind?

* * * *

All belief, all tradition, all dogma, all speculation, is nothing more than imaginary confabulation
Of the mind ever seeking security, ever assuming there must be an answer to the insoluble unknown.

* * * *

The mind ever tries to control the what is, but it never can, never has, never will,
Because the space-time born of consciousness is not real,
Never has been, will never be.

* * * *

You are, have ever been, will ever be, the same eternal, indivisible, sovereign, immortal Self.
It is only the nature-nurture, the times and spaces, the minds and bodies,
The cultures and language, and everything other,
That appear to change.

* * * *

The universe is a quantum matrix; a timeless, indivisible, indelible, vibratory theater.
Every life form has its own unique relationship with its enigmatic mystery.
In humankind, it is through the eyes that the mind discerns light;
Ears, sound; tongue, taste; nose, smell; flesh, touch.
What would your cosmos, your world, be,
With even one or two or three less, much less all.

* * * *

Your sense of significance is highly exaggerated, highly overrated.
As all-important as your path to glory likely theaters out in that temporal head,
It is at best barely a twitch of a vibration on the Richter scale of the electromagnetic matrix.

* * * *

If there is no more carrot, no more stick, no more seeking, no more seeker,
Who is left to hee, who is left to haw, in that infinite liberation?
Existence, and all the illusions and delusions to which so many are so attached,
May be very painful, but is it better than nothing? … And who is asking? ... Who is answering?

* * * *

Mystery.
More mystery.
Even more mystery.

* * * *

Abyss.
More abyss.
Even more abyss.

* * * *

Formless.
More formless.
Even more formless.

* * * *

Quantum consumption.
More quantum consumption.
Even more quantum consumption.

* * * *

Formlessness.
More formlessness.
Even more formlessness.

* * * *

Awareness.
More awareness.
Even more awareness.

Soundbites

Every seed is born anew, each filled with the same ever-present, indivisible, undying essence.

* * * *

What is the human paradigm but imagination measuring itself in every way imaginable.

* * * *

What is the human paradigm but a dream ensconced in the synapses of mortal hardware.

* * * *

For those seeking truth, it is not about being more, as much as it is, about being less.

* * * *

Time, what was that, anyway?

* * * *

Launch your Self into the space within and without.

* * * *

Make awareness the go-to state.

* * * *

The first breath, the last breath, and naught but a dream between.

* * * *

Only imagination imagines itself alive.

* * * *

It is up to you to all alone figure out and come to grips as best you can with your cosmic mind.

* * * *

Awareness is all you are; no was, no will ever be, about it.

* * * *

Let us not confuse the dramas of human consciousness with the un-drama of awareness.

* * * *

As you look through those eyes, are you witness of time, or witness before time?

* * * *

For all eternity, for all time, two very different states of consciousness.

* * * *

You are born alone, you die alone, and for a while between, you pretend you are not alone.

* * * *

Sand is gold and gold is sand in the indivisible dust storm of eternity.

* * * *

Drift alone, sovereign, indivisible, free of all constraints.

* * * *

Born alone, live alone, die alone.

* * * *

A cosmic joke about which it is not always easy to laugh.

* * * *

Ethereal awareness, ephemeral consciousness.

* * * *

Consciousness measures, awareness streams.

* * * *

Consciousness ebbs and flows; awareness streams.

* * * *

Even the farthest star is nothing more than a twinkle in your most infinite mind.

* * * *

The mystery is its own teacher, its own student.

* * * *

The world, the cosmos, are all theater; nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

What part of awareness alone are you not tracking?

* * * *

The human paradigm is about itself, not its source.

* * * *

We are all the same mystery from every get-go.

* * * *

The truth of awareness awaits your discernment.

* * * *

And what of that state between agony and ecstasy where only awareness remains.

* * * *

The dream is no more real now than the day you exited the womb.

* * * *

The only absolute is absoluteness itself.

* * * *

Where is the world, where is the universe, if you do not remember it.

* * * *

You are the mystery.

* * * *

The movement that is; the stillness that is not.

* * * *

The most simple truths have a resonating elegance.

* * * *

You are the mystery, personified.

* * * *

You are a no-other in my universe, and I am a no-other in yours.

* * * *

It is a dream, and then it is not.

* * * *

You might kill the body, but you can never kill your Self.

* * * *

To call it the heart of awareness is not about some willy-nilly emotional state.

* * * *

What need does a sage firmly grounded in the indivisible have for any mythology?

* * * *

The universe is but an imaginary sheen in your imaginary mind.

* * * *

The mystery is all.

* * * *

The stillness, the timelessness of the aloneness, is the essential nature of all eternity.

* * * *

You are very much alone, and nothing can save you from it.

* * * *

The mystery born in you, was born in me, too.

* * * *

The mystery born anew, born You.

* * * *

Another day a-streamin' in the dreamin'.

* * * *

The fog of consciousness masks the eternal awareness, and time plays on.

* * * *

Another day, same mystery.

* * * *

Fathom the unfathomable, and you will perchance become unfathomable.

* * * *

Questions of a thousand dreams.

* * * *

Give full attention to the present upon which awareness sheds its light.

* * * *

Pure awareness is neither smile nor frown.

* * * *

Infinity, what is that anyway?

* * * *

The quantum source abides all.

* * * *

Quantum this.

* * * *

The quantum matrix born of a quantum mind is a figment of time.

* * * *

The mystery wakes up to another day.

* * * *

Awareness has no reality but through timeless attention.

* * * *

Peering out from a face never seen, a universe never known.

* * * *

Absolute power does not corrupt the absolute.

* * * *

The mystery is but a mystery is but a mystery.

* * * *

Rid your mind of all its effort, and what is left but that which is unknowable.

* * * *

Look to your awareness to see the truth of you in all.

* * * *

Abiding in stillness, existing without label, without definition, now that's nirvana.

* * * *

Embrace the aloneness, embrace the sovereignty, embrace the infinity.

* * * *

Consciousness does not easily relinquish its imaginary universe.

* * * *

No matter how many rocks you turn over, beneath each and every one is the same mystery.

* * * *

Why waste time over things over which you have absolutely no control?

* * * *

What is death but a dream forever extinguished.

* * * *

You are the quantum breeze.

* * * *

Another day of Animal Farm redux, idem, ibidem, et cetera, ad infinitum.

* * * *

The times and places and names and faces may change, but the mystery is ever the same.

* * * *

What is any given cosmos but a sensory body, a brain, and a mind imagining it so.

* * * *

Abyss, more abyss, even more abyss.

* * * *

Mystery, more mystery, even more mystery.

* * * *

Formless, more formless, even more formless.

* * * *

Quantum consumption, more quantum consumption, even more quantum consumption.

* * * *

Formlessness, more formlessness, even more formlessness.

* * * *

Awareness, more awareness, even more awareness.

Breadcrumbs

Oh, for a time machine from which to view all creation, all dissolution.
Alas that dreamtime does not exist as more than imaginary filament.

* * * *

I be a born again agnostic.

* * * *

Because I had no agenda, no plan, no purpose, no objective, no raison d'être,
The great mystery took me into its bosom and flung me every direction.
Took me for a whirl out on the cosmic dance floor, so to speak.
And somehow I survived long enough to tell the tale.

* * * *

These breadcrumbs will hopefully assure there will be no pedestal placed beneath this scribe.
That all sages and fools, all saints and demons, are all the same ineffaceable mystery,
That everything, that everyone, are all created of the same quantum illusion.
It is a nothing-more-nothing-less dream from any get-go to any finale imaginable.

* * * *

Dissolving the world one meme at a time.

* * * *

Wandering in and out of time
Like a drunk staggering from bar to bar,
Bottomless drink in hand,

* * * *

A student of time rooted in eternity.

* * * *

Disseminating an infinite vision of that which many call God,
A vision that includes anything and everything,
A vision that includes even you.

* * * *

I have been allotted the destiny to discern that awareness, that vision, that insight, that wisdom,
Which has been perceived by many thinkers across all times and geographies.
The concepts and symbols and dogmas may vary greatly,
But the source is ever the same.

* * * *

Field notes from yet another observer of the unmanifest underpinning of the dreamtime show.

* * * *

Another anonymous dreamer a-dreaming away.

* * * *

Always something of a shock running into another who ponders the mystery as I do.
Someone who appreciates what has been written, and the way it has bee written.
Lights up that pleasant, self-absorbed, warm-fuzzy, narcissistic, vanity thing.

* * * *

I am now.
I am awareness.
I am unborn-undying.
I am That I Am.

* * * *

In the never-ending tug of war between consciousness and awareness,
Sometimes I see clearly, and sometimes I do not.
So it goes, dust off, move on.

* * * *

How I have managed to survive all my transgressions, all my inanities, is indeed a mystery.

* * * *

It is up to you to figure out the mystery on your own.
Whether or not these myriad thoughts are of any use in that quest,
Whether you read part or all, or move on perusing elsewhere, matters not one iota.
My wallet is full enough, and I have no craving for mansions, limousines, yachts, or glass cathedrals.
Let the three vanities: power and fame and fortune, be someone else's bother.

* * * *

Glynda Lee thought the title should be "A Stillness Before Time,"
But a more definitive "The" has always sounded better to me.

* * * *

One foot planted upon the quantum ground,
And the other afloat in an unknown abyss.

* * * *

Never understood people who exclaimed during interviews that they loved problems.
I despise them so thoroughly that I squash them as soon as they broach my awareness.

* * * *

Am I absurd beyond all doubt, or simply a jester, a life force willing to lend itself
To exploring, to plumbing the unfathomable depths as deeply, and in such manner,
As the singular, indivisible, indelible aloneness of the given body-mind will allow.

* * * *

Whether or not awareness has through this set of eyes

Discerned its Self as clearly, as lucidly, as other minds might
Does not matter one iota of a particle of a smidgeon.
All fates are but mirages born of imagination.

* * * *

Christen once called me a hierophant:
A person, especially a priest in ancient Greece,
Who interprets sacred mysteries or esoteric principles.

* * * *

There was an epoch saga to inhale, to witness, to compose,
And disperse across the globe in the many ways
This contemporary dreamtime offered.
This is what I was born to do.
How utterly amazing
To have been given the opportunity.

* * * *

Alas that nearly every day I reel from weary antipathy
Toward all the ugly and fat and stupid and vain people
That so abundantly burgeon in my wandering presence.
Alas that I am all-knowing, all-accepting, all-benevolent,
Only in the most detached recesses of spotless awareness.
Consciousness is the inherent flaw that all must endure.

The Corollaries of Yaj Ekim

Ambrose Bierce (The Devil's Dictionary):
CYNIC, n. A blackguard whose faulty vision sees things as they are, not as they ought to be.
Hence the custom among the Scythians of plucking out a cynic's eyes to improve his vision.
Yaj Ekim’s Corollary:
Fortunately and whew, them Scythians have gone quantum,
but keeping an eye out just in case.

* * * *

René Descartes:
If you would be a real seeker after truth,
You must at least once in your life, doubt, as far as possible, all things.
Yaj Ekim’s Corollary:
If you are a real seeker, it will be, rest assured, far more than once.

* * * *

Solipism:
solipsism | ˈsäləpˌsizəm |
noun
the view or theory that the self is all that can be known to exist.
Yaj Ekim’s Corollary:

The irony being, of course, that Self does not "exist."
Never has, never will.

* * * *

Sandra Maa (Sandra Heber-Percy):
Referring to a caricature of a donkey pursuing the Carrot of Enlightenment
That is attached to the Stick of Desire tied on its back, Sandra asks:
Is the promise of infinite bliss the carrot for the donkey?
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
If there is no more carrot, no more stick, no more seeking, no more seeker,
Who is left to hee, who is left to haw, in that infinite liberation?
Existence, and all the illusions and delusions to which so many are so attached,
May be very painful, but is it better than nothing? … And who is asking? ... Who is answering?

59 Moments to The Way It Is (And Is Not)
The Scribe's Guide to the Great Whatthe#$*!?

59 Moments to Me, My Self, and I
59 Moments to Truth or Consequences
59 Moments to Diddly-Squat
59 Moments to Okey-Dokey
59 Moments to Eternity
59 Moments to Oblivion
59 Moments to Laissez-Faire
59 Moments to Mystery
59 Moments to So It Goes
59 Moments to Fearlessness
59 Moments to Timelessness
59 Moments to Truth
59 Moments to Born Anew
59 Moments to Nirvana
59 Moments to Passé
59 Moments to Godlessness
59 Moments to God
59 Moments to Rationalism
59 Moments to Existentialism
59 Moments to Annihilation
59 Moments to Common Sense
59 Moments to Discernment
59 Moments to Critical Thinking
59 Moments to Gumption
59 Moments to Grit
59 Moments to Resourcefulness
59 Moments to Imagination
59 Moments to Inventiveness
59 Moments to Creativity
59 Moments to Wit

59 Moments to History
59 Moments to Born Again
59 Moments to Ingenuity
59 Moments to Enterprise
59 Moments to Reality
59 Moments to Absurdity
59 Moments to Humility
59 Moments to Hopelessness
59 Moments to Minimalism
59 Moments to Evermore
59 Moments to Hedonism
59 Moments to Discipline
59 Moments to Narcissism
59 Moments to Ecstasy
59 Moments to Heaven
59 Moments to Hell
59 Moments to Buddha
59 Moments to Null and Void
59 Moments to Emptiness
59 Moments to Nothingness
59 Moments to Now
59 Moments to Here
59 Moments to Here Now
59 Moments to Negation
59 Moments to Anarchy
59 Moments to Skepticism
59 Moments to Cynicism
59 Moments to Pessimism
59 Moments to Doubt
59 Moments to Nihilism
59 Moments to Bullshit
59 Moments to Om
59 Moments to Quantum
59 Moments to Abyss
59 Moments to Agnostic
59 Moments to Atheism
59 Moments to Freethinking
59 Moments to Belief
59 Moments to Death
59 Moments to Eternal Life
59 Moments to Nonbelief
59 Moments to Illusion
59 Moments to Delusion
59 Moments to Matrix
59 Moments to Craving
59 Moments to Satisfaction
59 Moments to Contentment
59 Moments to Immortality

59 Moments to Solitude
59 Moments to No Other
59 Moments to Detachment
59 Moments to Singularity
59 Moments to Totality
59 Moments to Absoluteness
59 Moments to Indivisibility
59 Moments to Success
59 Moments to Failure
59 Moments to Happiness
59 Moments to Sorrow
59 Moments to Joy
59 Moments to Oneness
59 Moments to Ecstasy
59 Moments to Infinity
59 Moments to Infinitesimalibility
59 Moments to Peace
59 Moments to Freedom
59 Moments to the Beyond the Pale
59 Moments to Perfection
59 Moments to Imperfection
59 Moments to Tranquility
59 Moments to Bliss
59 Moments to Meditation
59 Moments to Contemplation
59 Moments to Acuteness
59 Moments to Obtuseness
59 Moments to Heaven
59 Moments to Hell
59 Moments to Perdition
59 Moments to Brahman
59 Moments to Samadhi
59 Moments to the End of Time
59 Moments to the Beginning of Time
59 Moments to the Success in Failure
59 Moments to the Failure in Success
59 Moments to Future-Past
59 Moments to Serendipity
59 Moments to Dharma
59 Moments to Artha
59 Moments to Karma
59 Moments to Moksha
59 Moments to Go
59 Moments to Dreamtime
59 Moments to Pause
59 Moments to Stop
59 Moments to Separation
59 Moments to Unity

59 Moments to By Golly
59 Moments to the Great Pfft!
59 Moments to Manifest Destiny
59 Moments to Unmanifest Destiny
59 Moments to the End Before All Beginnings
59 Moments to the Beginning After all Ends
59 Moments … To Be Continued

Breadcrumbs 2019

Leftovers

Awareness is the indelible intelligence intrinsic to all life.
The quantum clay is but the means to the given nature-nurture context,
And evolution's natural selection the sculptor timelessly fashioning the space-time creation.

* * * *

Everyone seeing your mask but you.
Everyone seeing everyone else's mask but their own.
What a friggin' mystery.

* * * *

Why create some inexplicable imaginary deity
To explain an inexplicable imaginary mystery?
Let it tack its own course without the absurdity.

* * * *

Why is knowledge, why is anything born of the Ivory Tower
– Science, mathematics, history, et cetera ad infinitum –
Any less imaginary than Alice in Wonderland?
All consciousness is but the thunder and lightning of mind.

* * * *

Identity is a finite creation of consciousness, of imagination.
In the ultimate, indivisibly, timelessly infinite reality, you are pure awareness.
The imaginary you materializes whenever the sensory-mind believes the manifest dream real,
Whenever it identifies with, whenever it attaches to, the finite body,
And its finite world, its finite cosmos.

* * * *

Consciousness is neither life nor death, existence nor oblivion.
An imaginary quantum dream-state make-believing time and space real and true,
Created by the evolutionary happenchance of the sensory mind-body,
Playing out the theater inspired by a collective collusion.
A genomic paradigm spun of mystery.

* * * *

Awareness can never be owned, nor can it be acted upon.
It is the ethereal ever-present, within which, without which,
All things quantum kaleidoscope, all times imagined play.

* * * *

The unborn-undying indelibility of this unknowable eternal mystery
Is that the awareness, the you-ness, within and without,
Indivisibly, timelessly, permeates everything,

And nothingness, all the while.

* * * *

Sweep away the cobwebs of space and time in the quantum mind.
Be the awareness you are, ever timeless, ever indelible, ever mysterious, within and without.
The indivisible source that is witness to this illusory manifest creation.
Omnipresent, omnipotent, omniscient.

* * * *

Ultimately, all any vessel of awareness does is wander from one here-now to another.
Ever the same kaleidoscoping indivisibility playing out in the given quantum mind.

* * * *

One of the greater mysteries of the human absurdity
Is how so many are able to morph rationality into abeyance.

* * * *

Meaningful or insignificant, interesting or boring, creative or destructive,
The quantum mind in time assigns whatever flavor its nature-nurture divines.

* * * *

Awareness is the razor's edge of alleged existence.
Consciousness is merely imagination imagining itself alive,
But in truth is naught but a shadow harbored in a corporeal container
Pretending, make-believing, the sensory-inspired illusion of time and space real.
The human paradigm is nothing more than a collusion of a genetic line
Locked in a patterned dream born in the jungles of long ago.

* * * *

Cultivate the unknown.
Cultivate wonder.
Cultivate bliss.

* * * *

Consciousness is change, consciousness is known.
Awareness is serene, awareness is unknown.
Which is time-bound, which is timeless?
Which is insatiable, which is content?
Which is imaginary, which is real?
Which is fiction, which is true?

* * * *

What is the known but shavings gleaned by limited scope,
By consciousness born of the sensory-mind bound in time.

* * * *

What are the pronouns – I, me, you, he, she, they, them, we, us –
But linguistic inventions that sanction and magnify dualistic notion.

* * * *

What is male, what is female, but evolutionary currents of natural selection,
Come into being too many moons ago to even begin to fully fathom the mystery of it.
Vanity has absolutely nothing to do with the prior-to-consciousness process that got you here.
The body you inhabit is ultimately nothing more than a temporal vehicle
For the awareness you are to witness its mystery.

* * * *

From their creation so long ago, your vast tree of naturally-selected seed lines,
Passed on their genome who knows how many times, how many places, how many ways,
Until, there you are, sitting in this timeless right-here-right-now, translating this,
Discerning the magical-mystery of existence as relatively few ever have.

* * * *

There is no resolution to the loneliness fashioned by consciousness,
But to immerse in the unadulterated aloneness of awareness,
That is the eternal source of its thought-created torment.
To seek respite in conscious schemes is but a transient salve.

* * * *

The infant, in its all but tabula rasa state,
Its immaculate innocence, its watchful awareness,
Has yet to learn to act the imaginary role that is its destiny.

* * * *

The mind that wanders its Self is an inexplicable adventure
Through every variety of heaven and hell, and all states between.

* * * *

“Me” and “Myself” and “I” is nothing more
Than an imaginary confabulation of consciousness
Assuming, pretending, colluding, time and space are real.

* * * *

What is this indelible mystery of manifest existence,
But the timeless infinite infusing the time-bound finite.
Immortal soul, mortal body, in each and every inception.

* * * *

The real light is discovering there is no light.
The real gray is discovering there is no gray.
The real dark is discovering there is no dark.
The real point is discovering there is no point.
The real before is discovering there is no before.
The real journey is discovering there is no journey.
The real creation is discovering there is no creation.
The real universe is discovering there is no universe.

The real quantum is discovering there is no quantum.
The real judgment is discovering there is no judgment.
The real and-so-on is discovering there is no and-so-on.
The real destruction is discovering there is no destruction.
The real awareness is discovering there is no awareness.
The real beginning is discovering there is no beginning.
The real unknown is discovering there is no unknown.
The real existence is discovering there is no existence.
The real beautiful is discovering there is no beautiful.
The real meaning is discovering there is no meaning.
The real formless is discovering there is no formless.
The real mystery is discovering there is no mystery.
The real purpose is discovering there is no purpose.
The real religion is discovering there is no religion.
The real nirvana is discovering there is no nirvana.
The real eternity is discovering there is no eternity.
The real process is discovering there is no process.
The real ecstasy is discovering there is no ecstasy.
The real known is discovering there is no known.
The real wealth is discovering there is no wealth.
The real source is discovering there is no source.
The real karma is discovering there is no karma.
The real power is discovering there is no power.
The real vanity is discovering there is no vanity.
The real agony is discovering there is no agony.
The real death is discovering there is no death.
The real belief is discovering there is no belief.
The real mind is discovering there is no mind.
The real space is discovering there is no space.
The real other is discovering there is no other.
The real fame is discovering there is no fame.
The real form is discovering there is no form.
The real good is discovering there is no good.
The real right is discovering there is no right.
The real after is discovering there is no after.
The real faith is discovering there is no faith.
The real path is discovering there is no path.
The real here is discovering there is no here.
The real view is discovering there is no view.
The real goal is discovering there is no goal.
The real time is discovering there is no time.
The real ugly is discovering there is no ugly.
The real now is discovering there is no now.
The real end is discovering there is no end.
The real evil is discovering there is no evil.
The real life is discovering there is no life.
The real you is discovering there is no you.
The real why is discovering there is no why.

The real who is discovering there is no who.
The real what is discovering there is no what.
The real when is discovering there is no when.
The real where is discovering there is no where.
The real how is discovering there is no how.

* * * *

How can the immaculate awareness be mine or yours or theirs or any others?
How can you be anything but keenly attentive to the indelible mystery you are?
How has imagination so usurped your awe that you are blind to your true nature?
How is it you accept fictions concocted by vain notion to illuminate the inexplicable?

* * * *

What can you be once you stop identifying with the mind-body and the universe it has created?
Once you stop imagining the dream the senses every moment hypnotize you into believing is real.
Once you discern that pure awareness is the one and only reality there is, has ever been, will ever be.
Once you realize your true nature is the ever-present here-now, the absolute totality, of all eternity.

* * * *

Are you this mind-body consciousness that is ever-changing,
Or the awareness that has always been very much the same?

* * * *

Once upon a time you were so naturally you,
And then you glimpsed your reflection in the pond,
And gradually succumbed to the delusion of vain notion.
How to get back to where you have been all along,
Is ever the challenge of the discerning mind.

* * * *

The Supreme Being is not some divinity-entity on some cloudy on-high.
It is the supreme, being; the totality, being; the absolute, being.
It is the quantum, being; it is the everything, being, it is the nothingness; being.
It is being on the supreme level, prior to and beyond all constraints born of imaginary notion.

* * * *

The immaculate awareness you truly are, is ever absolutely alone,
Unbound in the indivisible, indelible, unborn-undying solitude of eternity.
Your illusory universe will distract the mind you occupy in every way imaginable.
Fashion every possible hook to every moment draw you out into its kaleidoscoping theater.
And as challenging as it may be to realize, to accept, it is ever your choice whether to give in, or not.
And in every moment you do acquiesce, in every moment you do sip the quantum elixir,
You become but a marionette playing out an ultimately inconsequential dream.
To believe or not believe, to slumber or awaken, that is the question.

* * * *

Yoga is a Hindu spiritual and ascetic discipline, the ultimate aim of which
Is purification and self-understanding leading to union with the impenetrable mystery.

Karma Yoga is action, Bhakti is Yoga devotion, Jnana Yoga is knowledge, Raja Yoga is meditation.
Despite sounding like different processes, they are really one in the same,
Each with its time, each with its place.

* * * *

Inhale, exhale, and with that exhale, let go the entire imaginary life.
Drift in the awareness you truly are, have ever been, will ever be.

* * * *

Awareness is all.
A moment ago is forever gone,
And the next more distant than the farthest star.
Space and time are the weavers of an inexplicable, imaginary dream,
Given illusionary reality by the temporal sensory-mind.
Creation and creator are one in the same.

* * * *

No arguing with physics.
Mass and velocity and vectors are the judge and jury and executioner
Of this temporal quantum dream.

* * * *

Without the universe, there is no perception.
Without perception, there is no universe.
One is not without the other.

* * * *

The sciences have obliquely pointed out over and over, many ways, many times,
That the senses are but evolutionary, neurological creations, weavers of the mind's theater.
How long before the transcendental reality becomes clear beyond doubt,
And awareness reasserts its rightful sovereignty,
Over the conditioned usurper born of imaginary design.

* * * *

Why feel blame or guilt or regret for being cast by the genetic lottery
Into a quantum dream for which you bear no responsibility, whatsoever?

* * * *

Whether or not you ever give it your attention, whether or not you ever awaken to its ultimate reality,
Awareness is ever the same omnipresent, omnipotent, omniscient, immutable absoluteness.
Unaligned to any attribute contrived by the ever-kaleidoscoping quantum dream.
You are a drop of that dream playing out a time-bound, illusory existence.
A finite witness, peering out for a fleeting while into an immeasurable mystery.

* * * *

That which is immortal, that which is without attributes, that which is unrestricted in any way.
Is the unmoving, immaculate awareness permeating all creation.
The eye that discerns all, knows all.

* * * *

Right here, right now.
The simplest, most real, most priceless place to be.
Only a modicum of imagination required.

* * * *

What passion? What desire? What rage? What fervor?
What pleasure? What pain? What joy? What sorrow? What anything?
Can reside in the timeless instantaneousness of awareness?

* * * *

That ain't time, that ain't space,
That is a sensory kaleildoscope playing on the screen of a quantum mind,
An immeasurable mirage from the get-go.

* * * *

The destiny, the fate, the kismet, the karma,
Of any given time, of any given moment, will never happen again.
All dreaming is a one-time parade, a one-time show.

* * * *

Call this touchy-feely, three-dimensional mystery by whatever sound you or others contrive
– God, Yahweh, Allah, Brahman, Tao, Quantum, Great Pumpkin, Whatever –
It is indifferent to all things, all attributes, including you.

* * * *

What is all the knowledge, all the wisdom, what are all the frames of reference in the world,
Without the indivisible, indelible awareness, the unknown, from which all things ascend?

* * * *

What is so infinite about that which cannot be measured?
What is not so infinite about that which cannot be measured?

* * * *

Quantum rock.
Quantum paper.
Quantum scissors.

* * * *

To see the infinitely large all the way to the infinitely small
Is to perchance discover there is really no infinitely at all.

* * * *

The universe and all its incalculable attributes
Is but ceaseless distraction from what is real.
Nothing more than a remarkable light show.

* * * *

Quantum mist.
Quantum matrix.
Quantum mystery.
Quantum indivisible.
Quantum dream.

* * * *

It is the nature of our species to spend every day and every night, believing it is all about us.
Egocentric, ethnocentric, chronocentric, geocentric, heliocentric, cosmoscentric.
Exceptions only, over-and-over, again-and-again, prove the rule.

* * * *

Another instant, another moment, another twinkling,
Another second, another minute, another hour, another day, another night,
Another week, another month, another year, another decade, another century, another millennium,
Another period, another era, another span, another epoch, another age, another eon,
A quantum medley, all kaleidoscoping in the very same eternal now.

* * * *

Yet another pleasurable or painful or lackluster experience.
Yet another memory, another perception, another insight, another morsel,
Rolling in the ephemeral wake of an inexplicable quantum dream wrought by imagination.

* * * *

All religion is absolute absurdity; there is no need to worship anything or anyone.
The universe is an unfathomable mystery, an inseparable quantum reverie, pure and simple.
We are all the same mystery, and the same mystery is all of us, equals in every way.
No need to make it any more or less than that; all else is but vain notion.

* * * *

Now is the only moment, in which the enigmatic awareness you think you exists.
There is no before, there is no after, there is no past, there is no future.
There is naught but the awareness, right here, right now,
An unknowable, timeless sentience, witness to a quantum dream.

* * * *

You are the same now that is, has ever been, will ever be.
Despite all notions to the contrary, there is no time to it.

* * * *

Why must you always label your Self this or that?
Being anonymous within and without is much more real.

* * * *

Rushing, rushing, always rushing, as though you have the power to make eternity,
That mysterious presence that is neither time nor space, somehow move any faster,
Or slower, if you believe digging in your heels will have some effect that direction.

* * * *

Imagination can wander every possible agony and ecstasy, but it ain't ultimately real,
Never has been, never will be ... more than the fanciful glitter of the time-bound mind.

* * * *

Consciousness born of mind, born of the illusion inspired by the senses,
Ever conspires to usurp the awareness that enables its imaginary dreamtime,
But cannot because fallacy can never reign when smoke and mirrors is its only hand.
That which is but time and space can never capture even for a moment that which is eternal,
That which is unborn, that which is undying, that which is not of times and space,
That which is indivisible, prior to all that is temporal and mundane.

* * * *

The me-myself-and-I in which awareness harbors
Is nothing more than a temporal concoction of imagination.
Even the ineffable, indivisible quantum matrix has no ultimate reality,
And to fantasize it does is to assuage the insatiable mind with deceptions unending.

* * * *

You only know what the senses and mind into which they feed allow you to know,
And what is that, really, truly, but a mere sliver of the electromagnetic spectrum?

* * * *

Living for what others think of you can be a very long, very winding journey
Through an endless labyrinth of netherworlds born of imaginary notion.
The mind-body suffers, consciousness suffers, imagination suffers.
The eternal awareness you truly are – and are not – is ever untouched.

* * * *

What is the intangible we call soul, if not awareness?
And how can it be divided into yours or mine or theirs,
But through the vain arrogance of unwarranted assertion?

* * * *

You are eternity pretending a limited, ofttimes narrow vision.
Hence vanity, and its indivisible, kaleidoscoping dance
Of every virtue, every depravity imaginable.

* * * *

Are you something trying to be nothing, or nothing trying to be something?
Whatever the happenstance may be in the mind born of imagination,
It is always witnessed by the awareness, right here, right now.

* * * *

What is ego, what is will, what is me-myself-and-I but a concoction of nature-nurture?
No more than imaginary attachment to a temporal mind-body born to die,
Oftentimes more painfully, more horribly, than any deserve.

* * * *

All memory, all perception, all conception, all notion born of mind,
Are nothing more than time-bound imagination pretending existence real.

* * * *

Does anyone really aspire to do anything with their finite existence?
Or is it all merely the compulsion of the inherent nature-nurture?
Nothing more than the destined momentum of the given patterning.
An inescapable reverie playing out the delusion of meaning and purpose.
An inexplicable quantum cosmos ticking away with neither rhyme nor reason.

* * * *

Each and every life form must very much alone come to grips
With the nature-nurture scenario into which it has been cast.

* * * *

All that experience, all that knowledge, all that accumulation,
The entire frame of reference from which you draw your cosmos,
What is its real purpose but to get you to this very right-here-right-now,
The most you can be, the most you have ever been, the most you will ever be.
There is no more but what the endless cravings of imagination concoct.

* * * *

How this mystery came to be, how consciousness came to be,
Neither you nor anyone else will ever more than speculate.
It is only in the eternal stillness of the ever-present awareness
That you will ever realize any tranquility in your existential quest.

* * * *

Every creation across the cosmos is founded upon one pattern or another.
Loops that play over and over until the quantum reality morphs into new designs.
Some may be moderately changeable, but only in relatively superficial ways.

* * * *

Will you forever remain locked in the loop of your original conditioning?
Or will you learn to process critically enough to liberate your Self
From the confines to which you now so adamantly cling?

* * * *

How can all the appearances of the quantum cosmos
Be anything more than made-up states of mind
Molded by collective assumption, collective collusion,
Evolved through natural selection in the jungles of long ago.

* * * *

The awareness does not care one whit whether you are good or bad,
Right or wrong, happy or sad, smart or stupid, sage or fool,

Kind or cruel, rich or poor, black or white, or any other this or that.
It is only the imaginary notions of consciousness that bother about anything.

* * * *

The mind is always seeking security,
But the mesmerizing draw of the insoluble,
The consuming anxiety born of desire and dread,
Leaves it in all-consuming turbulence again and again.
To attain at least a smidgen of serenity, of modicum of peace,
Give your Self over to the insecurity of the ever-transient moment,
Let go the imaginary universe in your weary head, at least once in a while.

* * * *

The continuity is imaginary.
In reality the awareness is born anew every moment.
Eternal life, such as it is.

* * * *

Either you play the dream real in whatever way it calls,
Or it is the railroad tracks in one form or another for you.

* * * *

It is all instantaneously, simultaneously, come and gone as it happens.
Beginnings and endings are but imagination make-believing time real.

* * * *

Outside-the-box thinking first requires perception of the box.
If there is to be any possibility of free will, any perception beyond the given state,
The boundaries of the nature-nurture conditioning must be discerned
By the ever-present attention of immaculate awareness.

* * * *

You are not the mind-body, you are not the imagination.
You are the timeless motionlessness of the unborn-undying awareness
Peering out in whatever way the quantum indivisibility has without effort contrived.

* * * *

For those forever pursuing the ultimate answer, here it is: There is no ultimate answer.
Imagination will never find any truth that is not imaginary.
A busy mind is its own miasma.

* * * *

You are the timeless awareness that is neither infinite nor infinitesimal,
Nor any other description known to the mind-body born of limitation.

* * * *

If you have not somehow released your Self
From greed and vanity before death's final reckoning,

You most certainly will the instant after.

* * * *

It all boils down to the only you, the only awareness there is;
The indivisible all in one and one in all, call it what you will.

* * * *

Death is the bona fide release from the mystery of existence,
But doing it ahead of time while living is the challenge
To which mystics great to small spin their minds.

* * * *

In the total context of the cosmos, earth is little more than a tiny dust ball
With a great variety of life forms scrambling about its relatively thin crust.

* * * *

Scientific method is the most exact means humankind has yet devised
To measure, to examine, the parameters of this manifest quantum dimension.
If there are other dimensions in this intrepid electromagnetic spectrum,
No doubt any intelligence is exploring it as thoroughly as possible
Through whatever ways and means circumstance allows.

* * * *

The newborn is but the tabula rasa of awareness until consciousness is gradually conditioned
By the winds of time, by the agony and ecstasy of the given nature-nurture.
Awakening is to be reborn into that unadorned state.

* * * *

No ultimate point to anything at all, really; existence is but a sensory-mind dream.
And the dream is nothing more than quantum mist born of an impenetrable mystery.
Pure, unadulterated illusion witnessed by an awareness without beginning, without end.

* * * *

In complete attention to anything unutterably engaging,
Little self evaporates and the awareness of true Self reigns,
Until the imaginary usurper regains its imaginary throne.

* * * *

Reality is not as concrete as thought would have it.
In fact, it is not concrete, not tangible, not palpable, at all.
Dubbing it a quantum dream is as close to truth as truth allows.
No need to create, no point in creating, any belief system, whatsoever.

* * * *

Nationalism is nothing more than tribalism on a sizeable scale,
And tribalism is nothing more than the collective me-myself-and-I
That is all about the imaginary you peering out into a sensory dream.

* * * *

What is the point of all this trying to measure the immeasurable?
What is this inquisitiveness, this curiosity, this mind that never rests?

* * * *

The sensory mind, mesmerized by the sirens of quantum to wander the vibrations of light and sound,
Cast all creation into an impromptu theater that ceaselessly kaleidoscopes on in its metered way,
Carrying all organic life forms though a dream of awareness made apparent through time.

* * * *

Time is but a memory, a perception, a vision, an insight, a timeless flicker of imagination,
Sparked of the electromagnetic spectrum generating the invention of existence.
Upon a more esoteric scaffold, it has been called the Lila of Brahman.
The means by which the mystery may be eternally distracted,
With but a relative few stimulated by stubborn doubt
To quest, to wander, prior to consciousness.

* * * *

Given the nature of the human genome,
The newborn may not be full-on-free-and-clear tabula rasa,
But for all practical purposes the awareness is without a cloud in windless sky.
Its untrammeled mind is as blank a slate as it ever will be again.

* * * *

All existence is process.
No beginnings, no endings, just process.
Cause and effect streaming seamlessly, ever-kaleidoscoping,
Ever dreaming on until death takes center stage,
And the curtain forever falls.

* * * *

Like air filling up a balloon, unconcerned its size or shape or color,
Who-what-where-when-why-how it will wander, when it will pop or deflate.
The same indivisible essence equally filling all things great to small for all eternity.

* * * *

This eternal moment is all you are, all you have.
Observe it well, for it is ever come and gone
Before you can even begin to perceive it.

* * * *

Without sight … hearing, taste, smell, feeling, would craft a different universe.
Without hearing … taste, smell, feeling, sight, would craft a different universe.
Without taste … smell, feeling, sight, hearing, would craft a different universe.
Without smell … feeling, sight, hearing, taste, would craft a different universe.
Without feeling … sight, hearing, taste, smell, would craft a different universe.
Without two or more of the above, the ones left would craft a different universe.

* * * *

Across the world, across all time, every culture has contrived folklore and wisdom
To explain the mystery from which all have come into being.
They are all right; they are all wrong.

* * * *

What difference to the ultimate whether anything is this way or that.
The indivisible realm is inviolable, untouchable, sacrosanct, sacred.

* * * *

Awareness sees nothing.
Awareness hears nothing.
Awareness smells nothing.
Awareness tastes nothing.
Awareness feels nothing.
Awareness thinks nothing.

* * * *

There is no divinity, no supreme being, in charge.
The given cosmos is a dynamic unto its Self,
In which detachment and disinterest
Are imbedded in the bottom line.

* * * *

Had you been left to your own devices without any input from the given culture,
What might you have imagined this mystery to be,
If anything?

* * * *

The only freedom from vain notion
Is in the pure awareness prior to consciousness,
And that only for as long as the given mind can fully attend it.

* * * *

It is not your Self that you should question, should doubt,
But the imaginary dream into which you have been cast.

* * * *

Even in the face of the most abominable roles consciousness might parlay,
Is it possible for any spirit to not reflect the purity of its absolute nature?

* * * *

You shall be right-here-right-now forever.
All yesterdays are but dreamy memories,
All tomorrows but dreamy projections.

* * * *

Consciousness is rooted in the instinctual mind

Evolved of the fierce, remorseless jungles of long ago.
It cannot be undone but through the most discerning attention.

* * * *

What is true religion but timeless awareness.
Consciousness is but imagination dreaming.

* * * *

Sounds are here and gone, ever-changing.
Visions are here and gone, ever-changing.
Tastes are here and gone, ever-changing.
Smells are here and gone, ever-changing.
Touching is here and gone, ever-changing.
All things are here and gone, ever-changing.
Only in indivisible awareness does change still.

* * * *

Sometimes you fill the mind-body; sometimes you empty it.
The variations and fluctuations of this manifest creation
Covers every point of the electromagnetic spectrum.

* * * *

Surround sound, surround vision, surround smell, surround taste, surround touch,
Is the virtual reality of the right-here-right-now of the timeless awareness you are.

* * * *

Supreme being is not an entity; it is not a dualistic notion.
It is the awareness, the indivisibility, the timelessness, the quintessence,
Within all creations great to small in the omnipresence, omnipotent, omniscient sense.
It is the beingness, the nowness, that reigns unconditional.
It is the absolute, it is eternity.

* * * *

In awareness, the seeker distinguishes Self.
In imagination the seeker seeks and seeks, on and on.
Breathe in, breathe out, to discern how eternity is far too simple
For the busy-busy of imagination to long endure.

* * * *

How can we ever more than speculate
How any other creature, any other earthling,
Discerns its quantum of a universe.

* * * *

Good friends are the closest thing to true family, true tribe,
That you can possibly have in this quantum dreamtime.
Note that your mother may or may not be included.

* * * *

You have always been right here, right now.
Imagination is a time machine born of illusion.

* * * *

Your genetic past is the foundation of the patterning you are right here, right now.
Everything you say, everything you do, was written in your sands
Long before eternity bloomed into consciousness.

* * * *

In a dualistic universe, there is no light without dark, good without evil,
Right without wrong, pleasure without pain, flow without ebb, yes without no.

* * * *

Whether in the world and of it or not,
It is the same indivisible quantum source.
How all play it is the call of the personal kind.

* * * *

In awareness, imagination is its own weaver of heavens and hells,
And every category, every variety, every strand, of purgatory between.

* * * *

This is your story, the truth of you.
Hopefully, it worked out relatively well.
Hopefully, you did not wish it away.
Hopefully, the dream played true.

* * * *

Do you truly yearn for the freedom of eternal awareness,
Or is it merely the huff and puff of agreeable words?

* * * *

The zombie-like stares of young minds adrift in one screen or another,
Dreaming in the virtual reality of quantum design of the mind-made one.

* * * *

A most earnest determination is required to truthfully inquire into this inexplicable dream of time.
Any agenda concocted by any other offers nothing more than a long-and-winding labyrinth,
Replete with every imaginable smoke-and-mirror-illusory-deflection-of-a-distraction.
Whenever you are of a mind to every moment be the timeless state of awareness,
It will ever be the same right-here-right-now it has ever been, will ever be.

* * * *

This dreamy universe is all about chemistry playing out in ways beyond imagining.
It is about how the kaleidoscoping quantum theater is every moment patterned.
The entire cabaret is nothing more than an ever-changing puzzle of a matrix.

* * * *

Endorphins are central to human behavior patterns.
How any respond to any given scenario, to any given moment,
Depends on the endorphins that are released into the given mind-body.
No one need give themselves over to any conditioned response
But through the subjective levels of attachment
That rule their version of the cosmos.

* * * *

You need not react, need not respond, need not answer, to anything, but through your own volition.
It is requires only your becoming acutely aware of the chemistries blended of desire and fear.
It requires observing closely, every moment, the feelings any given combination ordains,
Rather than simply giving awareness over to the conditioned mind-body responses.
The endorphin meter is set by the level of attachment to any given scenario.
To be as free as humanly possible is to function at a level of awareness
Challenging to manifest for any great duration of so-called time.
In other words, the indivisible now, the timeless moment,
The awareness you truly are in this reverie of time,
Is, far more often than not, being interminably shanghaied
By the time-bound imagination you are not, were not, will never be.

* * * *

If there is nirvana, it is surely in the purest state of awareness,
To which the myriad knowns of consciousness entirely evaporate.
A pristine state to which complete and utter aloneness is the key.

* * * *

Love is nothing more than an imaginary human concoction.
An evolutionary consequence of the mammalian nervous system,
That has no reality whatsoever in the awareness prior to consciousness.

* * * *

All your life you have followed some so-called religious archetype,
Deceiving your Self in one way or another with the ashes of a cultish tradition.
Yet here you are with that gnawing hunger to finally discover the truth behind the charade.
To finally apprehend, to finally yield, to the immaculate awareness you truly are.
And have only lacked the audacity to fully own, to fully stand alone.

* * * *

To without doubt grasp this inexplicable, impenetrable, inscrutable, incomprehensible,
Indecipherable, inseparable, indelible, mystical-magical mystery of awareness,
As indivisibly fearless and desireless and guileless as it absolutely is,
The resolute seeker can lie to anyone but himself, and only in special cases.

* * * *

Closely observe the insatiable craving for more of anything and everything,
And realize its intoxicating dynamic is entirely born of imagination,
That is itself risen of the instinctual origin of the species.

We are but a relatively brief advent in this magical-mystery tour.

* * * *

Awareness is incapable of doing anything and everything.
It is through consciousness's genetic proficiency at spinning the quantum
In ways limited only by the given spectrum of imagination.

* * * *

True belief, true faith, true knowing, do not flower in dogma.
Discern the indivisible to slash the Gordian Knot of doubt.

* * * *

The psychic weight of space and time is played out daily in every mind.
It is the quantum mirage that inspires endless impromptu
In humankind's epic collusion of imagination.

* * * *

The mystery gave its Self a magical garden world,
With an abundant diversity of psychotropic and other substances,
That it might, in a temporal setting, discern its timeless prior-to-quantum presence.

* * * *

How has this awareness come to be? And can its indelible nature ever be known?
Can its ever-present reality ever be truly discerned as more than a conception of consciousness?
How can that which is timeless, that which is indivisible, that which is unborn-undying,
That which is prior to all that is quantum, ever be confined, or even touched,
By the time-bound-sensory-mind cosmos fashioned of imagination?

* * * *

There are a variety of remarkable substances
That will aid your discerning the truth of this mystery of existence.
That this quantum dream of time and space, of agony and ecstasy, of all dualistic notion,
Is ultimately nothing more than an imaginary light and sound show.
That you are absolutely alone for all eternity,
And cannot do a friggin' thing about it,
Except succumb to one diversion after another,
Until you perchance wake up and stop smelling the roses.

* * * *

All judgments, opinions, conclusions, assessments, beliefs, prejudices, stereotypes, and the like,
Are ultimately meaningless, yet largely unavoidable given the dualistic nature of the sensory mind.
Best keep as many to yourself as possible if you aspire to the tranquility of political expediency.

* * * *

In any given sensory theater across the cosmos, across all creation,
Is it at all possible for consciousness to inspire anything but dualistic perception
In all but those rare few gifted with eyes that see and ears that hear.

* * * *

There is no yesterday, there is no tomorrow.
There is only the right-here-right-now
Of the indivisibly timeless today.

* * * *

What is this awareness?
What is this perceiving we call soul?
Is it truly something distinct, something definite?
Or merely yet another resonant assumption of consciousness?
If awareness is soul, you are soul; if awareness is not soul, you are not soul.
How any prefer to see it is their own affair, and theirs alone,
As it is for every other, under any sun.

* * * *

Mother Nature is an absolutely impartial creator-destroyer.
She will raise you up and grind you down with the same equanimity.
It is up to you, and you alone, to survive, to persist, the dream of time between.

* * * *

The singular, indivisible, ever-present now is the only point
At which the quantum spark of consciousness is touched by the senses,
The memory of which generates the illusion of time and space.
What is called reality is but a kaleidoscoping dream.

* * * *

How can the awareness, in which there is no trace of space and time,
Ever be known by the device that is the architect of space and time?

* * * *

What are success and failure to those who seek, those who discern,
Those whose calling is the indelible, indivisible, immortal awakening?

* * * *

Statistically improbable as it well may be in the grand immensity of the ever-expanding cosmos,
It is always possible that we are the one and only civilization that this vast universe as ever spawned.
To assume other worlds were, or will be, the right size in the right sun with the right chemistry
With an evolutionary track that fostered forests with mammalian life, opposable thumbs,
Larynxes, lungs, arms, legs, tool-making brains – or something equally capable –
Might well be dubious, despite the near-infinity of star-crossed possibilities.

* * * *

Resisting the ever-present, indivisible nature of awareness is futile.
Consciousness is but temporal passenger of a mortal dream.
And must inevitably relinquish its reverie at one point or another.
It is the fate of all great to small to drown in the sea of timeless oblivion.

* * * *

What on earth leads human beings to believe any deity worth its salt
Would be at all interested in, at all concerned about, their pathetic tripe?
Imagine listening to all that wretched whining, day after day, for all eternity.

* * * *

Is it as much religion or spirituality as it is being in touch
With the timeless actuality of pure, undifferentiated awareness,
Without all the missteps and mishaps and absurdities of consciousness,
And the ceaselessly insufferable array of temporal vanities
Born of desire's intoxication with imagination.

* * * *

Heaven, hell, purgatory, call them what you will, are but conceptual perceptions,
Attitudes, insights, experiences, beliefs, realities, dreamscapes, notions, impressions,
Equally witnessed by the indelibly indivisible, eternal awareness of any given moment.

* * * *

Now the mind-body is doing this, now the mind-body is doing that,
None of it the awareness that is you without imagination assuming it so.

* * * *

The Me, the Myself, the I, are nothing more
Than the intangible, inseparable, indelible awareness,
Usurped by the dualistic notions of consciousness, of imagination.

* * * *

You are but timeless awareness peering through a quantum veil.
The you that you believe you are is but an imaginary concoction.

* * * *

How does mountain become a plain but by flowing into it.
How does a plain become a mountain but by upwelling into it.
In every greater there is a lesser; in every lesser there is a greater.
There is no stasis in this indivisible mystery of quantum design.

* * * *

A mystery pretending to be a human being, an earthling, a cosmic being.
A mystery pretend to be a white-male-labels-unending American.
A mystery that happened to happen, no reason known.

* * * *

Call it God, call it Soul, call it Whatever, there is only one mystery,
And it splinters into as many shards as any given universe will allow.

* * * *

The awareness you are is immortal; only the body dies.
You are older than the stars, younger than the moment.

* * * *

Whenever thought attaches to any sort of attribute,
Imagination usurps reality, death raises its conditional mind,
And the indivisible awareness seamlessly dissipates from center stage,
Serenely witnessing the eternal dream from behind the veil of consciousness,
The cloak that flutters amok in every rational and irrational way imagination allows.

* * * *

'The' stillness before time? Or 'a' stillness before time?
'The' awareness before time? Or 'an' awareness before time?
Definitive or tentative, absolute or transitory, you decide.

* * * *

If there is any calling in this ineffable mystery,
Surely the highest is discerning the unknown.

* * * *

You can sit in ashrams staring at walls,
Or freely meander the dream doing whatever you will.
From any beginning to any ending, it matters not a speck of an iota.

* * * *

It is the eyes that create the greatest sense of separation within and without.
None of the other senses enhance dualistic notion in anywhere near the same way.
This grand theater matrix, this quantum dreamtime would not be without them.

* * * *

In this ever-changing quantum matrix,
No matter how many times anything is observed,
Neither it nor the mind's eye of the beholder
Are ever even for a moment the same.

* * * *

There appear to be no stops in the senseless ways
To play out what appear to be an infinite array of insanities
Available in this manifest theater of consciousness.

* * * *

Whether you discern it or not, I know I am you, and you are me,
And we, no matter the discourse, no matter the fate,
Are ultimately born of the same mystery.

* * * *

Time for mystics to stand up and be counted,
To stand up to the innumerable insufferable tyrannies
Of so-called religions and other fabrications across the board.
That, of course, always runs risks of being stoned or burnt at the stake
Or some other time-honored practice of doing away with witches and heretics.

* * * *

There is no ‘Me’, no ‘Myself’, no ‘I’, in the indivisibility of awareness, how can there be?
The given mind that asserts its dream real and true, is but a conditioned illusion,
An ever-changing, temporal, quantum phantom born of imagination.

* * * *

It is the immortal awareness we all equally are that carries on
In whatever seedlings are available in this grand manifest theater.
Your particular notion of individuality is but a one-time dreamtime.
There is no heaven, there is no hell, but whatever imagination imagines.

* * * *

Imagination is but a streaming quantum dream,
Usurping awareness to fabricate an imaginary self.
It is only in a very still mind that you will be true Self.

* * * *

If you want to be totality,
Be the right-here-right-now awareness
As much as the given mind in space and time allows.

* * * *

The many attachments to which all are bound
Are subjective concoctions of our own individual imagination.
To be unbound, one must cast off into the indivisible solitude of pure awareness
From which all quantum creations are every moment spun.

* * * *

You are an ethereal cloud of awareness
Poking about the conditioned concoction
Of a sensory-mind dream of space and time.

* * * *

Answer me this, Pilgrim: When have you ever even once not been
The timeless, indivisible, undying, enduring, right-here-right-now?

* * * *

If you were lost at sea, bobbing in the immense emptiness, totally alone, with no hope of survival,
It would really be no different than if you were sitting in your living room doing boob-tube shuffle.

* * * *

The you that you dream you are, is but a set of perceptions,
A collection of memories, a frame of reference, a grab bag of attributes,
Imagining your character real, your body real, your world real, your universe real.
Real being nothing more than an ever-changing quantum illusion
Mesmerizing the awareness equally permeating all.

* * * *

Geometric forms have absolutely no reality in nature.
Lines, circles, triangles, squares, pentagons, and all the many other shapes,
Are but conceptual creations by minds imagining perfect order,
In an indivisible mirage born of quantum chaos.

* * * *

You are the perfect, most indivisible you.
You are not flawed in any way or shape or form.
Imperfect minds formulate archetypes that can never be,
Like geometric shapes which have absolutely no reality in nature.
Leave behind all who would limit your dream of time.
Party on as you are, Pilgrim, party on.

* * * *

The philosophers scrutinize with their language.
The scientists and mathematicians with their facts and figures.
All dispatching imperative thoughts and conclusion upon every this, every that,
To the awareness, the anonymity, the obscurity, the spaciousness, the timelessness, the stillness,
The wakefulness that witnesses all eternity with equally immeasurable detachment.

* * * *

If you believe that any words, any numbers, mean anything to the mystery of now,
You must also imagine that wind and clouds mean something to the spacious sky.
Awareness is all, and the motley shards are but players wafting across the stage.

* * * *

What cause means anything to the sands of time?
Ever blowing, ever blowing, on and on and on.

* * * *

It might have happened ten seconds ago, ten years ago, or ten thousand years ago.
What is time, what is space, but the quantum-made concoction of imagination?

* * * *

What does it mean to exist? What does it mean to be alive?
What does it mean for the quantum mystery to be conscious of itself?
What does it mean for the all but immeasurable electromagnetic spectrum
To be able explore even an infinitesimal sliver of its boggling potential?
What does it mean for you to be pondering this thought right now?

* * * *

What is the eternal mind?
A mind that is awareness.
A mind that is perpetual.
A mind that is quantum.
A mind that is timeless.
A mind that is infinite.

A mind that is unborn.
A mind that is undying.
A mind that is absolute.
A mind that is immortal.
A mind that is indivisible.
A mind that is ever-present.
A mind that is ever-tranquil.
A mind that knows nothing.
A mind that is immaculate.
A mind that is everlasting.
A mind that is unbound.
A mind that is at rest.
A mind that is clear.
A mind that is solitary.
A mind that is sovereign.
A mind that is no mind at all.

* * * *

The consequences of the Seven Deadly Sins:
Pride and envy and gluttony and lust and wrath and greed and sloth,
Are eternities of universes beyond counting.
Moderation is the challenge.

* * * *

What effort it takes to hold that imaginary universe together.
So much simpler to abide in the pure awareness of eternity.

* * * *

Awareness is pristine and immaculate and clear of any blemish or stain,
But is it at all possible for consciousness to be without judgment?
Is not everything thought one form of judgment or another?
Opinions, assumptions, stereotypes, conventions, ideals,
Ethics, principles, labels, laws, pigeonholes, beliefs,
Conclusions, notions, expectations, values, norms,
Any patterns, any definitions, any attitudes, whatsoever.
The roots of pride, of vanity, are saturated with all of the above.

* * * *

Why are some so surprised that our fellow earthlings are intelligent?
We are all products of the same indivisible quantum essence.
We are all playing our parts in the same dreamtime.
Why would they not be our equals in their own awareness?

* * * *

We are all very much alone together in this boggling quantum mystery theater.
Everyone has their own vision, their own insight, their own conclusion, their own sovereignty.
No one can possibly see it the same, so why should anyone be at all concerned

What anyone else thinks or says or writes or does?

* * * *

No matter how far you wander, how long you wander, where you wander, how you wander,
You will ever be abiding in the very same eternal prior-to-consciousness awareness.
You will ever be enduring in the very same perpetual right-here-right-now.

* * * *

What point to knowing it all, having it all, being it all, seeing it all, winning it all?
No matter the genetic role allotted, you are forever the same awareness,
You are ever the same essence, the same undying ever-present.

* * * *

Every life form ever born is of the same source.
Biological organisms sculpted of the same quantum essence.
No matter how large, no matter how small, none are really different at all.
For humankind to assert itself distinct or superior in any way, in any shape, in any form,
Is nothing more than consciousness imagining a collusion of delusion.

* * * *

Awareness is prior to consciousness.
Awareness is eternal, timeless, boundless.
Consciousness is temporal, time-bound, limited.
A dream and dreamer ensnared in a quantum mirage.

* * * *

So many words, so many concepts, so many philosophies, so many dogmas.
All artificial, all just to describe, to explain, to illustrate, to capture, what always boils down
To the same timeless, unborn, undying, ungraspable mystery of awareness.
The eternal source that requires absolutely none of it.

* * * *

Why should it take any effort to be what you are?
It most certainly did not when you were very young.
If there is effort, consciousness is ever the usual suspect.
If consciousness is but a dream, why give it credence?

* * * *

All creation is devised of the same common denominator,
The same essence, the same ground, the same matrix, the same quantum,
Conservation of energy, indeed.

* * * *

So many arguing and fighting and shunning and killing
Over assumptions about a mystery they can never solve.

* * * *

Why fill your immaculate, indivisible, eternal mind

With all these religious labels, with all these religious dogmas,
To which our kind is so needlessly, pointlessly addicted?
Awareness is all there is, and there ain't no more.

* * * *

Awareness will always remain exactly the same no matter how it is branded.
It is impossible to burden its stillness with any twist or turn of conscious design.

* * * *

It is all merely indivisible quantum matter
Playing out a show in each and every mind,
None of it ultimately mattering all the while.

* * * *

To give the mystery of awareness any name is dubious.
It is far too great a mystery to be confined in any way.

* * * *

Call it Brahman, call it Tao, call it Buddha, call it God, call it Yahweh, call it Allah,
Call it Great Spirit, call it Soul, call it Quantum, call it You, call it whatever you please,
It is far too great, far to inscrutable a mystery to be limited in any way, any shape, any form.

* * * *

The human mind, human consciousness, is an insatiable beast,
Ravenously consuming everything it can, seeking experience at every level,
Including attempting to grasp, to know, the immeasurable unknown,
Whose indelible mystery is eternally, indivisibly unbreachable.

* * * *

At the end of any given day, at the end of any given life,
You will be the same awareness, the same right-hereness-right-nowness,
That you were at the beginning of the given day of the given life.

* * * *

Are the one-percenters and their minions ever truly loyal
To anything but gold and the things it buys, the things it owns?
Only too late do the Midases discover the immeasurable they have lost.

* * * *

The relatively negligible persona you play in that mortal container is a one-time show,
An extemporaneous fabrication of imagination that has no fundamental reality, whatsoever.
What you truly are is indivisibly more, and there is nothing individual, nothing personal about it.

* * * *

It is religions that are dead, not god.
That which is immortal source is very much present.
Very much eternally, indivisibly, permanently, right here, right now.
Very much the awareness, the witness, you truly are.

* * * *

The given brain is a quantum tool in which you abide for a fated time,
And with awareness and gumption and grit, and a pinch of good fortune,
You will perchance learn to maneuver it well, and without too much fallout.

* * * *

All chronicles are but piecemeal fabrications of illusory perceptions
Born of sensory minds wandering about a quantum playhouse.
Time is unreal, space is unreal, light is unreal, sound is unreal.
All is but imaginary notion, make-believe narratives from any get-go.
Only the immaculate awareness through which consciousness streams is real.

* * * *

What is this me, what is this myself, what is this I, but a time-bound dream of self-absorption.
Egocentric … ethnocentric … chronocentric … geocentric … heliocentric … cosmoscentric.
It is all about an imaginary me-me-me projecting in every way, every shape, every form.

* * * *

All the gusty flurries of the mind are of absolutely no consequence to the eternal awareness.
The myriad concoctions of imagination are but time-bound fabrications
Of an ever-changing make-believe reality.
If you yearn for tranquility, if you yearn for true Self,
Abide the cosmos kaleidoscoping about you in the ground of awareness.

* * * *

The motley winds of consciousness with all its attributes, all its dualities:
Black and white hot and cold, full and empty, good and evil, life and death,
Has absolutely nothing to do with the still awareness through which it blows.

* * * *

Mother Nature is immortal creator and destroyer.
Every moment simultaneously making and unmaking.
An ever-changing quantum apparition playing at existence.
Ever streaming, kaleidoscoping, appearing, dissolving.
Unconditionally, indivisibly, nothing all the while.

* * * *

You are the ever-present awareness, commandeered by the given biological container,
Sailing the illusion of space-time playing out whatever consciousness its capacity allows.

* * * *

Who is your tribe?
Who are your parents, your siblings?
What is you gender, your race, your religion, your culture?
What are all your attachments to this dreamtime world, or some rumored next one?
And what, by the way, makes you so sure any of it is truly real,
Or that you were ever even born?

* * * *

The challenge is to not confuse the witness you are with what is witnessed.
To not attach in any way, in any shape, in any form, the awareness you truly are
With the sensory-inspired illusion-delusion of time and space kaleidoscoping about you.
You are pure awareness cloaked in a quantum reverie; nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

Do not confuse the witness you are with what is witnessed.
Do not attach, do not cling in any way, in any shape, in any form,
The mystery you are, with the dream playing out about you.

* * * *

Awareness is simultaneously, indivisibly, indelibly prior
To any and all illusions sponsored by space and time.

* * * *

Ponder, if you will, every life form from great to small, sentient to insentient,
All born of the same indivisible mystery, all born with the same immutable awareness.
Each and every one, very much alone, crafting its own unique translation of the quantum play,
Each and every one simultaneously imagining an existence, a world, a universe, in its own distinct way.

* * * *

Timeless awareness is what you are, is all you are.
The quantum theater and all its countlessly boggling attributes
Is but an imaginary, touchy-feely, three-dimensional light and sound show.
A dream of time and space ever gone as quickly as it came.

* * * *

The vanity of the human drama is a ceaseless, absurdity-laden circus.
Buddha did it his way, Hitler did it his, your mother did it hers.
What difference in the indivisible quantum reality, really?

* * * *

The ephemeral ground of imagination
Is built upon the ever-present quantum swirl.
The everything, the everywhere, nothing all the while.

* * * *

The electromagnetic spectrum is but a swirl of illusion
A dream to which you may or may not choose to subscribe.

* * * *

All human beings are shaped by the nature-nurture into which they are involuntarily cast.
All are conditioned, trained, programmed, indoctrinated, disciplined, humbled, tamed, cultivated,
Domesticated, subjugated, suppressed, conquered, curbed, pacified, repressed, brainwashed.
To unshackle one's true Self, to un-wash the mind, requires a great deal of discernment.
Each, very much alone, must choose, must grapple, to be free of all the absurdity.

* * * *

Awareness is all there is, awareness is all there is not.
Ever-present, indivisible, immortal, unborn, undying, unbound.
The time and space continuum is but an fleeting illusion of the quantum mind.

* * * *

It is more than likely every other life form in this quantum garden
Lives in the ever-present, unborn-undying awareness
More than the most awakened sage.

* * * *

The sensory mind hungers every moment for the cosmos it creates.
Only an austere-ascetic-frugal self-discipline can hold the beast at bay.

* * * *

Why would it really matter whether anyone ever thinks about you, whether anyone cares about you?
The reality, harsh as it may seem, is that you are timelessly, indivisibly alone.
Oh well, so it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.

* * * *

Life is a convoluted dream: Why should you not be convoluted dreamer?
Why should you be bound by any precept or principle, any theory or formula,
Any rule or law, any decree or edict, any order or directive, any concept or notion?
Why should you be obligated to any human-made mind-gorp, whatsoever?

* * * *

What curious things sensory-inspired perceptions are.
Given so much credence, despite being entirely born up the wings of imagination.
Stories all, to whatever end, only imagination cares.

* * * *

Why would you ever presume that your awareness, your operating system, your source code,
Is any different, any greater, any lesser, than that of any other living life form great to small?
You are not superior or inferior to anything in this inexplicable, indivisible, quantum mystery.

* * * *

Without life, is there death?
Without good, is there evil?
Without light, is there dark?
Without white, is there black?
Without ecstasy, is there agony?
Without right, is there wrong?
Without love, is there hate?
Without yes, is there no?
Without either, is there or?
What is duality but a menagerie
Of an all but infinite array of possibilities

In which all dreams of consciousness dance their dance.

* * * *

Your body? If it is your body, why is it always changing?
Where was it before you were born? Where will it be after you die?
And while in it, have you ever really been anything more than solitary witness
To a boggling, sensory-inspired, ever-present, quickly-passing dream?
We call it space, we call it time, we call it real, we call it true,
But is it all any more than dubious assumption?

* * * *

The electromagnetic spectrum is a mighty huge, relatively unknowable mystery,
Despite all scientific and mathematical and religious and philosophical and mystical
And every other subjective and piecemeal investigation and assumption to the contrary.

* * * *

Duality's menagerie is required for this dream
To play its play, dance its dance, sing its song.

* * * *

Destiny is all, all is destiny,
Naught but a blink, a blip, a flash, a pfft, in all eternity,
Whatever that is, or is not.

* * * *

Knowing and unknowing, what difference to the timeless clarity of pure awareness?
Whether cloudy or clear, the skies are ever untouched by the trammels of consciousness.
Yes, your apparatus is perhaps more complex, your consciousness, your mind, more adroit,
But the essential awareness can be no different across any and all universes,
Or even the inexplicable dimensions beyond all beyonds.

* * * *

Ultimate truth, ultimate reality, whatever it is, whatever it is not,
Can never be ascertained through any means by the dream of consciousness.
All the perceptions, all the assumptions, that have ever played out in this quantum theater
Are naught but an ever-momentary, ever-intangible, ever-relative, burst of imagination in awareness.

* * * *

All those now living, now abiding this desecrated world, will relatively soon be dead and forever gone.
What we all thought and did about and to each other, what we all assumed real and true,
Will not matter even one scintilla to anyone but a relatively few academics
And other accumulators of all things absurd and mundane.
Assuming, of course, anyone manages to survive
The dream we are bequeathing.

Soundbites

Regarding the mystery, you will never really know more than you did the moment you were conceived.

* * * *

Awareness is the intelligence that witnesses, that abides, any quantum context.

* * * *

The heart of awareness is the release of space and time with a full breath and an attentive mind.

* * * *

You are the mystery of awareness, peering out into a sensory mirage.

* * * *

Vanity is attachment to the quantum theater; the personal usurping the indivisible.

* * * *

How this awareness came to be can never be known.

* * * *

What is any universe but a mind and five senses imagining it so.

* * * *

Be content to let it remain a mystery.

* * * *

Awareness is without attachment.

* * * *

It is that kind of mystery.

* * * *

A dream to which we have in ignorance submitted.

* * * *

The cosmos you knew a moment ago no longer exists.

* * * *

What differences are there, really, but those projected by the given quantum mind.

* * * *

Cultivate the unknown, cultivate wonder, cultivate bliss.

* * * *

Assume the universe, and voilà!

* * * *

The unknown is, well, unknown.

* * * *

How can the cosmic dance be appreciated by a mind that does not know how to dance?

* * * *

The mind is a quantum screen upon which time and space play their illusion.

* * * *

Only in timeless awareness is there freedom from the known.

* * * *

How can the immaculate awareness be mine or yours or theirs or any other's?

* * * *

How can you be anything but totally attentive to the indelible mystery you are?

* * * *

How has imagination so usurped your awe that you are blind to your mystery?

* * * *

Where is the boundary between you and your universe?

* * * *

What is time but a function of memory cells, make-believing perceptions more than a mirage.

* * * *

Awareness is all; to give it any name is meaningless.

* * * *

All measurement means squat to the immeasurable.

* * * *

Every dream a universe unto its Self.

* * * *

Awareness is the sentience; quantum, the vehicle that allows perception.

* * * *

You see an identity; the sage, eternity.

* * * *

Why waste your time believing anything? Stand alone, be free.

* * * *

Neither he nor she nor it, the mystery is.

* * * *

It has always been these modern times.

* * * *

Extrapolate into infinity, or at least as far as you can.

* * * *

Oh, faceless one, what will you leave us this time?

* * * *

Every mind a universe unto its Self.

* * * *

When will you embrace the mystery you are?

* * * *

What are you but a consequence of natural selection; naught but a Darwinian dream.

* * * *

Quantum is to awareness what clouds are to the sky.

* * * *

Quantum rock, quantum paper, quantum scissors.

* * * *

Awareness is the only thing one might say exists, and it does not, either.

* * * *

Union is awareness, pure and free of all attributes known or otherwise.

* * * *

Three eyes; two for the world, the third for eternity.

* * * *

What vanity can there be in the eternal timelessness of awareness?

* * * *

The never-ending story of absurdity infinitum.

* * * *

How can the awareness at every point of your ever-changing existence not be the same?

* * * *

You are never as free as when you are anonymously alone, naught but pure awareness.

* * * *

You are a bubble of consciousness permeated by awareness.

* * * *

A waste of time? Or awareness?

* * * *

There you go again, thinking you can somehow make the eternal awareness move any faster or slower.

* * * *

The freedom of aloneness is the supreme state.

* * * *

What peace, total aloneness.

* * * *

You are eternity.

* * * *

Do you really know any more than the nature-nurture of your quantum dream allows?

* * * *

In everything, eternity.

* * * *

Creation and destruction are an indivisible dynamic.

* * * *

Is it about you expanding into eternity, or eternity downsizing into you?

* * * *

How can you cling to the timeless awareness when it is but an intangible, ephemeral, thingless state?

* * * *

Does true Self exist?

* * * *

Amuse yourself however you will, it is, after all is said and done, but a dream born of mind.

* * * *

The mind is ever rebuilding its imaginary universe.

* * * *

Why would it ever matter to the awareness what you do?

* * * *

We are all the same mystery; be content with that.

* * * *

The universe is born anew each and every instant, as are you.

* * * *

Why give your Self over to any speculation?

* * * *

The real You, is born and unborn every instant.

* * * *

It has always been, will ever be, this same awareness timelessly being.

* * * *

In every mind imagination weaves a dream to which it holds until its dying day.

* * * *

Dreams passing in the night.

* * * *

Awareness is what it is; nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

There is no fear in the moment, in the awareness; only in imagination.

* * * *

Your universe is as small as it is big.

* * * *

The only real war is imaginary self versus true Self, and little self must lose to win.

* * * *

Did that really happen, or was it just a dream? What difference, really?

* * * *

When the entire universe is but a speck in your awareness, you will be you.

* * * *

Life is in the living: timeless, indivisible, immortally ever-present,

* * * *

Truth stands alone, indivisibly timeless.

* * * *

Be the awareness, be the attention.

* * * *

Future-past is in each and every moment as it happens in the awareness of consciousness.

* * * *

Dive into the abyss of aloneness, and know the indelible peace of Self.

* * * *

It is all conceived of stillness.

* * * *

We are all wandering the same stage in different universes.

* * * *

What quantum wants, quantum gets.

* * * *

This is what it all boils down to: There is only you, all alone, imagining it all.

* * * *

All genius is the quantum evolution come unto flower.

* * * *

Engaged in a dream.

* * * *

Thought is finite, thought is infinite, indivisible all the while.

* * * *

Hell is infinitely divisible; heaven, infinitely indivisible.

* * * *

You are an organism playing out an evolutionary context in a quantum dream.

* * * *

Where is the ego in awareness?

* * * *

Imagination, the dreambaker.

* * * *

As always, the universe is an interesting dream.

* * * *

Why give over to sorrow when the key to bliss is indivisible detachment.

* * * *

Destroy your universe whenever you please.

* * * *

How long is eternity? Not long at all, actually, nor short at all, either.

* * * *

No matter how much they hoot and holler, nobody knows the unknown.

* * * *

Awareness is neither good nor evil nor any other dualistic notion; it simply is.

* * * *

That eternal thing; that eternal thingless.

* * * *

No imagination, no universe.

* * * *

A quantum flurry.

* * * *

Through your attention, your presence, the mystery is honored.

* * * *

You are the knowing of awareness.

* * * *

We are all walking on the same stage in different universes; none even remotely the same.

* * * *

The awakened are Self-contained.

* * * *

Awareness is the knowing.

* * * *

Has the awareness ever even once moved?

* * * *

Why believe in any deity outside your Self?

* * * *

Life as it is known is death, and death, life eternal.

* * * *

It is your hunger that both expands and contracts your cosmos.

* * * *

Self-absorbed? Or absorbing Self?

* * * *

The awareness that is prior to consciousness is prior to all stories.

* * * *

The difference between you and me is but an imaginary universe.

* * * *

The universe that imagination built.

* * * *

Alone and free, for all eternity, the way it ought to be.

* * * *

Far, far, infinitely far more unwritten history than written.

* * * *

Life is a long dance in stillness.

* * * *

Prior to consciousness, prior to imagination.

* * * *

Challenge the fear, challenge the hunger, attend the awareness.

* * * *

Quantum fare, quantum faire.

* * * *

Focusing on things only make them better or worse; no difference to the indivisible.

* * * *

The many-faced coin of duality.

* * * *

Consciousness is the bloom of the quantum creation.

* * * *

Imagination shaping your universe to whatever degree capacity and limitation allow.

* * * *

It is in awareness, not consciousness, in which you will find your Self.

* * * *

You are every moment unborn-undying.

* * * *

Where is space? Where is time? Look for your Self.

* * * *

Why believe in anything? Is not awareness enough?

* * * *

All deities are fabrications of fear of the unknown and the desire for more.

* * * *

All life is the same nameless traveler, each with its own unique dream of a universe.

* * * *

We are all normal in our imaginary universes.

* * * *

To unlock eternity, you must unlock your Self.

* * * *

You are unknown, you are unseen.

* * * *

What you really are, and are not, is the awareness upon which all creation is imagined.

* * * *

The unknown knowingly unknown again.

* * * *

You are quantum and the entirety of its electromagnetic spectrum.

* * * *

Truth cannot be known, only intuited, and then only in the most momentary, most timeless way.

* * * *

Awareness is as big as it is small; without consciousness, nothing at all.

* * * *

Duality, pfft!

* * * *

Awareness is nothing without a mind-body in which to conjure a dream.

* * * *

The dream ignores most, and quickly forgets all; no trace but ghosts of imaginary notion.

* * * *

No history survives the test of eternity.

* * * *

Have you seen the dream for what it is, and is not?

* * * *

Are you consciousness, or the awareness peering through its veil?

* * * *

Through time, awareness awakens to its Self.

* * * *

What is birth but the beginning of a dream, and death its end.

* * * *

Awareness is the sky, consciousness the wind.

* * * *

Awareness is the life force's window to consciousness.

* * * *

How could your version of the cosmos exist without you relentlessly imagining it so?

* * * *

And when the dream is done, what more?

* * * *

How that which is unborn be alive or dead?

* * * *

What need for any great truth concocted by the human mind?

* * * *

Self, Soul, God … Nothing more than imaginary construct with no reality, whatsoever.

* * * *

In awareness, breath fully.

* * * *

How to negotiate the rocky dream through the sea of bliss is the question.

* * * *

The mind is the time machine; that it all it is, all it was, all it will ever be.

* * * *

How can awareness ever be tamed by the myriad values born of any imaginary paradigm?

* * * *

What is death but they mystery taking back another of its guests.

* * * *

Measuring the immeasurable; immeasurabling the measurable.

* * * *

Consciousness is but a quantum plaything.

* * * *

Awareness is too great a mystery to be confined in any way, any shape, any form.

* * * *

To even call this mystery of awareness 'soul' is at best a dubious assumption.

* * * *

Traveling in awareness through the fog of mind.

* * * *

Words of the mystery, for the mystery, by the mystery.

* * * *

And where are you when time and space lose all meaning?

* * * *

You are awareness aware-ing the dream of consciousness.

* * * *

Somebody else's dream.

* * * *

A quantum by any other name would indivisible the same.

* * * *

And what have you done with your dream?

* * * *

Is awareness very large, is awareness very small, is that a question we need even ask at all?

* * * *

Imagined self is not true Self.

* * * *

Consciousness assumes continuity to a dream that has none.

* * * *

A faceless mystery: nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

Can a mind molded by time and space ever be free?

* * * *

Whatever you imagine your Self to be, you are not.

* * * *

Measuring the immeasurable, just where do you think that is going to get you, really?

* * * *

Prior to consciousness, prior to all quantum shenanigans, awareness is.

* * * *

The nothingness of awareness is the unifying principle.

* * * *

When awareness focuses upon its translation, the quantum cloud crystalizes into illusion.

* * * *

A dream, to which the only continuity is the assumption of imagination.

* * * *

A mystery unto thy Self.

* * * *

Quantum is the maker of laws that cannot be broken.

* * * *

Awareness stops for no mind.

* * * *

Are you really anything more than a passenger on an ofttimes bumpy flight?

* * * *

No universe is more than an imaginary quantum dream.

* * * *

No assumption withstands the sands of time.

* * * *

Neither fast nor slow, awareness is.

* * * *

Your universe is whatever you make, or unmake it.

* * * *

Awareness floats, unbound by thought, by gravity, or any other quantum attribute.

* * * *

Consciousness is the parasite; awareness, the host.

Breadcrumbs

Another day residing in this mind's quantum fountain,
Pen and paper or keyboard ever within easy reach,
Waiting casually for words that inevitably come.

* * * *

A mystery pretending to be a human being, to be an earthling, to be a cosmic being.
A mystery pretending to be a white-male-labels-unending American.
A mystery that happened to happen, no reason known.

* * * *

If there is some sort of personal deity, as so many incline to believe,
Then, pray tell, answer me this: Where did he/she/it/whatever come from?
Granted, this quantum mystery had to begin somehow, sometime, somewhere,
But some Santa-Claus-heaven-hell fiction does not slice the mustard.
And do not get me started on the alien speculation advocates.
This orb is a garden enough to do it on its own.

* * * *

Arrogance in its most indivisible vision.

* * * *

Disclaimer: All that has been written herein may be wrong.
Duality may well be the fundamental reality of it all.
And maybe you will someday decide to become a Christian,
Or a Muslim, or a Jew, or a Buddhist, or a Taoist, or a whatever.
So many flavors; hard to pick just one, and what if you choose wrong?

* * * *

A herald of eternity disentangling the mystery for all who would clearly see.

* * * *

Having for all practical purposes written off the human species,
I really should cease and desist from further commentary,
But no, I blather on and on, basking in the play of wit,
Such as it is in this temporal gray-matter dream.
It is, indeed, a waste of time, but what else is time for?

* * * *

Not interested in creating anything organized or otherwise;
Only laying bare the reality of the quantum dream all endure.

* * * *

When it comes to dealing with the mystery of existence,
History seems to have dished up every possible delusion imaginable.
These many thoughts are for those whose only real hunger
Is to discern the truth of it for themselves.

* * * *

Oh, duality, release me from thy clutches.

* * * *

Did I write these many thoughts?
Or did they inscribe themselves through me?
Another uninspiring example of don't-know-don't-care.
It just be a diversion, something that passes a portion of the dream.

* * * *

The seamless indivisibility of awareness is default setting.

* * * *

I am as alone in my dream as you are in yours; we are all alone, together.

* * * *

A brief, narcissistic existence, replete with fabricated, delusionary meaning,
Surrounded in all directions by an eternally infinite ocean of purposelessness.

* * * *

“Seemed like an eternity” is pretty accurate when you discern every moment is.

* * * *

The way I see it is the way I write it, and within you, it is surely no different.
All differences are the dreamy perceptions of the sensory mind
Caught up in the time of its imaginary epic.

* * * *

I am the center of, the creator of, the witness to, my universe.
And unless every other form, alive or not, is a projection of my imagination,
You and everyone else is, too.
Fucking amazing.

* * * *

My religion is awareness; consciousness is but imagination dreaming.

* * * *

No order to these many reflections.
In their long transcription, they have been mixed
And re-mixed too many times to count.
So, open your Self to any page
To fathom the moment
In which you eternally dwell.

* * * *

All these words have bubbled onto paper
Because the scribe is prone to easily forgetting
The unseen reality in the day-to-day of work and play.
Despite the many reflections about existence and absoluteness,
He is not quite austere enough, at this writing, to completely surrender
To the be-in-the-world-but-not-of-it everlasting god-drunk
That the indivisible emptiness of eternity offers.
And so, the words keep coming.

* * * *

These many thoughts began bubbling out in 1989
After a head and neck injury invoked by a miscalculated wave
While boogie boarding with my fifth-sixth grade class in Southern Kaliforny.

It was the finale of a short teaching phase, and the entrée to an assortment of switchbacks
In the ever-kaleiscoping wanderfest of imagination, in work and recreation and every other whatever,
That has materialized all this whimsical chitter-chatter into this quantum playground.
It has been my way to allow spontaneity to fashion this destiny.

* * * *

If there is any goal to these many thoughts,
It is to realign the quantum mind
With what it really is,
With what it is really not.

* * * *

Please, whatever you do, do not make this about the scribe.
He was just another vain, mortal meat machine,
Born of the same mystery as you.

* * * *

Curious how these aphoristic ditties
Sometimes get started heading one direction,
And while being written or edited, swerve into another.
The zany wander of a mind pondering the mystery of its origin.

* * * *

An intellectual reverie of the eternal flame.

* * * *

Another meditative day for words of a random nature
To flow uninhibited from the matrix of consciousness.

* * * *

A body of work that scribed its Self through this hand.

* * * *

Very inexplicable all this.
I really do not understand any of it.
But then, again, I do not really need to, either.

* * * *

Really neither for nor against, just sipping another pint of black gold,
Watching this touchy-feely, three-dimensional, illusory dream of time,
Play out its dusty theater of the absurd to whatever end Gaia allows.

* * * *

If you peer long into this mind,
You will find it as simple and complex
As the mortal dream of time in eternity allows.

* * * *

Words of the mystery, for the mystery, by the mystery.

* * * *

There is something of a schizophrenic state of mind regarding all this babble.
It can be very challenging to be in the cosmos and not be of it.
There are, of course, greater forms of madness,
Than that which many call divine.

* * * *

I collect books and things, and they collect dust.
My man cave is an immense universe unto its Self.

* * * *

True believers can take all their political correctness,
And shove it back up the abyss from whence it came.

* * * *

Thoughts of Self and the dreamtime of this brief, mortal, illusory existence,
Both for my Self and that of any other wanderer who happenstances upon it.

* * * *

What do I want to be when I grow up? My Self, of course.

* * * *

Death and I are undying companions.

* * * *

Quantummeister.

The Standard Ripostes
The Scribe's Go-to Responses to This and That in the Day-To-Day

We are all walking the same stage in different universes.

* * * *

Awareness is the intelligence of eternity.

* * * *

Awareness trumps all idolatry.

The Real is Discovering

The real light is discovering there is no light.
The real gray is discovering there is no gray.
The real dark is discovering there is no dark.

The real point is discovering there is no point.
The real before is discovering there is no before.
The real journey is discovering there is no journey.
The real creation is discovering there is no creation.
The real universe is discovering there is no universe.
The real quantum is discovering there is no quantum.
The real judgment is discovering there is no judgment.
The real and-so-on is discovering there is no and-so-on.
The real destruction is discovering there is no destruction.
The real awareness is discovering there is no awareness.
The real beginning is discovering there is no beginning.
The real unknown is discovering there is no unknown.
The real existence is discovering there is no existence.
The real beautiful is discovering there is no beautiful.
The real meaning is discovering there is no meaning.
The real formless is discovering there is no formless.
The real mystery is discovering there is no mystery.
The real purpose is discovering there is no purpose.
The real religion is discovering there is no religion.
The real nirvana is discovering there is no nirvana.
The real eternity is discovering there is no eternity.
The real process is discovering there is no process.
The real ecstasy is discovering there is no ecstasy.
The real known is discovering there is no known.
The real wealth is discovering there is no wealth.
The real source is discovering there is no source.
The real karma is discovering there is no karma.
The real power is discovering there is no power.
The real vanity is discovering there is no vanity.
The real agony is discovering there is no agony.
The real death is discovering there is no death.
The real belief is discovering there is no belief.
The real mind is discovering there is no mind.
The real space is discovering there is no space.
The real other is discovering there is no other.
The real fame is discovering there is no fame.
The real form is discovering there is no form.
The real good is discovering there is no good.
The real right is discovering there is no right.
The real after is discovering there is no after.
The real faith is discovering there is no faith.
The real path is discovering there is no path.
The real here is discovering there is no here.
The real view is discovering there is no view.
The real goal is discovering there is no goal.
The real time is discovering there is no time.
The real ugly is discovering there is no ugly.
The real now is discovering there is no now.

The real end is discovering there is no end.
The real evil is discovering there is no evil.
The real life is discovering there is no life.
The real you is discovering there is no you.
The real why is discovering there is no why.
The real who is discovering there is no who.
The real what is discovering there is no what.
The real when is discovering there is no when.
The real where is discovering there is no where.
The real how is discovering there is no how.

Breadcrumbs 2020

Leftovers

No one can teach you what is true.
You must explore it alone, discern it alone.
Awareness is all, and timelessly awaits your presence.

* * * *

Time is a creation of the human mind.
The timeless moment is all there is.
All meaning and purpose is illusion.
Only the mind moves the clock's hands.
Only the mind travels the calendar's pages.
Only the mind measures all things imaginable.
Only the mind imagines its world, its universe, real.

* * * *

If there is an original sin, a dubious concept from the get-go,
It is the choiceless happenstance, the cosmic spin of the quantum roulette wheel, of being born.
You did not ask to be here; you are not required to stay here.
There is only one exit.

* * * *

The natural world operates at a level of Darwinian purity
That the human species long ago stopped giving exclusive attention.
A garden still very much present, to which only the singular few discern access.

* * * *

Imagination is the creator of everything.
The cosmic universe, the world,
All things sentient, all things inanimate,
All cultures, all languages, all deities, all dogmas,
All histories, all sciences, all mathematics, all music, all art,
All industries, all technologies, all measurements, all space, all time.
Every illusion, every vanity, every everything, under any and every given sun.
All nothing more than imagination.

* * * *

Buddhism can be shared, taught, practiced,
But Buddhahood, that is altogether another matter.
Something no mind bound to time can grasp.

* * * *

Large brain, imagination, sense of self,
Opposable thumbs, arms, legs, larynx, lungs, cooling system,

Ability to manipulate the environment and fabricate tools, tribalism, superstition,
Made us what we are, keep us what we are.

* * * *

There is no god, only awareness.
All deities are the imaginary creations of human consciousness
Ever grappling with the unknowable.

* * * *

The inner eye of awareness witnesses indivisibly.
Allow consciousness to wander willy-nilly,
And the world erupts into the anarchy and absurdity
Of every form of vanity and the countless judgements it inspires.

* * * *

The agonies and ecstasies of the human epoch are beyond counting,
And the tranquil mind has little to offer in the way of repair
But to meander about with impassive steadfastness,
Giving it no mind as time and mood allow.

* * * *

Science is the never-ending exploration of nature in all its grandeur.
Any conclusion that is not open to question sullies its primary directive.
Despite the fact that existence is an illusion, that it is naught but a dream,
Science offers the most reliable, accurate watchtower imagination can offer.

* * * *

The heavens and hells of all religions across all times and geographies,
Are nothing more than carrot and stick manipulation
Of ignorance in all its susceptibility.

* * * *

The quantum cosmos within.
The quantum cosmos without.
All the same, what a mystery.

* * * *

Positing a god or gods, a creation, a cosmos, a mystery,
That does not include the you that you truly are,
Is absurd beyond all notions of absurdity.

* * * *

History has never existed as more than a fiction of imagination.
It is but a shadow given reality in the vanity of human consciousness,
Ever since its evolutionary ascension in the primal jungles long before time.

* * * *

Awareness is the ethereal abyss

In which quantum earth, quantum water, quantum fire, quantum wind,
Play out the mirage of life in all its forms.

* * * *

Nature, whether you love it or hate it or ignore it, is always there,
Timelessly creating and destroying your world, your universe, and you.

* * * *

Why pretend, why make-believe, why fantasize, why feign, you know,
Who-what-where-when-why-how all this is happening,
When you do not, when you cannot.
It is a mystery.
Leave it, weave it, at that.

* * * *

You cannot distinguish this awareness, you cannot be this awareness,
If/when you are attached to anything born of imagination.
It is a very timeless realization of the sentience
That permeates the all and none.

* * * *

There are no teachers, no coaches, no masters.
It is you who chooses to school yourself.
It is you who chooses to learn, or not to learn.
It is you who chooses to study, to observe, to realize.
It is you who chooses to put together an imaginary cosmos.
It is you who creates the frame of reference in which you will abide.

* * * *

You are in an imaginary prison of your own making
Until you clearly discern the relativity of consciousness,
And the absoluteness of the awareness in which it wanders.

* * * *

You are as perfect as quantum's indivisible mystery,
And as imperfect as humankind's divisible mundane.

* * * *

Detach the timeless awareness from the time-bound mind-body consciousness,
And who are you, what are you, where are you, why are you, how are you?
The world, the universe, are but temporal notions born of imagination.

* * * *

All sense of self is but imaginary notion born of an evolutionary context.
Awareness, ever-present, without frames or boundaries, is the only reality.

* * * *

In the ever-present awareness:

Who is the me, the myself, the I?
What is the me, the myself, the I?
Where is the me, the myself, the I?
When is the me, the myself, the I?
Why is the me, the myself, the I?
How is the me, the myself, the I?

* * * *

The challenge is renouncing the sorrow of consciousness for the quietude of awareness.
In transcending attachment to the mundane-secular-time-bound world
For the timeless insecurity of immaculate awareness.

* * * *

The identity you pretend is only as capable of functioning
As the given mind-body the awareness you truly are inhabits.

* * * *

It is the essence of the one and only timeless moment,
That the beginnings of all ends are the ends of all beginnings.
That all causes become all effects, and all effects become all causes.
That what is called reality is but an ever-kaleidoscoping sensory illusion.

* * * *

You are the mystery come unto life.
You are the mystery come unto awareness.
You are the mystery come unto consciousness.
You are the mystery come unto imagination.

* * * *

There you so many narcissistic, hedonistic moments are,
Still trying to fill the abyss, still trying to become something.
Things that imagination can never more than pretend to achieve.

* * * *

Negation is simply clearly realizing the awareness that you actually are
Is none of the many concoctions of imagination born of mind,
And letting them all go, and becoming very, very still.

* * * *

The ephemeral dream of consciousness is without tangibility,
Without meaning or purpose, without beginning or conclusion.
Any given existence is nothing more than a fiction of imagination.

* * * *

You did not exist a moment ago, nor will you a moment hence.
This singular moment is the one and only timeless, indivisible now.

* * * *

Rest easy in the forebrain, where all dreaming appears and disappears each and every moment.
The space, where from nothing, imagination weaves its reverie of space and time
In the thunder and lightning of the conditioned mind.

* * * *

You appear but a speck of the cosmos,
Yet without you to witness it, it would not, could not be.
It is an inexplicable, indivisible, quantum mystery born of imagination,
In which observer and observed are interminably intertwined
In the all-pervading, unborn-undying awareness
Prior to all plays of consciousness.

* * * *

Language, mathematics, music, are all inventions of the imaginary mind born of illusion.
They sashay through eternity's ether like the smoke of all things earth, water, air, fire.
They persevere for only as long as imagination maintains its holographic universe.

* * * *

How is it that the eternal moment is not enough for you?
How is it that you always want more than heaven can offer?

* * * *

What is this need to delineate an identity?
Words cannot even begin to broach the sovereignty
Of the awareness you every moment truly are, and are not.

* * * *

How can that which is a temporal fabrication of analog creation
Ever fully comprehend, fully surrender, to that timelessness which is prior?
A maddening and pointless exercise to which only fools are drawn.

* * * *

What is sanity, what is insanity,
But all the standards of any given culture
Asserting this or that is or is not acceptable behavior.
Standing alone, standing sovereign, is not for the meek of spirit.

* * * *

Through all agonies, through all ecstasies,
The awareness is ever the same.
It chooses no sides, it chooses no modes.
All states of consciousness are equally transcended.

* * * *

For the awareness that is the omniscient-omnipresent-omnipotent witness to stand alone,
The consciousness of imagined little self must surrender to the stillness which is absolute.

* * * *

How can you who are the unborn-undying awareness
Not be the witness within and without every seed ever born
Across the vast ever and ever of all quantum creation?
Not a string of separate lives, but an ocean of all.

* * * *

Awareness, consciousness, perception, memory, imagination, are one in the same, the same in one.
The cosmos is nothing more than the happenchance of quantum selection since the mystery's origin.
To suppose some separate creator creating it all, is to misconstrue the fact that it is all very much you.
Not a point to be taken in some proud, vainglorious, narcissistic way, but one to be discerned
As the way it truly is, the way it has always truly been, the way will ever truly be.
You are source, source is you, nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

The given second, the given minute, the given hour,
The given day, the given week, the given month, the given year,
The given decade, the given century, the given millennium, the given epoch,
All played out in the same awareness of the same given moment.

* * * *

Waking dreams, sleeping dreams, what difference, really?
Both are fictions of consciousness, of imagination,
Of minds born of illusory quantum play.

* * * *

The ever-changing moment.
Sometimes it creates, sometimes it preserves, sometimes it destroys.
There is no knowing what will come next.

* * * *

Every moment is in quantum reality entirely unrelated to any other,
But through the time-bound dream of consciousness.
All continuity is but imaginary notion.

* * * *

It is imagination that clings to all its imaginary notions.
Reality is ever-changing in its ever-same, indivisible way.

* * * *

God, as so many dualistic creeds of these modern times would have it,
Is Santa Claus, the Easter Bunny, the Tooth Fairy, and the Great Pumpkin,
All bundled up nice-and-tidy-and-a-tad-more-than-all-perfect into one Judge Judy.

* * * *

Every seed is a one-time adventure.
The indelible, unborn-undying, timeless awareness
That witnesses its sensory play is, however, quite another matter.

* * * *

What is all philosophy but different shades of lipstick on the same mystery.
For each and every observer who might ponder it deeply, it is equally new.

* * * *

… there is but one moment …

… this moment …

… is the same as this moment …
… is the same as this moment … is the same as this moment …
… is the same as this moment … is the same as this moment … is the same as this moment …
… is the same as this moment … is the same as this moment …
… is the same as this moment …

… the one and only eternal reality …

… whatever the theater …

* * * *

Every life form is the same quantum mystery, the same awareness, indivisibly alone,
Each peering out into a completely unique, completely sovereign creation.
If you are questing an omniscient-omnipresent-omnipotent god,
That grand vision of totality, which also includes you,
Is as real and true as it can ever get.

* * * *

You are indelible awareness.
Try not to believe what you see.
Try not to believe what you hear.
Try not to believe what you taste.
Try not to believe what you smell.
Try not to believe what you feel.
And most of all …
Try not to believe what you think.

* * * *

We are all first and last in our own little dream.
Every window of time offers its own articulation.
None are greater or lesser, despite all assertions.

* * * *

It is imagination that clings to all its imaginary notions
Founded upon the sensory-mind quantum matrix.
Reality is ever-changing in its ever-same way.

* * * *

Neither up nor down, right nor left, forward nor backward,

Nor any other symmetrical or asymmetrical orientation, either.
You are the one and only center stage awareness peering out
Into your rendition of the sensory-mind quantum theater.

* * * *

What will the cosmos be like without you?
What will you be like without the cosmos?

* * * *

Take an hour, split it in half.
Take that half and divide it in half,
And then half that half into yet another half,
And half and half and half again and again and again,
Until there is but the half-est half that half can consciously be,
And that half will still be more half than the one and only twinkling,
In which all time born of human mind imagines its measured passing to be.

* * * *

Glance over at the weary old woman sitting very alone at the thieving slot machine three stools away;
Chain-smoking cigarette after cigarette, downing as many gin and tonics as the waitress will allow.
Though she does not even begin to fathom it, she is just as much the indivisible mystery as you.
So do not get all pride-filled and judgmental believing you are special for discerning the obvious.

* * * *

Become a stranger to the mind-body that the timeless awareness you truly are inhabits.
Be as aloof toward your passing dream of consciousness as you would be to any other's.

* * * *

What is to feel happy for? What is to feel sorrow about? What is to feel angry at?
What is any passion but the self-absorption of desire and rage and fervor,
A dream that is not real, has never been real, will never be real.

* * * *

I am center stage in my dream, you center stage in yours.
What is to be done but play on however the mystery calls.

* * * *

Awareness, you are, you are.
The eternal ever-present moment.
Nothing less, nothing more, nothing but.

* * * *

Sun Tzu said, "The art of war recognizes nine varieties of ground."

1) Dispersive Ground:
When a chieftain is fighting in his own territory, it is dispersive ground.

2) Facile Ground:

When he has penetrated into hostile territory, but to no great distance, it is facile ground.

3) Contentious Ground:
Ground the possession of which imports great advantage to either side, is contentious ground.

4) Open Ground:
Ground on which each side has liberty of movement is open ground.

5) Ground of Intersecting Highways:
Ground which forms the key to three contiguous states,
so that he who occupies it first has most of the Empire at his command,
is a ground of intersecting highways.

6) Serious Ground:
When an army has penetrated into the heart of a hostile country,
leaving a number of fortified cities in its rear, it is serious ground.

7) Difficult Ground:
Mountain forests, rugged steeps, marshes and fens,
all country that is hard to traverse, this is difficult ground.

8) Hemmed-In Ground:
Ground which is reached through narrow gorges,
and from which we can only retire by tortuous paths,
so that a small number of the enemy would suffice to crush a large body of our men,
this is hemmed in ground.

9) Desperate Ground:
Ground on which we can only be saved from destruction
by fighting without delay, is desperate ground.

Always be aware of the ground on which you stand,
The ground through which you pass,
The ground through which you intend to stand or pass,
The ground in which you have stood or through which you have passed,
And the quantum nature of which all are equally fashioned,
Ever-indivisible beneath your indivisible feet.

* * * *

Cultures across every time and geography have always added imagery and idolatry
– gratuitous, frivolous, meaningless usurpations ever born of imagination –
To their ceaseless speculations regarding this unsolvable mystery,
All of which are utterly pointless when it comes to the quest for truth.

* * * *

All are alone, center stage in their universe,
And all others are but ever-kaleidoscoping reflections
Born of the sensory theater that nature-nurture hath wrought.

* * * *

There is only awareness.
There is only this one ever-present moment in which awareness is.
You are the awareness, you are the moment.
There is no other.

* * * *

Awareness equally, timelessly, permeates all dimensions,
In the one and only everlasting moment, as eternity ordains.

* * * *

The universe is an ever-mutating theater of quantum design
How it came to this or that, how it continues on,
Only ignorance imagines knowing.

* * * *

This is the one and only here, the one and only now,
The one and only awareness, the one and only moment.

* * * *

Why would what others think of you, why would what you think of yourself,
Ever matter at all to the awareness you truly are, have ever been, will ever be?

* * * *

What is there to transcend,
When the moment from which awareness peers,
Is every figment you could yearn to be.

* * * *

The pain and suffering of mortal existence is insurmountable
But through the complete and utter indifference of pure awareness.

* * * *

Where does the universe go when you close your eyes?
What is the universe doing behind the back of your head?
Not blinking or turning around will not provide the answer.

* * * *

Pain and suffering are created by imagination's flight in the illusory winds of time and space.
To be still in the awareness that is source, is to detach from the body and the cosmos it creates.

* * * *

Each and every moment takes up a mighty big swath
When you ponder the breadth and depth
Of the cosmos it contains.

* * * *

You have been a time-traveler ever since the body was born,
And will return to oblivion, obscurity, nothingness, void, when it perishes.
Such is the nature of the reverie for all the living things in which you timelessly abide.

* * * *

The human paradigm is an outcome of memory cells created through evolutionary happenstance,
Through natural selection in such a way as to conjure up an imaginary self,
And the rest is the make-believe we call history.

* * * *

You have been a time-traveler ever since you were born,
And will come to a complete halt when you die.
Such is the dream for all living things.

* * * *

Any given system tends to eventually grow too large, too unwieldy, too stale,
And is usurped by more adaptable systems unbound by the same constraints.
It is the nature of the manifest garden, the manifest universe, since its creation.

* * * *

The mystery is an endless source of knowledge and nonsense.
How rational is it to endlessly fill you head with so much of it?

* * * *

It is impossible for awareness to exist.
It is but timeless witness to a kaleidoscoping quantum dream,
Over which it has no control, no say, whatsoever.

* * * *

Awareness is witness,
Imagination, the dreamer,
Quantum, the theater.

* * * *

The moment is timeless.
It harbors no beginnings, no endings, nor anything before or between or after.
Those are the dominions of imagination.

* * * *

To be as still as the awareness that perceives it all,
To be free of all desire and fear, all musings, all conclusions, all speculations,
All the weavings of the ever-kaleidoscoping senses,
That is the challenge.

* * * *

Some universes are very large
Some universes are very small.
All universes begin the same.

All universes end the same.

* * * *

Alive or dead, what does the mystery care?
Here or there, what does the mystery care?
Light or dark, what does the mystery care?
Happy or sad, what does the mystery care?
Kind or cruel, what does the mystery care?
Black or white, what does the mystery care?
Sane or insane, what does the mystery care?
Witty or obtuse, what does the mystery care?
Infinite or finite, what does the mystery care?
Creation or destruction, what does the mystery care?
Atheist or believer, what does the mystery care?
Subtle or blatant, what does the mystery care?
Wealthy or poor, what does the mystery care?
Smart or stupid, what does the mystery care?
Right or wrong, what does the mystery care?
Male or female, what does the mystery care?
Straight or gay, what does the mystery care?
Love or hate, what does the mystery care?
Good or evil, what does the mystery care?
Sage or fool, what does the mystery care?
This or that, what does the mystery care?

* * * *

The only duality, the only dichotomy, with all its blacks and whites,
Nears and fars, larges and smalls, heres and theres, rights and wrongs, loves and hates,
Pluses and minuses, goods and evils, creations and destructions,
Is fabricated entirely of imagination.

* * * *

Plug five senses – sight, sound, smell, taste, touch –
Into a neurotransmitter capable of higher consciousness,
Capable of imagining a sense of self journeying time and space.
Add memory, larynx, opposable thumbs, two legs, lungs, cooling system,
And an inherent predisposition for tool-making and intricate social interactions.
Sprinkle into that biological stew a few dashes of desire and fear,
And, poof, a theater of unmitigated absurdity.

* * * *

If you want to call anything god, it would be awareness.
That which is kinetic or potential in all things in all times.

* * * *

Forgiveness, innocence, compassion, contentment, truth.
Be they the nectar of the gods, or merely hollow ideals?

* * * *

There is only awareness, immaculate and ingenuous, indivisible and absolute.
It is not Brahman, nor Tao, nor God, nor Allah, nor Jehovah, nor Zeus, nor Jesus, nor Buddha,
Nor any other graven image on high, born of consciousness, manmade or otherwise.

* * * *

Every creature plays a sensory universe.
Every creature taps into a wee slice of the quantum pie.
An itsy-bitsy sliver of the web of life sponsored by the electromagnetic spectrum.
Finite is finite, no matter the perspective.

* * * *

There is nothing more.
Nothing to achieve.
Nothing to grasp.
Nothing to do.
Nothing to be.
All but a dream.

* * * *

We are all actors upon the stage.
Most believing their parts real and true.
Some more believable than others,
But all dreams, nonetheless.

* * * *

Only in pure awareness, free of all pasts, free of all futures,
All movement of the clouds of consciousness,
Are you free in the dream.

* * * *

Peering out through the sensory-mind
At a sliver of the electromagnetic spectrum,
Another day in the quantum mystery underway.

* * * *

You are the timeless moment between life and death,
Reverie and oblivion, known and unknown, dust and dust.

* * * *

If you are one that endeavors to think outside your box,
The box gradually grows bigger and bigger and bigger,
Until perchance one indivisible day, no edges remain.

* * * *

Only imagination desires and fears, likes and loves and hates, creates and preserves and destroys.
Only imagination wallows in pride, envy, gluttony, lust, wrath, greed, and sloth.
Only imagination determines all things separate and unequal.

Awareness is indifferent to all attributes.

* * * *

Awareness has no time to create or destroy,
Live or die, give or take, stay or go, happy or sad, love or hate, good or bad,
Right or wrong, smart or stupid, kind or cruel, rich or poor,
Sage or fool, black or white, this or that,
Duality is not its purview.

* * * *

That which can be perceived is not the timeless quantum.
That which can be named is not the nameless awareness.

* * * *

The me-myself-and-I is a delusion born of imagination.
It but a fictional player in the timeless eye of awareness.

* * * *

Better to be agnostic, better to allow all the befores, all the afters,
To melt back into the obscurity in which they have always resided.

* * * *

Amazing how much pain and suffering we all put up with in this sensory-mind inspired,
Three-dimensional, touchy-feely, extremely finite, extremely illusory, ever-kaleidoscoping,
Tangibly intangible, ethereal, electromagnetic spectrum quantum matrix of a dreamtime.

* * * *

Past modern times, current modern times, future modern times,
All transpire, all unfold, all kaleidoscope, in the same timeless now.

* * * *

Breathe in nothing, breath out nothing.
Repeat until the last unborn-undying moment
Consciousness is capable of sustaining.

* * * *

Reside in the timeless, effortless, indivisible serenity
Of the mystery you are, have ever been, will ever be.

* * * *

The cosmic garden is an indivisibly immaculate creation.
Imagination is the creator of original sin, the last sin,
And all the incalculable ones betwixt and between.

* * * *

You are attached to anything tangible or intangible
That distracts you from the pure beingness of awareness,
Anything that draws you into the endless web of consciousness.

* * * *

Awareness is awareness.
What is to intellectualize?
What is to mythologize?
What is to dogmatize?
What is to illuminate?
What is to symbolize?
What is to systemize?
What is to idolatrize?
What is to translate?
What is to elucidate?
What is to canonize?
What is to ritualize?
What is to worship?
What is to convert?
What is to believe?
What is to imagine?
What is to venerate?
What is to persuade?
What is to interpret?
What is to formalize?
What is to evangelize?
What is to proselytize?
What is to propagandize?
What is to institutionalize?
What is to traditionalize?
What is to anything?

* * * *

Forever is a function of time,
And given that time does not actually exist,
Is therefore of questionable meaning.
A dubious assumption, indeed.

* * * *

What creature has not been the transcendent timeless serenity its entire existence?
Only the human species has fabricated a hellish enterprise of this magical garden world.
The gods and demons it has mythologized are but the vanity of imagination's divisive nature.

* * * *

Sometimes you look at things one way, sometimes another.
Irony and paradox take nothing, leave nothing, for granted.

* * * *

Sight and sound and taste and smell and touch,
Are but the Darwinian alchemy of the sensory mind,
Founded upon the emptiness of the quantum paradox.

* * * *

Observer, seer, visionary, soothsayer, oracle, prophet, prognosticator,
Diviner, fortune teller, augur, crystal gazer, clairvoyant,
Psychic, medium, sibyl, forecaster, scientist.
All witnesses to the same mystery of their own persuasion.

* * * *

Truth is so much simpler, so much more austere, than all the multiple-syllable wordplay
That I and others of the same ilk so methodically, so legalistically use,
In our relatively pointless philosophical prattle.

* * * *

Many if not most are fully absorbed in their own existential adventure,
And make little time to deeply ponder the large and small of it in any meaningful way.
The solitary realm of the philosopher is very alonely ground.
And does it matter? Not one whit.

* * * *

This garden world is plenty capable of fashioning anything
The physics of the quantum mystery might allow
Without the aid of aliens or deities.

* * * *

From nothingness, awareness.
From awareness, quantum.
From quantum, chemistry.
From chemistry, biology.
From biology, medium.
From medium, consciousness,
From consciousness, imagination.
From imagination, Me and Myself and I.
From Me and Myself and I, illusion and delusion.

* * * *

We are born alone, we exist alone, we die alone.
Nothing to assert, nothing to emote, nothing to avoid.

* * * *

Every other moment of your relatively brief existence,
No matter the quantum tempest whooshing around and about,
Has always been very much steeped in the same awareness as this one.

* * * *

What is the point of anyone judging any another?
All sensory mind-bodies experience very different worlds, very different universes,
That cannot be changed in any way, any shape, any form.
Be and allow are the highest law.

* * * *

Awareness is the clarity, the simplicity, the transparency, the eternity,
In which the thunder and lightning of consciousness
Equally plays any and all dreams.

* * * *

The same awareness is in all life,
It is neither mine nor yours or theirs.
It is without attachment to any structure.
And equally plays any and all dreams.

* * * *

There is just this one indelible, indivisible reality,
So easily forgotten in any given moment:
That all are you, and you are all.
Simple to utter; challenging to every instant realize.
How quickly the distractible mind can misplace any coherent insight
In the murky fog, the mucky bog, the gummy quagmire, of the everyday divisive grind.

* * * *

All gods and other mythological creations are un-provable assumptions
Born of the inexplicable human need to rationalize their inexplicability.

* * * *

Regarding the infinity of the mystery into which we have been cast,
No one can ever know more than the speculations of imagination allow.

* * * *

Who is the universe you cannot see?
What is the universe you cannot see?
Where is the universe you cannot see?
When is the universe you cannot see?
Why is the universe you cannot see?
How is the universe you cannot see?

* * * *

Who is the universe you cannot hear?
What is the universe you cannot hear?
Where is the universe you cannot hear?
When is the universe you cannot hear?
Why is the universe you cannot hear?
How is the universe you cannot hear?

* * * *

Who is the universe you cannot taste?
What is the universe you cannot taste?
Where is the universe you cannot taste?

When is the universe you cannot taste?
Why is the universe you cannot taste?
How is the universe you cannot taste?

* * * *

Who is the universe you cannot smell?
What is the universe you cannot smell?
Where is the universe you cannot smell?
When is the universe you cannot smell?
Why is the universe you cannot smell?
How is the universe you cannot smell?

* * * *

Who is the universe you cannot touch?
What is the universe you cannot touch?
Where is the universe you cannot touch?
When is the universe you cannot touch?
Why is the universe you cannot touch?
How is the universe you cannot touch?

* * * *

Who is the universe you cannot know?
What is the universe you cannot know?
Where is the universe you cannot know?
When is the universe you cannot know?
Why is the universe you cannot know?
How is the universe you cannot know?

* * * *

Who is the universe you cannot see?
Who is the universe you cannot hear?
Who is the universe you cannot taste?
Who is the universe you cannot smell?
Who is the universe you cannot touch?
Who is the universe you cannot know?

* * * *

What is the universe you cannot see?
What is the universe you cannot hear?
What is the universe you cannot taste?
What is the universe you cannot smell?
What is the universe you cannot touch?
What is the universe you cannot know?

* * * *

Where is the universe you cannot see?
Where is the universe you cannot hear?
Where is the universe you cannot taste?

Where is the universe you cannot smell?
Where is the universe you cannot touch?
Where is the universe you cannot know?

* * * *

When is the universe you cannot see?
When is the universe you cannot hear?
When is the universe you cannot taste?
When is the universe you cannot smell?
When is the universe you cannot touch?
When is the universe you cannot know?

* * * *

Why is the universe you cannot see?
Why is the universe you cannot hear?
Why is the universe you cannot taste?
Why is the universe you cannot smell?
Why is the universe you cannot touch?
Why is the universe you cannot know?

* * * *

How is the universe you cannot see?
How is the universe you cannot hear?
How is the universe you cannot taste?
How is the universe you cannot smell?
How is the universe you cannot touch?
How is the universe you cannot know?

* * * *

No matter the time, no matter the space,
No matter the form, no matter the formless,
It is all you, and you alone, indivisible, eternal.

* * * *

In the Bhagavad Gita, in Lord Krishna's discourse with the warrior, Arjuna,
He states the manifest aspect consists of eight material energies:
Earth, water, fire, air, ether, mind, intellect, and ego.
And that the higher nature is the life force
That permeates all things and sustains the Cosmos.
This two-fold nature is the womb of all beings and things.
It is the source of all Creation, and that into which it dissolves.
That there is nothing higher than the Self that clearly discerns this,
That "All That Is" hangs upon this Self like "pearls threaded on string."
And that those few who absolutely, without doubt, see this, become That I Am.

* * * *

There has never been even one instant in all eternity
When you are not the unborn-undying changeless nature.

All perceptions, all dichotomies, are but imaginary constructs.

* * * *

There has never been even one instant when you are not the unborn indivisible nature.
All perceptions, all causes, all effects, all dichotomies, are but imaginary constructions.

* * * *

No matter the dice-and-slice of the quantum electromagnetic spectrum being occupied,
No matter the manifestation, no matter the sensory theater,
No matter the dimension,
No matter any dichotomy whatsoever,
The awareness peering out, the mystery peering out, is ever the same.

* * * *

Imagine yourself back to the moment you were conceived,
And re-examine, re-witness, from that timeless, spaceless beginning,
The womb, the world, the cosmos, you have in time traveled, in time created.

* * * *

Truth is not something that can be taught, nor can it be learned.
It is about fully attending the moment; not the triviality of memory.

* * * *

Observing, contemplating, the imaginary expanses of the mind's kaleidoscoping theater,
All seen, all heard, all tasted, all smelled, all touched, all anything,
Is the nothingness of quantum play.

Soundbites

You want to travel across the universe? Try reaching the inside of your skull.

* * * *

Imagination ever takes flight, ever creating its imaginary cosmos.

* * * *

Awareness is all, and timelessly awaits your presence.

* * * *

The challenge is keeping that game face on when you are alone in the dark.

* * * *

Your sleeping dream, your waking dream, what difference, really?

* * * *

Your cosmos is an endless parade of forms and the voids between; try to remember they are all you.

* * * *

Nature timelessly creates and destroys without artifice or theatrics or agenda.

* * * *

Only the mind is quantum enough to know.

* * * *

You might be able to waste time if it existed.

* * * *

Does time create consciousness, or consciousness, time? Is one without the other?

* * * *

Despite all sensory enticements to the contrary, you have always been very much alone.

* * * *

Knowledge is a function of time, and time does not exist, ergo …

* * * *

Imagination is the weaver of continuity, but where is continuity in the eternal moment?

* * * *

The life that you imagine is but a subjective dream, as real as any cloud.

* * * *

Truth is not at all complicated; only the maze of mind makes it seem so.

* * * *

Doubt what the world spins, not your Self.

* * * *

The no-mind is the mind that has given itself over to the pure awareness of its Self.

* * * *

Awareness is the only answer there is, and it is not going to give any.

* * * *

In pure awareness, all dissolves into nothingness; the world, the universe, the mind, cease to exist.

* * * *

Grasp the difference between the awareness of awareness, and the idealization of awareness.

* * * *

Live timeless.

* * * *

The knack for standing alone and seeing clearly for yourself is an all too rare feat.

* * * *

Measuring the indivisible is a human pastime.

* * * *

Try as it might, the mind cannot contain eternity; the no-mind is naught but.

* * * *

Truth is stranger than fiction.

* * * *

Imagination cavorts about the stage, but quantum physics runs the theater.

* * * *

The truthful eye can be cloaked by every artifice known to mind.

* * * *

Infinity hath no bounds.

* * * *

The underlying form, the underlying formless.

* * * *

You are a flicker in the Universal Mind.

* * * *

Adrift in the time of mind.

* * * *

It is a mystery; leave it at that.

* * * *

When it comes to the mystery, there is no knowing; only the speculation we call knowing.

* * * *

You are the mystery that requires no name.

* * * *

What are goals and plans but rabbit holes in your dream?

* * * *

There is no soul; just the same timeless awareness in all things.

* * * *

In truth, you have been dying all your life.

* * * *

We are all compost for the dreams to come.

* * * *

The awareness does not care one way or another.

* * * *

Define truth and you have missed its moment.

* * * *

Awareness is the only constant in the ever-changing quantum dream.

* * * *

The hidden treasure is the awareness of this very eternal moment.

* * * *

The eternal moment knows neither after nor before.

* * * *

Quantum cannot be without awareness, and awareness cannot see without quantum.

* * * *

What universe do all the other critters of the universe see?

* * * *

There is only one you, cloaked in a near-infinity of guises.

* * * *

What meaning and purpose can be attached to that which is timeless?

* * * *

To play in time or eternity, that is the question.

* * * *

And that truth died, too.

* * * *

The mystery creates the brain, and the brain, the mystery.

* * * *

Life is an intoxicating dream, an intoxicating illusion.

* * * *

So many possibilities, and only one lifetime.

* * * *

The reality is that we are all very much alone in our little universe.

* * * *

What is the point of yet again discovering that which has been discovered times beyond counting?

* * * *

Regarding truth, what you want it to be, hope it to be, believe it to be, means diddly-squat.

* * * *

It is only the rare few who have the wit and courage to stand alone and discern the mystery clearly.

* * * *

You must teach your Self to let go the imaginary mind.

* * * *

Forever is a state of time that does not exist.

* * * *

Truth is not an opinion.

* * * *

You are the mystery come unto life.

* * * *

You are the mystery come unto awareness.

* * * *

You are the mystery come unto consciousness.

* * * *

You are the mystery come unto imagination.

* * * *

Do you want the truth? Or the Pollyanna version?

* * * *

There you go, talking to your Self again.

Just because someone does not want to hear the truth does not make it any less true.

* * * *

The eye of god is the awareness, the timeless stillness, that is neither within nor without.

* * * *

What is this quantum enterprise but a maze of infinite dreams.

* * * *

Face the truth; de-face the truth.

* * * *

Abide in the unknown, unknowing all you know.

* * * *

What makes your universe any more real than a caterpillar's?

* * * *

How can you forget everything but by giving over to the awareness of the one and only moment.

* * * *

Yet another dream born of quantum dust.

* * * *

Such is the nature of the dream that the awareness of now passes into the perception of then.

* * * *

It is one thing to talk about being the way, the truth, the life; quite another to be it.

* * * *

It was all a dream, an illusion, a hoax, from moment one.

* * * *

Are you sure your sense of time is the same as anyone else's?

* * * *

Consciousness is a function of awareness.

* * * *

A still mind, a mind given over to awareness, is a timeless mindless mind.

* * * *

Do not misperceive what you imagine your Self to be with what you truly are.

* * * *

Expand your vision of god to include everything infinitesimal to infinite, including your Self.

* * * *

Natural selection, quantum selection.

* * * *

What else have you ever been but solitary witness to an inexplicable mystery?

* * * *

All perceptions of existence are but a mirage of the quantum mind.

* * * *

What is anyone’s fate but the result of the character the mystery has played.

* * * *

If no moment is distinguishable from another, where’s the mystery?

* * * *

At the indivisible quantum level, what could possibly differentiate one moment from another?

* * * *

You are the quantum matrix; the quantum matrix is you.

* * * *

And what great difference do you believe you have really made in this cosmic swirl?

* * * *

Emotion is an unfathomable abyss.

* * * *

You are an eye of the mystery; what need to believe?

* * * *

How would this universe, your universe, exist without you to witness it?

* * * *

We are all kings and queens, heroes and villains, angels and demons, unto our own universe.

* * * *

Consciousness is the creator of space and time, a quantum dimension born of imagination.

* * * *

What is to surrender but a dream born of attachment to imaginary notion.

* * * *

Awareness does not care diddly-squat whether or not you give it even one iota of attention.

* * * *

Tap into the awareness as you would dive into a river, or a plug a lamp into a socket.

* * * *

In the timeless, indelible awareness of the one-and-only, ever-present moment, nothing exists.

* * * *

The dream, the imagination, will always draw you back if you allow it.

* * * *

Who is not hero of their own of their own universe, of their own window of time?

* * * *

Live in whatever ignorance you will, the mystery of awareness equally abides all dreams.

* * * *

You are awareness, the eternal moment, creator and creation, there is no other.

* * * *

All but a dream based on all the attachments to the mortal frame.

* * * *

With but a glance, a cosmos is created.

* * * *

There is no knowing the truth of history; it is all the speculation of storytellers.

* * * *

The man who suffers is still caught in the web of time, the web of mind.

* * * *

You are the center of your imaginary universe, nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

Yet another day in the mystery theater.

* * * *

It is the same mystery born of awareness that it has ever been, will ever be.

* * * *

The world, the cosmos, exist only in consciousness; they are nothing in the ever-present moment.

* * * *

As awareness witnesses it.

* * * *

You pass through time, and time passes through you.

* * * *

Analogue or digital, clocks ticking away the time, but the moment ever the same.

* * * *

Each is center stage in their universe, and a reflection in yours.

* * * *

Face it, your entire existence has been a fabrication of imagination; awareness, cloaked by vanity.

* * * *

When you are pure awareness, what else is there to be?

* * * *

Different time, same moment.

* * * *

All universes are different; all universes are the same.

* * * *

Pay no attention to anyone behind any veil when it comes to discerning the truth for your Self.

* * * *

You want to know God? Look within, discern the awareness peering out.

* * * *

The absolute is without yes or no, this or that; without duality in any way, shape, or form.

* * * *

That awareness which timelessly peers out is never undone.

* * * *

Live or die? Why should, how could awareness care?

* * * *

Awareness takes on all forms.

* * * *

Imagine a world, a universe, in which you have never been known.

* * * *

After almost a lifetime, you finally figured it out, maybe.

* * * *

And what do you believe you have accomplished that will matter at all to eternity?

* * * *

It is the mystery that is born again and again and again, not the mind-body identity.

* * * *

Feel sorry for the body, not your Self; you are not it, it is not you.

* * * *

The winds of consciousness, of imagination, blow through the sky of timeless awareness.

* * * *

Every moment its own universe.

* * * *

Every time is its own little window of absurdity.

* * * *

The awareness that let its story go.

* * * *

The cosmos that vanity built.

* * * *

Awareness is true Self; imagined self is but imagined self.

* * * *

It is impossible for awareness to exist.

* * * *

The body is but the regalia of a dream

* * * *

Awareness is witness; imagination, the dreamer; quantum, the theater.

* * * *

Imagination can only usurp awareness for as long as the moment allows.

* * * *

The dream carries on and on until death do you part.

* * * *

An interactive, impromptu quantum theater.

* * * *

Of truth, nobody really knows, but plenty sure like to yabber on and on.

* * * *

All, alone.

* * * *

Awareness is the ticket and the ride.

* * * *

The mind without attributes is a tranquil pond of awareness.

* * * *

The mystery staring into a mirror is still a mystery.

* * * *

The awareness in times and space; the time and space in awareness.

* * * *

Awareness is without attributes.

* * * *

Awareness is neither something nor nothing.

* * * *

Time and space are not without awareness.

* * * *

Is time any more than a function of memory cells?

* * * *

The mystery is already over you; time to catch up.

* * * *

All in a dream, all but a dream.

* * * *

Aloneness, embrace it.

* * * *

Be time-free.

* * * *

Awareness is awakened in all sentient beings, and at-the-ready in everything else.

* * * *

Nature is the expression; awareness the medium.

* * * *

How can you save what was never more than a dream in the first place?

* * * *

If you must name awareness, call it god, or something of that stripe.

* * * *

The trouble with quantum is that it is trouble-free.

* * * *

What point to existence if awareness does not use it to explore the creation to which it is home.

* * * *

What could you possibly do to make it more or less the dreamtime it is, has always been, will ever be.

* * * *

You are the most immaculate you the immaculate mystery could immaculately create.

* * * *

To assert the ant wanders the same universe as the tiger is laughable.

* * * *

Truth is not what you think; truth is not anything you think.

* * * *

The imagination-driven universe awakens to a new day.

* * * *

The never-ending story will never be written for more than a scratch of time.

* * * *

Waking up every moment to a new universe.

* * * *

Awareness, ever alone amid the swirl of every possible distraction.

* * * *

Awareness is as large as it is small.

* * * *

The serenity of the tabula rasa is the state of the mind unborn-undying.

* * * *

How can it not be the same mystery no matter how many dimensions you occupy?

* * * *

We are all supping on the same mystery.

* * * *

There is no copyright on truth.

* * * *

Time is nothing more than a neurological conception.

* * * *

Gravity deceives you into believing you are not floating in space.

* * * *

Nothing near, nothing far, all the same, right here, right now, for all eternity, mystery that it ever is.

* * * *

Awareness: unborn, undying, indelible, indivisible, absolute.

* * * *

The undifferentiated state is a state unto its Self.

* * * *

The awareness prior to consciousness is as near as you can be to anything called god.

* * * *

Awareness harbors no duality; that is the purview of imagination.

* * * *

Awareness has no identity.

* * * *

You must let go all the words if you wish to drift in emptiness, the solitude of awareness.

* * * *

What is this momentary dream but one kaleidoscoping phase after another.

* * * *

There is only one first time for anything.

* * * *

The electromagnetic spectrum is far beyond far, any reckoning to which consciousness might aspire.

* * * *

How long can forever be if time does not exist?

* * * *

It is a mystery is a mystery is a mystery, and shall ever remain a mystery.

* * * *

Awareness is ever the same awareness, no matter how you mine it.

* * * *

A rare few see reality clearly, without effort, and move on at ease with their brief dream.

* * * *

Truth is so pure and simple as to be non-existent.

* * * *

Imagination is the harbor of duality.

* * * *

What most call truth, is merely the fog of lies swirling around and about.

* * * *

Why humankind assumes itself the be-all-end-all of the universe is a mystery unto its Self.

* * * *

Awareness harbors no duality.

* * * *

Why engage with any dualistic notion?

* * * *

The student of truth is neither deterred nor deflected by any lie.

* * * *

Once upon a time you knew so much, and now so little, a thimble would suffice.

* * * *

What forever can there be to the eternity that is timeless?

* * * *

Nature is the mystery's expression.

* * * *

A mind given over to awareness is attuned to conscious breathing.

* * * *

We are born alone, we exist alone, we die alone.

Breadcrumbs

I am center stage in my universe, and a reflection in yours.

* * * *

How inexplicable, how curious, how odd,
To have discerned the awareness, indelible source of all.
What an amazing mystery, no answer to be had, were one ever called for.

* * * *

Metropolises, large or small, do not do anything for me anymore.
Just masses of cement, metal, glass, plastic, asphalt, and ceaseless consumption,
Leading nowhere this eye of awareness ever needs to wander again.

* * * *

Oh, for a quantum-piercing time machine
To watch how the human paradigm plays out.
Will it be as madly dystopian as I imagine?

* * * *

Alas that I have been such a disillusionment to so many people
Along the long and winding road that has woven this mind's tapestry.
Such is the destiny of those for whom their cosmos is the first and last pearl.

* * * *

Eternity's historian.

* * * *

… Once upon a time I was six …
… And then sixteen … and then 26 … 36 … 46 … 56 …
… And now 66 … perhaps someday 76 … maybe even 86 … or even an improbable 96 …
… What a dream …

* * * *

I am agnostic, I do not know, I do not care.
I have no sense, no discernment that there is a god,
But if there is, it surely includes anything and everything.

Even me, even you.

* * * *

The convenience of being an unknown solo act
Is not having to cater to one herd mentality or another.
There is no freedom in the expectations of political correctness.

* * * *

How many countless hours have I spent tinkering with this student-of-life wanderfest.
All the reading, writing, talking, typing, editing, programming, sharing.
Yeesch and by golly, what a hobby, what a quixotic pastime.
And to think, time does not even exist as more than a neurological conception.

* * * *

Truth is so much simpler, so much more austere, than all the multiple-syllable wordplay
That I and others of the same ilk so meticulously, so legalistically use,
In our relatively pointless philosophical prattle.

* * * *

Spent life looking for meaning and purpose until I finally realized there is none.
That the entire human drama and the dreamtime in which it is set,
Is but an illusion, a game rigged for delusion.

Sketches of the Once Upon a Time
A Few Epiphanies and Other Hallmark Moments

The Nightmare

Dreams have never been a high priority in this existence,
But there was a recurring one that began back in the years before adolescence.
One in which I felt helplessly, hopelessly, powerlessly trapped beneath a suffocating, bean-like torrent,
Which only ended when I finally realized it was my spirit being conditioned by the world.
It may well have been the first intuition of all that has since transpired.

Commentaries on Living

Sometime during my years at Modesto Junior College, while in the library walking through the stacks,
three small hardback, pastel-colored books leaped into the awareness and drew me like a magnet.
They were the "Commentaries on Living" by Jiddu Krishnamurti, an Indian philosopher.
Checked out the first one, and though it seemed worth reading, it made me sluggish.
So, I fairly soon returned it, and a week later nonchalantly pilfered all three.
It would not be until I had entered the working world a few years later
that I was finally able to read them without drifting off into drowse mode.
It was the beginning of a lifetime of quixotic exploration, both inner and outer.
Finally, ten or twenty or whatever years later, in a pang of rarely felt compunction,
I bought the paperback versions and dropped all three into the sidewalk book return box.
Rest assured that it was a move bemoaned many times since.

Wondering if they are still there …

The I That I Dream

The I that I dream came into existence in Hughson
in Stanislaus County in California in the United States of America.
Specifically, 37°36′11″N 120°52′1″W of this our Gaia, speck in the Cosmos that it is.
This mind-body is male, Caucasian, American English-speaking, with an all-rounder set of abilities.
It was raised on a small peach farm by decent parents a mile outside a decent rural town.
It was given a generic education that ended with a generic business degree,
followed up a decade later with a generic teaching credential.
It worked a wide variety of occupations in a wide variety of geographies.
It interacted with a wide variety of people and participated in a wide variety of experiences.
At age 36, it began what would evolve into a substantial body of written work.
What a remarkable thing the happenstance of being conceived.
What a remarkable thing all the happenstances that happen along the way.
And as for having free will, well, some claim it true, but these eyes see it a dubious assumption.

The Button

Sometime back in the early years after college,
as awareness of the world and all its horrors grew daily greater,
I told my mother that if I had a button I could push to wipe away all of humankind,
and give this spinning orb back to all our fellow earthlings, I would push it without a second thought.
But, other than mutually assured nuclear annihilation, there is no button of that sort,
and so, instead, a life of contemplation, and perhaps one day, suicide.
Much simpler to die to the world than push any button,
and that is certainly no simple task, either.

Definitive v. Tentative

Glynda Lee thought the title should be “A Stillness Before Time,”
but a more definitive “The” has always sounded better to me.

The Miscalculated Wave

These many thoughts began bubbling out in 1989
After a head and neck injury invoked by a miscalculated wave
While boogie boarding with my fifth-sixth grade class in Southern Kaliforny.
It was the finale of a short teaching phase, and the entrée to an assortment of switchbacks,
In the ever-kaleiscoping wanderfest of imagination, in work and recreation and every other whatever,
That has materialized all this whimsical chitter-chatter into this quantum playground.
It has been my way to allow spontaneity to fashion this destiny.

Random Babble

All this random babble has been scribed since leaving a teaching job in Ojai in 1989.
Apologies for all the repetition, but it has been more a journal of whatever sprang into mind,

than any kind of cohesive narrative, or cohesive anything, for that or any other matter.
Basically, it all boils down to this fact: You are the indivisible, timeless mystery,
and for all practical and impractical purposes, you are on you own.
Rotsa ruck, best wishes, et cetera, et cetera, et cetera.

My (Not Quite) Haiku

John Williams in my ears.
A soundtrack to the universe
dancing and prancing all about.

You want my love?
Then you must share it
with the rest of the mystery.

When was it I stopped crying?
When I saw the universe
for the dream it is.

Drifting down the river of time,
I wonder at its mystery
And the falls ahead.

Can any cloud be more dark
than the stoical cynicism I bear
towards the dream dancing in my mind?

The universe is an ever-mutating show of quantum design
How it came to this, how it continues on,
Only fools imagine knowing.

What is there to transcend,
When the moment from which awareness peers,
Is every figment you could yearn to be.

A lifetime wandering the stage.
A lifetime full of adventures.
Not much longer now.

Adrift in the ether of awareness;
Consciousness swirling around and about.
No destination known.

Had I known what I know today,
Would have only made for another trail of discovery
In the helter-skelter of dreamtime.

Left alone, I am my own device.
What need for any other?
I am rock, I am island, unto Self.

When it comes to this Grand Mystery,
Why would anybody believe, trust, imagine, accept,
Anyone else truly knows any more than they?

An agnostic mind, knowing it knows nothing,
Freely wanders, anonymously wanders, serenely wanders,
Though the madness of a delusional illusion.

How clouds do wander the sky.
Here and there, so oblivious, so unaware, so unmindful,
Of that moment in which all genesis abides.

I putter, therefore I think I am.
But what am I, but awareness locked in a vat of flesh and bones,
Witnessing a figment of imagination wandering an illusory matrix of space and time.

Alone again, naturally.
The world, the cosmos, naught but a mind-body dream.
Just the way I likes it.

An illusory matrix, chock-full of vain dreams of becoming.
But what more can any truly be,
But the way it is, right here, right now.

Older than the stars, younger than the moment,
unborn, undying, I am, I Am,
in the once upon a time.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Leftovers

You are the immaculate awareness, the immeasurable witness,
Through which nature every moment creates, every moment destroys.
It is a timeless dance, a timeless dream, in which duality is but imaginary notion.

* * * *

Whatever metaphor, whatever analogy, whatever idiom,
Whatever allegory, whatever simile, whatever image, you might use …
Be it truth, divinity, reality, universe, cosmos, sky, ocean, river, ether, infinity, mystery …
No concept can ever be whatever it is, no concept can ever be whatever it is not.

* * * *

How much of the universe can you possess,
When you cannot even hold on to one breath?

* * * *

What space, what time, what theater, what dream,
Could ever contact, ever confine, ever control,
The awareness you truly are, and are not.

* * * *

The challenge is to become your own mind, to become your own voice.
Follow no one, lead no one, discern what is real for your Self, stay humble.

* * * *

Stop, already, with the perfection-conception archetype.
None who play mortality, are that with which perfection would ever align.
All are flawed; all are faulty, defective, damaged, blemished, inconsistent, unsound, weak.
Better to embrace the reality of this mundane touchy-feely dream,
Than to contort to yet another vain absurdity.

* * * *

To keenly perceive the limitations of imagination's usurpation of awareness,
Is the inevitable burden of all who awaken to the illusion of space and time.

* * * *

All those likes, all those dislikes, are really nothing more
Than imaginary universes ever embracing and colliding.

* * * *

What would your world be, what would your universe be, without the eyes to see?
What would your world be, what would your universe be, without the ears to hear?
What would your world be, what would your universe be, without the nose to smell?

What would your world be, what would your universe be, without the tongue to taste?
What would your world be, what would your universe be, without the body to touch?
What would your world be, what would your universe be, without the mind to think?
What would your world be, what would your universe be, without all of the above?

* * * *

Great doubt, whether through hesitation or disbelief,
Is the motivation, the momentum, the impetus, the stimulus,
That sets canvas and rudder to whatever parts known and unknown,
Any given wanderer, any given rambler, any given gypsy, any given sailor,
From harbor to harbor, from adventure to adventure, from birth to death, may tack.

* * * *

Consciousness, judgement, belief, imagery, measurement, inventiveness,
Imagination, visualization, fantasy, hallucination, meditation, contemplation, revelation,
Perception, thought, reflection, deliberation, observation, conception, prescience,
Creativity, understanding, planning, problem-solving, problem-making,
Dreaming, opinion, notion, theory, philosophy, theory, design …
All very much the same time-bound movement of mind.

* * * *

Who was the first to come down from the trees?
Who was the first to walk out into the plain?
Who was the first to gaze up into the skies?
Who was the first to use a hand signal?
Who was the first to utter a word?
Who was the first to stand?
Who was the first to walk?
Who was the first to run?
Who was the first to pursue?
Who was the first to build a fire?
Who was the first to throw a stone?
Who was the first to make a spear?
Who was the first to make a bowl?
Who was the first to make a basket?
Who was the first to tame a wolf?
Who was the first to tame a cat?
Who was the first to cook a meal?
Who was the first to use fire as a weapon?
Who was the first to write a word?
Who was the first to build a tool?
Who was the first to make a bowl?
Who was the first to make a spoon?
Who was the first to make a fork?
Who was the first to make a cup?
Who was the first to plant a seed?
Who was the first to create many gods?
Who was the first to create one god?

Who was the first to make a canoe?
Who was the first to dig a canal?
Who was the first to make an awl?
Who was the first to make ink?
Who was the first to make a knife?
Who was the first to use a club?
Who was the first to make a needle?
Who was the first to make cloth?
Who was the first to color clothing?
Who was the first to make a sword?
Who was the first to make a slingshot?
Who was the first to solve a math problem?
Who was the first to devise a geometric shape?
Who was the first to draw a line?
Who was the first to draw a square?
Who was the first to draw a triangle?
Who was the first to draw a circle?
Who was the first to make paper?
Who was the first to do a string figure?
Who was the first to make music?
Who was the first to make a flute?
Who was the first to make a drum?
Who was the first to make a harp?
Who was the first to make a harpoon?
Who was the first to make a fishing pole?
Who was the first to build a shield?
Who was the first to devise a currency?
Who was the first to make a bed?
Who was the first to enter a cave?
Who was the first to build a hut?
Who was the first to make a tent?
Who was the first to make a sling?
Who was the first to make a bow?
Who was the first to ride a horse?
Who was the first to form a hunting party?
Who was the first to make a mirror?
Who was the first to make a comb?
Who was the first to make a brush?
Who was the first to use build a home?
Who was the first to build a boat?
Who was the first to name a star?
Who was the first to make first painting?
Who was the first to design first symbol?
Who was the first to create a deity?
Who was the first to conceive good and evil?
Who was the first to create paint?
Who was the first to use a stylus?
Who was the first to make pottery?

Who was the first to devise cuneiform?
Who was the first to conceive numbers?
Who was the first to conceive letters?
Who was the first to conceive language?
Who was the first to awaken to Self?
Who was the first to conceive love?
Who was the first to conceive romance?
Who was the first to kill a beast?
Who was the first to wear clothes?
Who was the first to make a wheel?
Who was the first to make a cart?
Who was the first to make a boat?
Who was the first to make a sail?
Who was the first to barter?
Who was the first to create money?
Who was the first to make paper?
Who was the first to create a business?
Who was the first to chip a stone?
Who was the first to make an awl?
Who was the first to wear jewelry?
Who was the first to dig for metal?
Who was the first to make a forge?
Who was the first to create an explosive?
Who was the first to make a shield?
Who was the first to make a rope?
Who was the first to sew?
Who was the first to make clothes?
Who was the first to write graffiti?
Who was the first to wear a tattoo?
Who was the first to domesticate an animal?
Who was the first to swaddle an infant?
Who was the first to bury a body?
Who was the first to eat fruit?
Who was the first to take a hallucinogen?
Who was the first to make alcohol?
Who was the first to create a currency?
Who was the first to smoke tobacco?
Who was the first to kill another?
Who was the first to use a pillow?
Who was the first to float on a log?
Who was the first to swim across a river?
Who was the first to make sugar?
Who was the first to harvest honey?
Who was the first to kill a tiger?
Who was the first to ride an elephant?
Who was the first to make a saddle?
Who was the first to make a stirrup?
Who was the first to milk a goat?

Who was the first to sow a seed?
Who was the first to create a herd?
Who was the first to make a blanket?
Who was the first to make a coat?
Who was the first to dig a well?
Who were the first to hunt as a band?
Who was the first to dam a river?
Who was the first to discover gold?
Who was the first to walk a beach?
Who was the first to milk a cow?
Who was the first to climb a mountain?
Who was the first to sail on the ocean?
Who was the first to wear a dress?
Who was the first to wear pants?
Who was the first to make a belt?
Who was the first to make glass?
Who was the first to wear underwear?
Who was the first to milk a horse?
Who was the first to make a candle?
Who was the first to make a stairway?
Who was the first to build a house?
Who was the first to make a hammock?
Who was the first to make a tent?
Who was the first to catch a fish?
Who was the first to make a net?
Who was the first to trap an animal?
Who was the first to sing a song?
Who was the first to wear makeup?
Who was the first to get a haircut?
Who was the first to tie a knot?
Who was the first to trim his beard?
Who was the first to breed an animal?
Who was the first to harvest a crop?
Who was the first to rape another?
Who was the first to steal from another?
Who was the first to hoard wealth?
Who was the first to torture another?
Who was the first to fight a battle?
Who was the first to bake bread?
Who was the first to build a castle?
Who was the first to make up a story?
Who was the first to see a reflection of their face?
Who was the first to imagine a sense of self?

And who will be the last?

* * * *

That reflection in the mirror or window,

That photograph on the mantle or album or screen,
Is not you … it never was, it never will be.
You are prior to all attributes,
No matter the dream.

* * * *

It is all this imaginary becoming that wreaks all the many passions,
That generate so much sorrow and suffering in existence.
Awareness is, without concern for any moment
The human paradigm could ever spin.

* * * *

Why would anyone even begin to believe, to imagine,
The indelible mystery could ever not be whole,
That it could ever separate in any way from its awareness.
You are the mystery, you are the awareness, witness to all and none.

* * * *

Cults and religions come and go because the multitudes
Fear suffering and oblivion, fear the unknowable,
And seek salvation from the fires of damnation,
For nothing more than evils born of imagination.
Truly, the one and only angel, the one and only demon,
The one and only usurper of awareness in all its human forms.

* * * *

Un-imagine you are this mind-body.
Un-imagine you are this existence.
Un-imagine you are this world.
Un-imagine you are this cosmos.
Un-imagine you are this dreamtime.

* * * *

Home, sweet home.
Peace, sweet peace.
Silence, sweet silence.
Solitude, sweet solitude.
Obscurity, sweet obscurity.
Awareness, sweet awareness.
Anonymity, sweet anonymity.
Realization, sweet realization.
Emptiness, sweet emptiness.
Rightness, sweet rightness.
Serenity, sweet serenity.
Home, sweet home.

* * * *

What you were before you were born? What have you been while alive? What will you be after death?

The unborn-undying before the story is the same unborn-undying after its end,
And during the long and winding tale, as well.

* * * *

To die before you die, you must die to the story.
To the narrative, the chronicle, the tale, the fable, the myth, the legend,
You have manufactured and projected unto your universe,
For this relatively brief play of imagination.

* * * *

Fear and dread are the mind's resistance
To the vulnerability required to surrender to the mystery,
And its bottomless bag of ineffable intrigues.

* * * *

You have never not been the mystery.
Duality is the polarizing inclination of imagination.
The unblemished indivisibility of nonduality is reality's true sheen.

* * * *

But for vanity's countless self-absorbed assertions,
You cannot be more than you already are,
Nor less than you already are not.

* * * *

All dreams, all worlds, all universes, all dimensions,
Are but illusions you play over and over with your Self,
In every imaginable way, times and spaces beyond counting.

* * * *

To be, or not to be.
To become, or not to become.
To doubt, or not to doubt.
To see, or not to see.
To share, or not to share.
To love, or not to love.
To serenity, or not to serenity.
To taste, or not to taste.
To think, or not to think.
To imbibe, or not to imbibe.
To give, or not to give.
To inquire, or not to inquire.
To hate, or not to hate.
To eat, or not to eat.
To still, or not to still.
To protect, or not to protect.
To smell, or not to smell.
To coexist, or not to coexist.

To kill, or not to kill.
To tranquil, or not to tranquil.
To battle, or not to battle.
To embrace, or not to embrace.
To know, or not to know.
To touch, or not to touch.
To hear, or not to hear.
To resist, or not to resist.
To breathe, or not to breathe.
To revolt, or not to revolt.
To serve, or not to serve.
To take, or not to take.
To live, or not to live.
To instruct, or not to instruct.
To die, or not to die.
To order, or not to order.
To create, or not to create.
To preserve, or not to preserve.
To destroy, or not to destroy.
To pray, or not to pray.
To grok, or not to grok.
To who, or not to who.
To predator, or not to predator.
To try, or not to try.
To wrath, or not to wrath.
To camouflage, or not to camouflage.
To covet, or not to covet.
To repose, or not to repose.
To exist, or not to exist.
To academic, or not to academic.
To boast, or not to boast.
To what, or not to what.
To sow, or not to sow.
To empathy, or not to empathy.
To follow, or not to follow.
To denounce, or not to denounce.
To torture, or not to torture.
To enjoy, or not to enjoy.
To compete, or not to compete.
To waffle, or not to waffle.
To grow, or not to grow.
To ally, or not to ally
To sojourn, or not to sojourn.
Th charge, or not to charge.
To abide, or not to abide.
To beg, or not to beg.
To rebel, or not to rebel.
To permit, or not to permit.

To mold, or not to mold.
To join, or not to join.
To review, or not to review.
To affiliate, or not to affiliate.
To dream, or not to dream.
To waiver, or not to waiver.
To conquer, or not to conquer
To win, or not to win.
To shuffle, or not to shuffle.
To lose, or not to lose.
To surrender, or not to surrender.
To go, or not to go.
To dive, or not to dive.
To write, or not to write.
To discern, or not to discern.
To propagate, or not to propagate.
To stop, or not to stop.
To learn, or not to learn.
To succeed, or not to succeed.
To impede, or not to impede.
To where, or not to where.
To nurture, or not to nurture.
To sympathy, or not to sympathy.
To fail, or not to fail.
To sit, or not to sit.
To prey, or not to prey.
To recline, or not to recline.
To lead, or not to lead.
To victim, or not to victim.
To innovate, or not to innovate.
To wander, or not to wander.
To lie, or not to lie.
To produce, or not to produce.
To idol, or not to idol.
To investigate, or not to investigate.
To when, or not to when.
To fall, or not to fall.
To assert, or not to assert.
To draw, or not to draw.
To sheeple, or not to sheeple.
To understand, or not to understand.
To collaborate, or not to collaborate.
To quest, or not to quest.
To fly, or not to fly.
To increase, or not to increase.
To cease, or not to cease.
To pass, or not to pass.
To observe, or not to observe.

To help, or not to help.
To why, or not to why.
To speak, or not to speak.
To extrapolate, or not to extrapolate.
To symbol, or not to symbol.
To work, or not to work.
To narrate, or not to narrate.
To renounce, or not to renounce.
To play, or not to play.
To invent, or not to invent.
To remind, or not to remind.
To tolerate, or not to tolerate.
To contend, or not to contend.
To feel, or not to feel.
To contort, or not to contort.
To fantasy, or not to fantasy.
To lust, or not to lust.
To mention, or not to mention.
To argue, or not to argue.
To angel, or not to angel.
To own, or not to own.
To decrease, or not to decrease.
To how, or not to how.
To save, or not to save.
To journey, or not to journey.
To trip, or not to trip.
To rhetoric, or not to rhetoric.
To participate, or not to participate.
To allow, or not to allow.
To respond, or not to respond.
To romantic, or not to romantic.
To analyze, or not to analyze.
To act, or not to act.
To complain, or not to complain.
To passion, or not to passion.
To walk, or not to walk.
To challenge, or not to challenge.
To throw, or not to throw.
To desire, or not to desire.
To drudge, or not to drudge.
To berate, or not to berate.
To state, or not to state.
To cast off, or not to cast off.
To tribe, or not to tribe.
To teach, or not to teach.
To true, or not to true.
To achieve, or not to achieve.
To drift, or not to drift.

To maintain, or not to maintain.
To toss, or not to toss.
To start, or not to start.
To rant, or not to rant.
To disdain, or not to disdain.
To inflict, or not to inflict.
To explore, or not to explore.
To quit, or not to quit.
To criticize, or not to criticize.
To spend, or not to spend.
To buy, or not to buy.
To rise, or not to rise.
To sermon, or not to sermon.
To infinite, or not to infinite.
To care, or not to care.
To groupthink, or not to groupthink.
To heal, or not to heal.
To condemn, or not to condemn.
To doublethink, or not to doublethink.
To address, or not to address.
To quantum, or not to quantum.
To extinct, or not to extinct.
To cooperate, or not to cooperate.
To rage, or not to rage.
To party, or not to party.
To pragmatic, or not to pragmatic.
To existential, or not to existential.
To react, or not to react.
To false, or not to false.
To dismiss, or not to dismiss.
To thoughtcrime, or not to thoughtcrime.
To remark, or not to remark.
To grasp, or not to grasp.
To demon, or not to demon.
To superstition, or not to superstition.
To quarrel, or not to quarrel.
To experiential, or not to experiential.
To listen, or not to listen.
To drink, or not to drink.
To comprehend, or not to comprehend.
To harangue, or not to harangue.
To practical, or not to practical.
To one, or not to one.
To fix, or not to fix.
To empirical, or not to empirical.
To critique, or not to critique.
To riot, or not to riot.
To protect, or not to protect.

To sell, or not to sell.
To totality, or not to totality.
To twist, or not to twist.
To flourish, or not to flourish.
To zip, or not to zip.
To cultivate, or not to cultivate.
To hunger, or not to hunger.
To vie, or not to vie.
To paradox, or not to paradox.
To irony, or not to irony.
To hint, or not to hint.
To describe, or not to describe.
To mature, or not to mature.
To newspeak, or not to newspeak.
To zeal, or not to zeal.
To explain, or not to explain.
To fish, or not to fish.
To doublespeak, or not to doublespeak.
To condone, or not to condone.
To run, or not to run.
To reason, or not to reason.
To anarchy, or not to anarchy.
To seek, or not to seek.
To remember, or not to remember.
To repair, or not to repair.
To desecrate, or not to desecrate.
To deride, or not to deride.
To wise, or not to wise.
To comment, or not to comment.
To kneel, or not to kneel.
To nest, or not to nest.
To assist, or not to assist.
To oppose, or not to oppose.
To perceive, or not to perceive.
To defend, or not to defend.
To witness, or not to witness.
To thirst, or not to thirst.
To ask, or not to ask.
To announce, or not to announce.
To shield, or not to shield.
To harvest, or not to harvest.
To delve, or not to delve.
To note, or not to note.
To mayhem, or not to mayhem.
To fathom, or not to fathom.
To delight, or not to delight.
To dig, or not to dig.
To partner, or not to partner.

To sally, or not to sally.
To recall, or not to recall.
To adapt, or not to adapt.
To attack, or not to attack.
To venture, or not to venture.
To evolve, or not to evolve.
To chameleon, or not to chameleon.
To have, or not to have.
To pretend, or not to pretend.
To struggle, or not to struggle.
To endure, or not to endure.
To wonder, or not to wonder.
To question, or not to question.
To be, or not to be.

Those are some questions.

* * * *

Why is it so enticing, so beguiling, for you to know that which can never be known?
Why is it necessary for you to continue believing whatever imaginary stories your culture has spun?
Or for you to continue believing whatever imaginary narratives you have yourself spun?
Why is it so arduous to be in concord, in harmony, with the mystery you are?
To just serenely be the moment to which awareness is witness.

* * * *

God is never born. God never dies.
God is the timelessness prior to all time-bound creations.
God is awareness, unborn, undying, untouched by the vagaries of consciousness.
God is much more, God is much less, than any word.
There is no God but you.

* * * *

How can awareness see without eyes?
How can awareness hear without ears?
How can awareness smell without a nose?
How can awareness taste without a tongue?
How can awareness touch without a receptacle?
How can awareness perceive without a mind?
Manifestation is necessary for the mystery
To perceive, to discover, to experience,
Whatever dreams existence offers.

* * * *

One moment you are the dreamer, the conditioned part imagination routinely plays.
And the next, you are the awareness, the one and only you, dreaming.
Dreamer and dreaming, back and forth, forth and back.
Not at all an easy thing to stay awake.

* * * *

It is consciousness, imagination, that moves, not awareness.
It is not your awareness, it is not my awareness, it is simply awareness.
Forever a mystery: inexplicable, unfathomable, ineffable, indelible, immeasurable.
Only in the timeless present, only in the unborn-undying, immutable moment, can it be discerned.

* * * *

Every sentient being has its own dream, its own world, its own universe.
There is no creator judging; there is only the creation experiencing.
The concoctions of priesthood middlemen are nothing more,
Than means to manipulate masses to their own ends.
The only thing personal about the dream is you,
And you are nothing more than an invention of imagination.
It is in the awareness of the moment that you will discern the true Self.

* * * *

Let go all the narratives, even your own, and what is left
But the pure awareness of a very still, very timeless moment.

* * * *

Consciousness (a.k.a., imagination) starts and stops, ebbs and flows, creaks and groans.
The awareness, the eternal moment, ever streams through the kaleidoscoping dreamtime.

* * * *

There is no imaginary creator on high judging its creation.
There is only the spontaneous creation equally experiencing all dreamtimes.
Heavens and hells and purgatories are the delusional fabrications
Of those who allow imagination to get the better of them.
Implacable doubt is the means to awakening
To the awareness witnessing all.

* * * *

How many fellow earthlings, given the capacity, would not do everything we have?
All organisms small to great have an opportunistic impetus to survive however they can.
It is the sense of self, and the insatiability of imagination, bodily hunger morphed into avarice,
That has taken instinct, the drive to persevere, to a cancerous level no web of life can forever endure.

* * * *

The fate of the universe is the fate of the universe.
The fate of the world is the fate of the world.
The fate of all life is the fate of all life.
The fate of you is the fate of you.
All just aspects of the same mystery
No need to make anything more than it is.

* * * *

The quantum mystery is a grand epic unto its Self,
Every moment infused by the same timeless awareness.

* * * *

Kudos and boos to all those who weave the lie to their own ends.
It is a mysterious dream, well-suited to sociopaths and psychopaths.

* * * *

It is a mysterious mystery.
It is an absolute mystery.
It is an immeasurable mystery.
It is an immaculate mystery.
It is a sovereign mystery.
It is an indelible mystery.
It is an unadulterated mystery.
It is an indivisible mystery.
It is an inexplicable mystery.
It is an ultimate mystery.
It is an unknowable mystery.
It is a timeless mystery.
It is a quintessential mystery.
It is a spaceless mystery.
It is an imperishable mystery.
It is an unfathomable mystery.
It is a pristine mystery.
It is an indecipherable mystery.
It is a seamless mystery.
It is an interminable mystery.
It is a baffling mystery.
It is an unmitigated mystery.
It is an unspoiled mystery.
It is an impeccable mystery.
It is an enigmatic mystery.
It is an inconceivable mystery.
It is an untainted mystery.
It is an ineffable mystery.
It is an inscrutable mystery.
It is a precise mystery.
It is an impenetrable mystery.
It is an ideal mystery.
It is a flawless mystery.
It is an unborn mystery.
It is an undying mystery.
It is an eternal mystery.
It is an unparalleled mystery.
It is a supreme mystery.
It is an architype mystery.
It is a superlative mystery.
It is an unavoidable mystery.
It is a creative mystery.

It is a destructive mystery.
It is an inventive mystery.
It is an imaginative mystery.
It is an unprecedented mystery.
It is a singular mystery.
It is a spectacular mystery.
It is an unusual mystery.
It is a novel mystery.
It is an innovative mystery.
It is a spontaneous mystery.
It is a kaleidoscoping mystery.
It is a unique mystery.
It is a paradigm mystery.
It is a metaphorical mystery.
It is a adamant mystery.
It is a metaphorical mystery.
It is an inescapable mystery.
It is an unchangeable mystery.
It is a relentless mystery.
It is an inflexible mystery.
It is an ironic mystery.
It is a paradoxical mystery.
It is a boggling mystery.
It is an unrivaled mystery.
It is an unequaled mystery.
It is an unmatched mystery.
It is an unsurpassed mystery.
It is a special mystery.
It is an outstanding mystery.
It is a brilliant mystery.
It is an inexorable mystery.
It is an exclusive mystery.
It is an incomprehensible mystery.
It is a distinctive mystery.
It is an exceptional mystery.
It is an inimitable mystery.
It is a matchless mystery.
It is a one-off mystery.
It is an outstanding mystery.
It is an irreplaceable mystery.
It is a hypothetical mystery.
It is a theoretical mystery.
It is an implausible mystery.
It is a surreptitious mystery.
It is an unsolvable mystery.
It is a cryptic mystery.
It is a puzzling mystery.
It is an extraordinary mystery.

It is a profound mystery.
It is a ruthless mystery.
It is a perplexing mystery.
It is a complex mystery.
It is an incomparable mystery.
It is a peculiar mystery.
It is a weird mystery.
It is an audacious mystery.
It is a cagey mystery.
It is a fearless mystery.
It is an intrepid mystery.
It is a courageous mystery.
It is a puzzling mystery.
It is an obscure mystery.
It is a hidden mystery.
It is an ambiguous mystery.
It is an abyss mystery.
It is an empty mystery.
It is an obtuse mystery.
It is a vacuous mystery.
It is a streaming mystery.
It is a bottomless mystery.
It is a shrewd mystery.
It is a perceptive mystery.
It is a wise mystery.
It is a judicious mystery.
It is an incisive mystery.
It is an intelligent mystery.
It is a sensible mystery.
It is a never-ending mystery.
It is a limitless mystery.
It is a boundless mystery.
It is an effortless mystery.
It is an unpretentious mystery.
It is an artless mystery.
It is an inherent mystery.
It is an actual mystery.
It is a predictable mystery.
It is a foolish mystery.
It is an instinctive mystery.
It is a hollow mystery.
It is a vague mystery.
It is a vibrating mystery.
It is a pointless mystery.
It is a hard-hearted mystery.
It is a methodical mystery.
It is an oscillating mystery.
It is a quantum mystery.

It is a scientific mystery.
It is a logical mystery.
It is a precise mystery.
It is a detached mystery.
It is a forthright mystery.
It is a natural mystery.
It is an exact mystery.
It is a systematic mystery.
It is a complete mystery.
It is a definitive mystery.
It is a state-of-the-art mystery.
It is a true mystery.
It is an implacable mystery.
It is a merciless mystery.
It is an unbending mystery.
It is a callous mystery.
It is an abundant mystery.
It is an everything mystery.
It is an unbreakable mystery.
It is an immortal mystery.
It is a ground mystery.
It is a demanding mystery.
It is a meticulous mystery.
It is a holographic mystery.
It is a matrix mystery.
It is a patternless mystery.
It is an arcane mystery.
It is an esoteric mystery.
It is an untraceable mystery.
It is a pathless mystery.
It is an indescribable mystery.
It is a majestic mystery.
It is a nothing mystery.
It is a fastidious mystery.
It is an unexplainable mystery.
It is an unyielding mystery.
It is an infinite mystery.
It is a bona fide mystery.
It is a mysterious mystery.

It is … a mystery.

* * * *

Everything human-made is born of an idea, an insight, an impression, a sense, a gist.
In all times, in all geographies, who were the firsts to come up with all these astonishing innovations?
Who were the firsts to conceive all those inventions, all those shards of mystery,
To which you are so attached, to which you feel so entitled,
That you likely so take for granted.

* * * *

As important as you make yourself out to be,
Neither the universe nor the world even know you exist.
Count yourself lucky if your mother still cares.

* * * *

Imagine whatever you will, as often as you will,
It has never been more real than the given moment,
Which is a vague reality, a dubious awareness, in its Self.

* * * *

Your sensory mind-body, your world, your cosmos, is a quantum construct of imagination.
Since birth, you have been conditioned, mesmerized, brainwashed, compelled,
By the given nature-nurture, to play a part that partakes it all real.
Few see it for what it is; fewer still live it for what it is.

* * * *

Everyone imagines, everyone breathes, everyone consumes,
Everyone desires, everyone fears, everyone suffers, everyone dies.
You are very much alone, very much not alone, each and every moment.

* * * *

Everyone has their own cosmos kaleidoscoping in the same timeless awareness.
All are as equally real as yours, all are as equally unreal as yours.
It is the ineffable mystery of one in all, and all in one.

* * * *

Without sun or moon or stars,
Without clocks or watches or calendars,
Without memories of this or that, or that or this,
Who-what-where-when-why-how is there such a thing as time?
This timeless awareness, this timeless moment, this timeless right here, right now.
Is all there is, all there ever was, all there will ever be.
Dissolve the sensory mind-body.
Be eternity.

* * * *

No perception … No sight, no sound, no taste, no smell, no touch,
Ever lasts more than the ever-present, timeless moment.
Only imagination ties the sensory illusion together.
Awareness is the presence through which all dreams abide.

* * * *

Cultures across all times, all geographies, have all fashioned mythologies,
Legends, folklores, traditions, fables, sagas, fairytales, parables,
Allegories, beliefs, creeds, convictions, and dogmas.
All founded on imaginary underpinnings

Stemming from the same inexplicable, unnamable mystery.

* * * *

You know that you do not know what the fuck is going on here,
And you do not believe nor trust nor hope that anyone else truly does, either.
And thus, you wander all alone, through any and all camps, watching, waiting, wondering.

* * * *

What a bizarre thing to supposedly be created by some supreme being,
Only to be cast forever into hell or purgatory for not falling into line
With a controversial collection of desert-dweller commandments,
Or an implausible messiah and his frothing cult of true-believers.
Even if there is some sort of Santa Claus rendering of a god on high,
Have you really lived such a despicable existence to be all that apprehensive
About being eternally damned in the byzantine abysses of some Dante-esque inferno?
I mean, seriously?

* * * *

What is prior to consciousness? Awareness.
What is prior to awareness? Nothing.

* * * *

How can timeless awareness and the so-called soul not be one in the same?
All divisions, all dualities, all gulfs, all rifts, are the concoctions of imagination.

* * * *

How can something be either ‘meant’ to happen or ‘not meant’ to happen?
It simply does or does not; there is no higher power moving you about some chessboard.
Only vanity contrives deities to give meaning and purpose to a mystery that is oblivious to any and all.

* * * *

There is no yesterday, there is no tomorrow, there is no today.
There is only the moment, there is only the right here, right now,
And the timeless awarenesss, unborn-undying witness to it all.

* * * *

Each and every one is on their own, is the ultimate reality.
There are no trophies, no medals, no ribbons, no laurels, no brass rings.
There is no gold at the end of the rainbow, nor a seat at the foot of some deity on high.
All who quest truth, scrape away at their illusions, their delusions, their fallacies, their desires, their fears,
To whatever degree seems most authentic to the imagination of the given nature-nurture.
Right, wrong, or somewhere between, why would it possibly matter?

* * * *

The quantum theater, time and space, are ultimately not real,
So, beginnings and endings are little more than moot assertions.
Illusory fabrications of the senses feeding into the neural transmitter.
A biological matrix founded on the Darwinian happenstance of evolution.

* * * *

Those destined to discern, to fathom, they are the mystery,
Arrive at that moment through every manner of wandering.

* * * *

It is absolutely impossible for the awareness that you are and are not,
To be anywhere else but this moment, this instant, right here, right now.
Only imagination travels the three-dimensional illusion of time and space,
Through which the quantum mind-body plays out its sensory mortal dream.

* * * *

Watch the senses reach out into the world, the cosmos, that awareness every moment attends.
Watch the eyes see, the ears hear, the tongue taste, the nose smell, the flesh feel, the mind reflect.
How is it not obvious that this entire universe, this entire dream, is but an illusion you have created?

* * * *

If you are of a contemplative, reflective, pondering, meditative nature,
Cease hunting for meaning and purpose, knowledge and wisdom, in this world or any other.
It is nothing but the ceaseless distraction of a quantum dream.
Journey the still abyss within.

* * * *

Where is the boundary between consciousness and sub-consciousness,
But in minds unwilling, minds unable, to distinguish whimsey from reality.
If you are in accord with nature, with the rubrics of the quantum dream,
How can you not ramble unburdened by the limitations of delusion?
How can you not be in tune, in sync, with your total beingness?

* * * *

Consciousness will not long remember you,
And the starry-starry cosmos will not even for a moment miss you.
Oh well, so it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.

* * * *

No pyramid, or any other repository for the departed,
Has ever been a means to carry on after death.
When the Grim Reaper comes to harvest payment due,
There will no longer be a mind-body for awareness to occupy,
Much less a vault-in-tow, filled to the brim with treasure and memory.
We are but flickers of existence here, all occupying very temporal containers.
All fashioned by nature-nurture into programmed destinies that can never long endure.

* * * *

Whether painting or sculpture or tune or essay or universe,
All creation requires some sort of fashioning evolution.
No form, no world, no cosmos, just appears out of the blue.
All assertions to the contrary are but delusions yammering away.

* * * *

Is time separate from space?
Are clouds separate from the sky?
Are currents separate from the ocean?
Is consciousness separate from awareness?
Is one moment separate from any other moment?
Are you separate from the mystery that is unfathomable?
All dualistic notions are nothing more than plays of imagination.

* * * *

Another day in the dream ends; another night in the dream begins.
Another night in the dream ends; another day in the dream begins.
And so on, and so forth, and so on, and so forth … Try not to yawn.

* * * *

Those who inquire into the farthest reaches are able to step back
And observe their illusory dream with a detachment only seers know.

* * * *

For all practical purposes, you are as anonymous to the universe as it is to you.
Even the most powerful, even the most wealthy, even the most known,
Are already forgotten in the timeless expanses of eternity.

* * * *

You are not your mind.
You are not your body.
You are not your mask.
You are not your nature.
You are not your nurture.
You are not your imagination.
You are not your perceptions.
You are not your memories.
You are not your vanities.
You are not your dreams.
You are not your hopes.
You are not your values.
You are not your history.
You are not your language.
You are not your identity.
You are not your name.
You are not your ethnicity.
You are not your gender.
You are not your family.
You are not your tribe.
You are not your caste.
You are not your culture.
You are not your country.

You are not your religion.
You are not your work.
You are not your talents.
You are not your hobbies.
You are not your things.
You are not your successes.
You are not your failures.
You are not your desires.
You are not your fears.
You are not your ecstasies.
You are not your agonies.
You are not your time.
You are not your space.
You are not your world.
You are not your universe.
You are not your dimension.
You are not anything; you are not everything.
You are not … You are not … You are not … You are not …
But the awareness, the indivisibility, the mystery, permeating all … and none.

* * * *

The tentacles of DNA reach back to its most primordial etchings.
We are all sons and daughters of life's beginnings,
Sons and daughters of genesis.

* * * *

The mystery is awareness.
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.
There is really no 'you' but the stillness before time.

* * * *

Time is the creation, the dance, the dream, the frolic, the bane, of memory cells.
It was the means for imagination's gradual usurpation of instinct,
The make-believe of self, and the pretense of free will.

* * * *

The smells! The smells!
The tastes! The tastes!
The sights! The sights!
The sounds! The sounds!
The textures! The textures!
The thoughts! The thoughts!
A mystery born of mortal slime.

* * * *

To really go all the way,
To really surrender all the way,
To really be totally awake in awareness,

Is the eternal harmony, the unborn-undying reality,
Of the great nothingness from which all appearances are spun.
The challenge is to embrace the mystery of awareness,
Without the imaginary limits of consciousness.

* * * *

There is no authority in the inquiry into the mystery.
No writings, no individuals, no groups, no deities high or low,
Are more than imaginary anchors in the unborn-undying dreamtime.
There is no owning the mystery, never has been, never will be.
You are first and last, in whatever way you discern.

* * * *

The trick to not collecting followers is to become somewhat unappealing in one way or another.
It is enough for any who cross your path to have gleaned your message.
Far better they wander on under their own steam,
To do with their nature-nurture dream, whatever the fates deign.

* * * *

The mystery, the unknowable, the unfathomalble,
Is both in front of you, and around-the-world behind you.
Or perhaps, right behind you, around-the-world in front of you.

* * * *

Asleep or drowsy or indolent or awake,
It is all the same quantum pointlessness,
It is all the same quantum unfathomability.
It is all the same quantum unborn-undying.
It is all the same quantum unknowability.
It is all the same quantum indivisibility.
It is all the same quantum dreamtime.
It is all the same quantum mystery.

* * * *

Vanity, vanity, all is vanity.
The only way to be free of it is to imbed in the moment,
Ever motionless, ever aware, ever indivisible, ever indelible, ever unborn, ever undying.

* * * *

We are well beyond turning back from the precipice we have created.
Too many problems to even attempt changing course in any meaningful way.
The species is as captive to its narcissistic-hedonistic self-absorption as it has ever been.
And all accelerating exponentially in every way, every shape, every form, imagination has to offer.
The hungry monkey is not letting go of that tasty bait in the coconut snare anytime ever.
In Darwinian reckoning, greed may not always be the best survival strategy.

* * * *

What is a prison?

A small locked room with bars?
A mass of mind and body and sensory intrigue?
Or a cosmos of stars too far to ever more than imagine reaching?

* * * *

It is in the awareness of awareness
Not the ownership of awareness,
Not the doctrine of awareness,
Not the space of awareness,
Not the time of awareness,
That you will find truth.

* * * *

Awareness …
Namelsss name.
Worldless world.
Lightless light.
Soundless sound.
Cosmicless cosmos.
Quantumless quantum.
Nothingless nothing.

* * * *

Erasing the scars from the traces of existence is not an easy undertaking.
Even the most persevering can tumble back into their imaginary cosmos.

* * * *

Senses, organs, glands, bones, muscles, nerves, tissue, skin, hair,
Blood, saliva, snot, sweat, piss, shit, gas, and other fluids.
Is that really you? Is that really what you truly are?
Or is the mind-body just the only practical way
The mystery could manifest a touchy-feely dream?

* * * *

Down one road or trail or another, you will long and winding wander,
Partaking whatever the dreamtime offers, as nature-nurture allows.

* * * *

Odds are the awareness before you were born or after you die,
Is very much the same alertness, the same watchfulness,
As the awareness you are right here, right now.

* * * *

How would you suppose any supreme being worth its brackish salt
Would, could, witness your world, your cosmos,
But through your eyes?

* * * *

All self-imagery is based on the blend, on the fusion, on the synergy,
Of all the patterning, all the molding, all the conditioning, of the given nature-nurture,
Including all the cultural, political, religious, racial, linguistic, educational,
Gender, socio-economic, emotional, et cetera, influences.

* * * *

Did some sculptor sculpt the sculpture?
Or did the sculpture sculpt itself?
Who knows? Who cares?
Exact same difference, anyway.

* * * *

The vanity of Jesus was witnessed by the same awareness
Witnessing yours and every other critter's across critterdom.

* * * *

Do you begin growing old, do you start dying, the moment you are conceived?
Do you begin growing old, do you start dying, the moment you depart the womb?
Do you begin growing old, do you start dying, since all life kicked off,
In that long, long ago, unborn-undying, puddle of origin?

* * * *

If you could travel back in space-time to a variety of life events, would you see them the same?
Would they seem fairly similar to your vague memories, or be almost entirely rewritten?
And how different would they be if you were to re-watch them every decade or so?
Memory being what it is, frame of reference being what it is, chances are good
That your perspective, your assessment, might well be different each and every time.

* * * *

Perhaps someday you will really no longer care about this world or any other,
When it finally-finally-finally does not even occur to you, does not even cross your mind,
That you no longer sincerely, repeatedly, all too often, tell yourself that you do not.

* * * *

Before the advent of humankind, this garden pearl was akin to a finely-tuned clock.
As eternally precise as its Darwinian nature could be.
And then man learned of fire,
And history streamed into absurdity beyond all pales.

* * * *

The only love worth its salt is the agape sort,
And that is for the most part absolutely unattainable,
Unless you are truly dead in the figurative sense.

* * * *

The so much that you believe you know, is infinitely dwarfed by all that you do not.
And what, pray tell, do you really know of anything, but the huff 'n puff of imagination?

* * * *

Good and evil, like and dislike, love and hate, great and small, black and white.
All conceptions of manifest consciousness, of imagination.
Awareness ever aloof, untouched.

* * * *

You may be mistaken about all this, but do not see how.
In every way truth can be comprehended: from rational to irrational,
From absolute to relative, from to realistic to delusional, from infinite to infinitesimal,
From sensible to absurd, from ironic to paradoxical, from black to white,
It all melds into a unified certainty that cannot be undone.
It is this acuity, both deliberated and intuited,
That doubts all other contenders.

* * * *

To understand what is actually being spoken or written in most any context,
Requires an astute mind's eye capable of nuanced, critical thinking,
Marinated in a wholesome fusion of absurdism infinitum.

* * * *

Like any other pleasure, curiosity should be tempered.
The quest for truth is not an exercise in trivial pursuit.

* * * *

No one can ever know what anybody or anything else
Sees or hears or tastes or smells or feels, or any other sensory feed.
Perception is a nature-nurture quantum phenomenon, boggling to the nth degree.
All things great to small, are very much alone together.

* * * *

The human species is a creation of this quantum garden world.
It evolved simultaneously alongside all the other life forms,
Each and every one developing its own sensory reality,
In unmitigated harmony with its given environment.
Naturally selected or intelligently designed, what matter?
Speculation is the irrefutable bailiwick of ineffectual thinking.

* * * *

Somehow this universe was created.
Somehow this world was created.
Somehow sentient forms were created.
Somehow the human species was created.
All speculation about the somehow is pointless.
Here you are, here we are, creating our future-past.

* * * *

Unimagine you are this mind-body.
Unimagine you are this existence.

Unimagine you are this world.
Unimagine you are this cosmos.
Unimagine you are this dreamtime.

* * * *

The universe is an ever-changing dynamic; motionlessness is not even possible.
Naught but an abstract construct, never to discern light of day or dark of night.
Only in the stillness of awareness can this manifest theater be seen for what it is.

* * * *

Consciousness is ever-changing; awareness, ever-changeless.
In every moment, you are as close to nothing as awareness is.

* * * *

The mystery, the indelible, the absolute, the unborn-undying,
Spontaneously plays every form, every part, for the very first time.
Always an ingenuous beginner, performing every blueprint the best it can.

* * * *

Stop imagining you are the same character you were yesterday,
And all the unborn-undying yesterdaze before that.
Infinity hath no bounds, including you.

* * * *

Imagine your body in flames like a marshmallow over a campfire.
The eternal awareness observing, thoroughly detached, thoroughly indifferent,
As the body screams and writhes, until there is nothing left about which to scream or writhe.

* * * *

For those who seek that beyond all doubt, the world, the universe,
Gradually loses its hold over the intelligence prior to consciousness.

* * * *

As long as you believe you are the sensory body,
You will suffer its perpetual potpourri of agonies and ecstasies,
As you meander all the sights and sounds and tastes and smells and touches,
That the mind's cosmos has to offer in its nature-nurture realm.
To be liberated is to surrender without reservation,
To the awareness prior to consciousness.

* * * *

What cosmos does any creature perceive?
What cosmos does an aardvark perceive?
What cosmos does a cockroach perceive?
What cosmos does an octopus perceive?
What cosmos does a sparrow perceive?
What cosmos does a buffalo perceive?
What cosmos does a giraffe perceive?

What cosmos does a turtle perceive?
What cosmos does a trout perceive?
What cosmos does a tiger perceive?
What cosmos does a dog perceive?
What cosmos does a tree perceive?
What cosmos does a frog perceive?
What cosmos does a seal perceive?
What cosmos does a clam perceive?
What cosmos does an ant perceive?
What cosmos does a bush perceive?
What cosmos does a hawk perceive?
What cosmos does a whale perceive?
What cosmos does a shark perceive?
What cosmos does bacteria perceive?
What cosmos does a human perceive?
What cosmos does a lobster perceive?
What cosmos does an oyster perceive?
What cosmos does a dolphin perceive?
What cosmos does a penguin perceive?
What cosmos does a scorpion perceive?
What cosmos does a kangaroo perceive?
What cosmos does any creature perceive?
Perception is a nature-nurture phenomenon.
All things great to small, very much alone together.

* * * *

Money is not the root of all evil, any more than guns or other weapons are the root of death.
It is greed, and the vanity, the self-absorption, the narcissism, that is the root of that called evil.
And it is the quantum mind … it is consciousness … it is imagination … that is its neural playground.
Ecclesiastes 1:2 … "Vanity of vanities," saith the Preacher, "Vanity of vanities. All is vanity."

* * * *

Existence is only as viable as the neuron matrix,
Which facilitates consciousness (a.k.a., imagination)
To dance away, to whirl and twirl in eternal awareness.

* * * *

The quantum holodeck in the quantum holomind,
Is always ready and waiting for the quantum holobody,
To come wandering through the quantum holoether,
All witnessed by the unborn-undying awareness.

* * * *

For human consciousness to evolve, and survive, and thrive,
Required naturally-selected delusion fostered by quantum illusion.
A hypnotizing algorithm, a molding of mind and body,
From the jungle ponds of Eden long ago.

* * * *

How challenging it is to be in the garden, and not of it.
To be with family, friends, co-workers, adversaries,
Or merely wandering through the day-to-day,
And always be aware you are awareness,
While consciousness frolics about the mind,
Has never been easy for any of the myriad seers
Who in all future-pasts have discerned it but illusion.

* * * *

We are a species that deserves extinction.
Alas for Mother Nature that she has not come up with the final solution fast enough
To save all the other life forms her mystery has spawned.

* * * *

All anyone can know about the mystery, about the awareness,
Is all the speculations that traditions around the world have contrived.
Stories, stories, and more stories, none more valid than any other.
Not authentic knowing in any way, any shape, any form.

* * * *

The genetic lottery spins a matrix in which the dreaming you imagine real and true,
Will witness the agony and ecstasy of each and every moment destiny has in store.

* * * *

The mystery is all, the mystery is one, including you,
In the creation of all beginnings, in the destruction of all endings,
And the process in all the befores, in all the betweens, in all the afters, as well.

* * * *

Have you ever beheld even one moment of awareness,
Where ethics or any other imaginary notion or sentiment,
Had any say, any validity, any reality, any truth, whatsoever?
The eternal mystery does not give a flying hooey about anything.
Oh well, so it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.
Irony and paradox and absurdity rule.
Practice detachment.

* * * *

Awareness on the outside, awareness on the inside, makes for awareness everywhere.
Quantum on the outside, quantum on the inside, makes for quantum everywhere.
Mystery on the outside, mystery on the inside, makes for mystery everywhere.

* * * *

Infinite and infinitesimal.
Both imply space and time, neither of which are ultimately real.
So, neither are infinite nor infinitesimal.
Undo the math.

* * * *

We call it space, we call it time, we call it so many things.
But in truth, it is but awareness witnessing a quantum dream.
A friggin' boggling mystery, nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

It is in the timeless perception of awareness in the given moment,
That the true kingdom, the true heaven, the true singularity, is discerned.
It is not, it has never been, it will never be, anything articulated by consciousness.

* * * *

It is only in the given moment, it is only in the awareness, that you exist.
Everything else is but a dream of consciousness, of imagination,
Nothing more than a kaleidoscoping quantum theater.
And the nature of that so-called existence
Is but a subjective assumption.
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

How could awareness witness its quantum creation
In omniscient-omnipresent-omnipotent fashion,
But through the eye of every sentient being,
All equally born of the same indelible mystery.

* * * *

Social animals that human beings are genetically coded to be,
Plumbing the immeasurable depths of the great aloneness is an arduous task.
It requires great fortitude to stand alone against the winds of mind.

* * * *

What can the so-called soul be but pure, unadulterated awareness?
The same awareness that is equally in all things infinitely great to infinitesimally small.
All absolute, all unfathomable, all indivisible, all inexplicable, all indelible,
All unborn, all undying, all impenetrable, all mysterious.
There is no other; how could there be?

* * * *

The soul you quest is your awareness.
The same awareness that is equally in all things, across all creation.
It is not your awareness, it is not my awareness, it is not our awareness; it is simply awareness.
There is only one soul, some call it god, and it is one and all … including you.

* * * *

Awareness is the bastion of serenity.
Vanity is the source of all hells, of all purgatories.
Eternity has been right here, right now, every moment, all along.
Time and space are but quantum illusions choregraphed by the sensory mind.

It is through the self-absorption of consciousness, of imagination,
That we have become blind to the timeless presence.
Still the mind-body, abide in awareness,
Discern the mystery you are.

* * * *

You did not choose your birth.
You did not choose your body.
You did not choose your mind.
You did not choose your family.
You did not choose your gender.
You did not choose your culture.
You did not choose your tradition.
You did not choose your language.
You did not choose your geography.
You did not choose your education.
You did not choose your ethnicity.
You did not choose your customs.
You did not choose your politics.
You did not choose your history.
You did not choose your mores.
You did not choose your creed.
You did not choose your status.
You did not choose your caste.
You did not choose your time.
You did not choose your space.
Have you ever really had any choice,
In your long and winding journey to destiny?

* * * *

Awareness is all: indelible, unsullied, indivisible, unfathomable.
Practically any way consciousness plays it is laced with vanity.

* * * *

Like snowflakes and fingerprints and chromosomes,
We will always be different; we will always be limited editions.
We will always perceive the world, the cosmos, in our own unique ways.
We will always be one of a kind, no matter how much we pretend to be the same.
We are all walking the same stage in different universes.

* * * *

The only way to undo the patterning of mind and body is to become very still in every way.
Only in pure, unadulterated, absolute awareness can you be free of all claims.
And then, alas, only for as long as you manage to stay there.

* * * *

The choices you every cause-and-effect, yes-no-maybe moment make,
Will impact every tomorrow your timeline has yet to celebrate or lament.

Being as mindful, as attentive, as possible, is rarely a bad part of those choices.
No one gets out of this dream without at least a notion of the price of consequences.

* * * *

There is no yoke, no millstone, no chains, no shackles, in seeing, in being, the mystery you ever are.
No idolatries, no tribes, no traditions, no dogmas, no symbols, no rituals, no rewards, no punishments.
Just you, pristine awareness, the eternal eye, the mystery itself, witnessing the ever-present moment.

* * * *

The unborn-undying moment is where awareness timelessly resides.
Consciousness (a.k.a., imagination) is anything else, is everything else.

* * * *

Living or non-living, organic or inorganic, animate or inanimate,
It is ever the same unborn-undying, indivisible quantum mystery.

* * * *

Ze-Dong Mao, Adolf Hitler,
Leopold II, Jozef Stalin, Hideki Tojo, Ismail Enver,
Pol Pot, Yakubu Gowon, Leonid Brezhnev, Jean Kambanda, Saddam Hussein,
Tito, Suharto, Fumimaro Konoe, Menghistu, Kim Il Sung,
Jonas Savimbi, Mullah Omar, Idi Amin,
And any other mass killer,
Were all the same mystery as you.
The difference is they blew their chance.
Nature-nurture is a wonder, indeed.

* * * *

A neural network of memories, of perceptions,
Is all you are, have ever been, will ever be.
Space-time is but a quantum illusion.
Consciousness, but temporal theater.
Clouds drifting in the eternal awareness.
Unborn, undying, indivisible, unfathomable.

* * * *

What is there to be egocentric about once you are truly detached,
Once you are truly naught but the awareness prior to consciousness.

* * * *

Awareness is ever untouched, indifferent, uncorrupted, untainted, unblemished, immaculate, flawless.
Awareness is indelible, changeless, indivisible, unfathomable, absolute, unborn, undying.
Whatever happened any moment ago, whatever happens any moment hence,
Have absolutely no relationship with any right here, right now,
But through the imaginary, illusory, time-bound notions of consciousness.

* * * *

Perhaps it will be your fate, your destiny, that words such as these,

Will foster unlocking your mind into the freedom of the unknown.

* * * *

When referring to the relationship between awareness and consciousness,
How to articulate it? … prior to consciousness? … or … beyond consciousness?
Both have been equally used in these many thoughts as suits the aphoristic creation.

* * * *

The mind-body has its fate, the imaginary persona has its fate,
But the real you, the awareness, the moment, Self, itself,
What fate can there possibly be but all and none.

* * * *

This garden world is quite capable of creating it all on its own.
It is a quantum algorithm, no aliens required, only imagination.

* * * *

By the time any given mind realizes something happened,
Awareness has already moved on any number of instants.

* * * *

All expressions, all narratives, all illustrations, all constructs of consciousness,
Become inconsequential in the hereness, the nowness, of pure, timeless awareness.
That which is totality – often called by one deific name or another -- in all its mystery.

* * * *

For those who seek truth, awareness of awareness,
Awareness of the eternal moment, is all that it is required.
You are the truth, the life, the way; the challenge is just to be it.

* * * *

In the stillness of awareness, there is no self.
In the stillness of awareness, there is no birth.
In the stillness of awareness, there is no death.
In the stillness of awareness, there is no vanity.
In the stillness of awareness, there is no duality.
In the stillness of awareness, there is only here.
In the stillness of awareness, there is only now.
In the stillness of awareness, there is only Self.
In the stillness of awareness, there is only you.

* * * *

From birth to death, from first breath to last, from first moment to last,
The mystery of awareness is sovereign witness to the play of consciousness.

* * * *

Awareness does not require faith.
Awareness does not require belief.

Awareness does not require dogma.
Awareness does not require anything.

* * * *

The mystery, the moment, the awareness, can never know itself
But through the reflections of consciousness, the reflections of the illusory other.
Therefore, creation and preservation and destruction,
Rife with agony and ecstasy.

* * * *

Awareness is the one and only true eye of the mystery.
Indelible, indivisible, unfathomable, unborn-undying.

* * * *

True believers lack the wit to grasp the subtleties of irony and paradox,
And the nuances required for deep refection in the earnest quest for truth.

* * * *

Wrapping the mind around self-pity can be an troublesome trial.
Try not allow little self to wallow in superfluous misery.
Awareness does not break or bleed or burn.

* * * *

The eternal moment is the nexus
Through which all creation, through which all destruction, all that is unborn, all that is undying,
Kaleidoscope in the immeasurable, indivisible, indelible awareness,
Witness to all that is, witness to all that is not.

* * * *

If a tree falls in a forest and no one is around to hear it, does it make a sound?
But for consciousness, would space, would time, would light, would sound, exist?

* * * *

Consciousness is the great divider.
The source of all dualistic perception.
The source of all dualistic misconception.

* * * *

Awareness is the ether of consciousness.
Consciousness is the engine of will.
Will is the engine of vanity.
Vanity is the engine of greed.

* * * *

An imaginary universe, an imaginary world, an imaginary self.
How can that which has never been more than the vapor of consciousness,
That which has never been real, has never been tangible, ever be more than a dream?

* * * *

The motivations of any middleman between you and truth can be more than a little dubious.
Speculation is not truth, and many if not most who consider themselves religious-slash-spiritual,
Are spellbound by, ensnared by, blinded by, the time-bound catechisms of their cultural assumptions.
Add to that the three vanities of power and fame and fortune, fueled by greed,
And truth becomes but a usurped ways and means.

* * * *

How can time ever touch the timeless?
How can space ever touch the spaceless?
How can imagination ever possess reality?

* * * *

The reality of mortality.
The quantum of mortality.
The awareness of mortality.
The absurdity of mortality.
The paradox of mortality.
The irony of mortality.

* * * *

Absolutely beyond-the-pale astounding,
How so many cling to ignorance, to fallacy, to delusion,
Conceived thousands of years ago.

* * * *

Give up on trying to figure out how all this is happening.
Even the primal source, the absolute, the ultimate, can never know how it came to be.
It is a mystery, it has always been a mystery, it will ever be a mystery.
Oh well, so it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.

* * * *

Nowhere to run, nowhere to hide, from the ever-present moment.
From the unborn-undying, immeasurable, indivisible, indelible, interminable awareness.
The one and only inexplicable witness you are, have ever been, will ever be.

* * * *

If you see your Self as the mind-body, if you are attached to the world,
Imagination will take you through every possible agony.
Ecstasy is the plight of the detached.

* * * *

So many names for it.
Source or mystery are simplest.
Deities and dogma only muddy the water.

* * * *

When it comes to all the quantum dynamics

That Mother Nature is arraying against human arrogance,
Will we deal with it, or it deal with us? Will we survive it, or it survive us?

* * * *

Whether in agony or ecstasy or equilibrium, awareness is always still witness.
But who-what-where-when-why-how does the mind-body go,
When awareness becomes witness to itself?

* * * *

You are the moment, you are the awareness, you are the unfathomable, you are the mystery,
The challenge is to not allow the mind to take it any further into the imaginary realm.
There is no need for more irrationality, more absurdity, than there already is.
Just be, right here, right now, free of all the limitations spawned by imagination.

* * * *

No matter how tainted, no matter how corrupt, no matter how vile, no matter how despicable,
The imaginary, the make-believe, the fictitious, the pretend, the illusory role you play,
The you that is real, the you that is true, the you that is eternal, is immaculate.
Free of all that the ever-ebbing-ever-flowing currents of consciousness are capable.

* * * *

So many roles to choose from in imagination's infinity.
Creator or destroyer, saint or sinner, sage or fool.
Which mask, which costume, to wear today?

* * * *

From dust to dust.
From null to null.
From void to void.
From sleep to sleep.
From abyss to abyss.
From silence to silence.
From stillness to stillness.
From nonbeing to nonbeing.
From extinction to extinction.
From nothingness to nothingness.
From nonexistence to nonexistence.
From insignificant to insignificant.
From indivisibility to indivisibility.
From annihilation to annihilation.
From detachment to detachment.
From insentience to insentience.
From unconcern to unconcern.
From emptiness to emptiness.
From obscurity to obscurity.
From quantum to quantum.
From inertness to inertness.
From oblivion to oblivion.

* * * *

How is it possible to prove existence or nonexistence?
Perception is the invention of imagination; knowledge its deception.
From all beginnings to all ends, the intuition of awareness is the candle in the abyss.

* * * *

As huge as huge is, as small as small is, you are.
As strong as strong is, as weak as weak is, you are.
As kind as kind is, as merciless as merciless is, you are.
As virtuous as virtuous is, as corrupt as corrupt is, you are.
As illustrious as illustrious is, as ordinary as ordinary is, you are.
As something as something is, as nothing as nothing is, you are.
As abundant as abundant is, as scarce as scarce is, you are.
As aware as aware is, as ignorant as ignorant is, you are.
As infinite as infinite is, as finite as finite is, you are.
As true as true is, as untrue as untrue is, you are.
As real as real is, as unreal as unreal is, you are.
As all things are, as all things are not, you are.

* * * *

What happens when your imaginary universe ceases?
When family, friends, work, events, things, memories, no longer rolodex through your thoughts.
When the busy-busy mind stills, when timeless awareness reigns.
Some call it dying while living.

* * * *

Imaginary universe.
Imaginary world.
Imaginary you.

* * * *

The narrative has many facets.
What is real and true is all that is relevant.
Dispel all creations, all forgeries, all fictions, all stories,
That are mythical, legendary, contrived, fictional, whimsical, symbolic,
Theatrical, melodramatic, allegorical, figurative, metaphoric, rhetorical, characteristic,
Emblematic, fabulous, unreal, hyperbolic, inflated, exaggerated,
Abstract, invented, illusory, and imaginary,
In the quest for truth.

* * * *

The mind is drawn to silence, to stillness, to eternity, but churns on and on.
Despite all assertions to the contrary, consciousness does not really want to let go
Of its imaginary, of its illusory, of its ever-kaleidoscoping quantum space-time creation.

* * * *

Challenging not to make mountains out of molehills with all this seeking and finding.

The question always boils down on whether to be, or not to be.
We are all ultimately on our own,
And that aloneliness is not an easy place
For the hurly-burly of imagination to long abide.

* * * *

No one can travel any faster than the dreamtime of momentary awareness allows
In their touchy-feely, three-dimensional, very mortal, quantum space-time machine.

* * * *

The sun spins round and round this spinning orb,
The cosmos about so huge as to make the head spin, too.
What a boggling thing it is to exist, even for the shortest while.

* * * *

The quantum mirage of time and space is but a biological-neurological phenomenon.
Nothing more than the mind-body's imaginary perceptions wafting along neuron trails.

* * * *

Imagination swells larger and larger in the matrix of space and time,
But the moment, the awareness in which it transpires, is ever the same.

* * * *

… and then what happens? …
… and then what happens? … and then what happens? …
… and then what happens? … and then what happens? … and then what happens? …
… and then what happens? … and then what happens? …
… and then what happens? …

… in eternity's never-beginning-never-ending story? …

* * * *

Awareness is totality.
Awareness is indelible.
Awareness is sovereign.
Awareness is enigmatic.
Awareness is indivisible.
Awareness is inscrutable.
Awareness is inexplicable.
Awareness is unknowable.
Awareness is unfathomable.
Awareness is incomprehensible.
Awareness is indecipherable.
Awareness is unexplainable.
Awareness is inconceivable.
Awareness is immeasurable.
Awareness is impenetrable.
Awareness is indescribable.

Awareness is interminable.
Awareness is immaculate.
Awareness is everything.
Awareness is nothing.

* * * *

If timeless awareness is all that is, and is not,
Then how can it hold on to anything, or anything hold on to it?
How would reincarnation, heavens or hells or purgatories, or any other afterlives,
Be even remotely possible as anything more than imaginary, illusory, fictional, make-believe identities,
As unreal as all to which humankind has so steadfastly clung through all its history?

* * * *

Eternity is the timeless, spaceless, right-here, right-now, every-where,
For every ever that has ever been, for every ever that will ever be.
That all this is happening, that this world and cosmos transpire,
Is as mysterious a mystery as any mystery could ever chance to be.
The challenge is not attempting to name it; the challenge is just being it.

* * * *

There is no god but awareness: inexplicable, indivisible, indelible.
All else is but the dream; the illusion born of consciousness.
Clouds drifting across the sky are as real and lasting.

* * * *

Boxes within boxes within boxes within boxes.
Such is the predicament of human consciousness within all.
Only in pure awareness do all evaporate into the oblivion of true nature.

* * * *

Why feel obligated to believe in, to idolize, to fear, any deity or deities,
Or any other so-called spiritual notions formulated by imagination, human or otherwise?
Being the awareness, being the moment, is the matchless state of existence.
No need for faith, no need for prayer, no need for doctrine.

* * * *

Being awareness, being the moment, is eternal life.
To want more is to be ensnared in the maze of imagination,
The dreamtime of the sensory mind given over to quantum illusion.

* * * *

Heavens and hells and purgatories and reincarnation,
How can the quantum wind of vanity possibly be carried on
Through the timeless awareness of the unborn-undying moment?
It is the game of consciousness, nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

To inquire into truth … without goal, without effort, is the challenge.

To have in mind what you are seeking only impedes the quest.
As Yoda said, “Try not. Do, or do not. There is no try.”
Stay true, stay sharp, stay open, stay unknowing.
It is far more unworldly than the mind can ever know.

* * * *

Aloneness is without vanity … without point, without purpose, without meaning,
But the voyage into the unfathomable enigma begets every distraction imaginable.

* * * *

Mystery is a far more suitable word for that which is ultimate, that which is true,
That which the human species has all too often corrupted into one idol or many.

* * * *

To bask in the eternal unborn-undying moment,
Some call it nirvana, some satori, some rapture, some joy, some harmony, some ecstasy,
Some paradise, some heaven, some bliss, some contentment.
I call it home, sweet home.

* * * *

And through all creation, no matter how many there may have been,
With every quantum point and particle churning this way and that,
The awareness, the ever-present moment, untarnished by any of it.

* * * *

Awareness is eternal witness to the omnipresent, kaleidoscoping quantum theater.
All identity, all personality, is but the conditioned response of imagination
To all the causes, to all the effects, played out in each and every mind.
The you that you think you are, the you that you believe you are,
Is but an electromagnetically-induced chemical perception,
An illusion, a delusion, a deception, born of a mystery
Whose immeasurable truth can never be known
But by those rare seekers who become it.

* * * *

Regarding reincarnation, which so many belief systems endlessly speculate,
What exactly is it that can be reborn other than imaginary notion?
How can spaceless awareness, how can timeless awareness,
Ever be blemished by any imaginary attribute?
Any given seed is but a one-ride-only space-time machine,
Playing out the nature-nurture patterning into which it is spawned.

* * * *

The moment is awareness; awareness, the moment.
An inextricable, indelible, indivisible, perpetual fact.

* * * *

There is no time in awareness, there is no space in awareness.

There is no cause in awareness, there is no effect in awareness.
There is no beginning in awareness, there is no end in awareness.
There is no purpose in awareness, there is no meaning in awareness.
There is only the indelible moment, to which awareness is witness.

* * * *

Consciousness, cognizance, knowledge, memory, deliberation,
Thinking, recollection, recall, remembrance, retention, reminiscence, rumination,
Contemplation, reflection, meditation, pondering, musing, dreaming,
Merely different words for the same play of imagination.

* * * *

There are no consequences in awareness.
The relationship between cause and effect
Does not in any way encumber awareness,
Does not in any way disturb awareness,
Does not in any way taint awareness.

* * * *

It is a quantum theater.
You are not the quantum theater.
You are the unborn-undying eternal moment.
You are the awareness infusing the quantum theater.
You are the awareness perceiving the quantum theater.
You are the awareness witnessing the quantum theater.

* * * *

Awareness is the eternal moment.
It is without time, without space.
It is without cause, without effect.
It is without beginning, without end.
It is without purpose, without meaning.
It is absolute aloneness, unborn, undying.

* * * *

We are really nothing more than etchings,
Of memories of an existence, we imagine we have lived.
Key moments, that we visualize and re-visualize, over and over again.
Amorphous perceptions, forever unborn, forever undying,
Each and every moment, in the sands of time.

* * * *

Awareness is the indivisible, impenetrable moment.
Awareness is prior to consciousness; there is no prior to awareness.
It is the inexplicable, immutable, indelible, omnipresent, faceless witness of eternity.
Label it whatever sound or symbol mind wills, no paradigm can ever own its unborn-undying nature.

* * * *

The imaginary you, believes you exist, that you were born, that you will one day die.
That time, that space, are real, that the mind and senses distinguish the universe.
That the rise of humankind and all its civilizations, all its countless creations,
Is somehow ordained by deities on high, machinating with demons below.
And if not that, perhaps some grand, all-encompassing, scientific theory.
Or perhaps the artless nature of the fool too oblivious to even question.
Wake up, wake up, wherever you are, it is but illusion, you, its mystery.

* * * *

Why be at all concerned about heavens or hells or purgatories?
Or reincarnation, or any other mind-made, time-bound conception?
Of past lives you have no memory; of future lives you have no certainty.
All that is relevant is this very right-here-right-now eternal moment.
As it would have been, or will be, in any future-past ever created.
Be in this very singular moment, wherever, whenever, you are,
And all theaters will play out as the sands of time prescribe.

* * * *

… Stop believing …
… Stop believing all you know …
… Stop believing in the world …
… Stop believing in the universe …
… Stop believing in deities and demons …
… Stop believing you are a human being …
… Stop believing you are alive …
… Stop believing you will die …
… Stop believing you were ever born …
… Stop believing you are more than awareness …
… Stop believing you are even awareness …
… Just stop …

* * * *

Despite imagination's interminable penchant for make-believe,
There is no other time, there is no other space, that you can possibly be,
But this very right-here-right-now, unborn-undying, eternally absolute moment.

* * * *

No matter the migratory path across the globe,
The human paradigm is about stories in all their many different forms.
Call them whatever you will: histories, accounts, chronicles, parables, narratives, folklores, legends,
Myths, sagas, fables, fairytales, tall tales, fish stories, jokes, puns, yarns, anecdotes, witticisms,
Memoirs, journals, diaries, records, annuls, aphorisms, descriptions, maxims, proverbs.
Whether fictional or non-fictional, whether prose, poetry, drama, or some hybrid.
No matter the genre: literary fiction, historical, mystery, magical realism,
Thriller, fantasy, horror, romance, science fiction, bildungsroman,
Dystopian, western, speculative fiction, or realist literature,
Or some other slice and dice of the mind-built pie,
The storytellers sculpt our world, our epoch,

Into whatever form imagination allows.

* * * *

For all practical purpose, vanity is hardwired into the human genome.
Some religious folk like to call it original sin for their own pious reasonings,
But it is really nothing more than the long and arduous path of natural selection.
The morphing evolution of breeding choices in the brewing stews of cultural theaters,
As the species gradually migrated every direction out of the African jungles of so long ago.
It is much less about sin than the inevitable outcome of all the dynamics this mystery has coined.
And awareness, the eternal, indivisible, unborn-undying witness in every sentient creation.

* * * *

The challenge is not making such a challenge of it.
Learn to endure the rises and falls, the ebbs and flows of the given mind.
As much as imagination would like to believe, nothing you do really ultimately matters even one iota.
Look for yourself, let go all the propaganda endlessly contrived for selfish purpose
By all the parasitic middlemen throughout the human epoch.
You are it, it is you, it is that simple.

* * * *

All the histories, all the sciences, all the mathematics,
All the liberal studies, all the arts, all the music, all the whatever,
Are naught but the living-dying of imagination imagining.
Awareness is the unborn-undying witness to all.

* * * *

Awareness is prior to consciousness and all the dimensions it imagines.
All are but temporal creations, time-based perceptions of one theater or another.
No matter how vast or small, how complex or simple, all are naught but quantum illusion.

* * * *

A scarcity of self-importance is not necessarily a great weakness.
It can be a judicious realization of the nature of reality,
And the indivisible equality of all creation.
True humility is the ultimate state of beingness.

* * * *

The awareness is neither alive nor dead.
Only consciousness conceives existence.
Only consciousness imagines itself real.

* * * *

The ethereal, sensory dream of quantum existence
Is nothing more than time-bound memory, even as it is happening.
The unborn-undying nature of awareness is not touched
By the willy-nilly of any imaginary construct.

* * * *

Calling it a life implies something much more than it is and can ever be.
Calling it a dream fits the narrative much more accurately;
Imagination being the root of the collusion
To which the human species is so inherently attached.

* * * *

What is the mindful state given over to absolute awareness of the unborn-undying nature?
That which is prior to all imaginary notions evolved of the mind's quantum dream.
That which is eternally right here, right now, without past, without future.
That which is all you really are, that which is all you really are not.
That which is the omniscient, omnipresent, omnipotence that is truly God.

* * * *

To abide in the eternal awareness is to live in an existential state,
Ever anew, flawless, pristine, impeccable, untarnished, immaculate.

* * * *

Religion is a shell game
In which truth is veiled from the masses,
Who are mindlessly satisfied with titillating make-believe.
The endlessly absurd bunk of all their deities and dogmas and superstitions,
And were it possible, be chucked into the trash heap of history, and forever more disregarded.

* * * *

An 80-year existence as a human being, not including 20-ish leap years, is:
960 months; 4160 weeks; 29,200 days; 700,800 hours; 42,049,000 minutes; 2,522,880,000 seconds.
What will you do with all those moments in your preordained eternal dream?

* * * *

How can you discern the eternal but by observing very lucidly,
By observing beneath the shallows of consciousness at the timeless awareness,
The moment in which the world, the universe, all creation, kaleidoscopes unborn-undying.

* * * *

The awareness of the eternal moment neither creates nor destroys.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither favors nor opposes.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither leads nor follows.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither covets nor limits.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither moves nor stills.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither gives nor takes.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither ebbs nor flows.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither rises nor sinks.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither wins nor loses.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither loves nor hates.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither comes nor goes.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither thinks nor acts.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither begins nor ends.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither profits nor loses.

The awareness of the eternal moment neither grasps nor frees.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither lives nor perishes.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither succeeds nor fails.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither accepts nor denies.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither grows nor shrinks,
The awareness of the eternal moment neither attacks nor defends.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither reveals nor conceals.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither obsesses nor ignores.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither harshens nor softens.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither indulges nor abstains.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither brightens nor darkens.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither increases nor decreases.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither appears nor disappears.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither conquers nor surrenders.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither consumes nor preserves.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither condemns nor absolves.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither ascends nor descends.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither hopes nor despairs.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither seeks nor finds.

* * * *

Humankind worships what it sees, what it feels, what it conceives,
Rather than the timeless indivisibility that can never be known,
Rather than the eternal moment that is ever unfathomable.

* * * *

The world, the cosmos, that your sensory mind daily perceives,
Will be forever undone at the imaginary mind-body's demise.

* * * *

Only of the moment is true, and awareness is its witness.
All else is the fluff of consciousness and its imaginary fictions.

* * * *

All ideas, all theories, all beliefs, all opinions,
Are conceptual frameworks concocted by imagination.
Awareness is the moment prior to all movements of consciousness.

* * * *

Whether total detachment is even possible for more than brief moments,
Is one of those 'needs research' questions every mind must itself fathom.

* * * *

Who who's?
Who what's?
Who where's?
Who when's?
Who why's?

Who how's?
Who exists?
Who dies?
Who sees?
Who hears?
Who smells?
Who tastes?
Who feels?
Who sleeps?
Who wakes?
Who sits?
Who walks?
Who runs?
Who longs?
Who mates?
Who cares?
Who likes?
Who loves?
Who hates?
Who dreams?
Who works?
Who owns?
Who saves?
Who spends?
Who consumes?
Who pays?
Who knows?
Who wonders?
Who, who, who, are you?

* * * *

The kaleidoscoping quantum theater is but a mirage of the sensory mind.
And no mirage, no concept, no dream, no matter how real or true it may seem,
Is ever ultimately more than an assumption, an invention, a falsehood, a hoax, a lie.
It is all but a reverie to be taken only as seriously as the given witness is inclined.
Laugh if you can, cry if you must, what are joy and sorrow but secular states.

* * * *

Every moment you are born, every moment you die.
Unborn-undying every moment, why hold fast to anything?
Unborn-undying every moment, why be troubled about anything?
Unborn-undying every moment, why believe in anything?

* * * *

The deities most fabricate and worship are of a limited mindscape.
What God truly is, is so beyond the naked eye, that the naked mind

Cannot even begin to comprehend the infinitesimal infinity of it all.

* * * *

All things – animate or inanimate – are always in the quantum here now.
All forms great to small are but notions given reality by the sensory mind.
The eternal moment, the timeless awareness, is all there truly is, and is not.

* * * *

How to say it?

There is only the moment, and the awareness in which it resides.
or
There is only the awareness, and the moment in which it resides.

Can there be the awareness without the moment?
Can there be the moment without the awareness?

Is their separation, severance, partition, divorce, duality,
In any way or shape or form, even remotely possible?

And why would you even bother asking?

Move on, Pilgrim.

* * * *

Space-time is a quantum illusion, an unfathomable theater,
Created by the magic of evolution, playing out in the mystery of awareness.
There is really only the inexplicable, intangible, immeasurable, unknowable, timeless moment,
Through which dreamtime streams, unfolds, unfurls, displays, kaleidoscopes,
In the mind-body patterning of each and every sentient being,
All extemporaneously interacting together,
All very much alone.

* * * *

In the immaculate awareness of the timeless unborn-undying moment, you do not exist.
Only in consciousness, only in the time-bound notions of imagination,
Does the me and myself and I come into being.

* * * *

Awareness does not give a gnat's ass about your vanity,
All your narcissistic-hedonistic gamesmanship.
It will carry on with or without you.

Always has, always will.

* * * *

If this moment of immaculate awareness is all there is, how can any measurement,
Any assumption, any play of consciousness, whatsoever, ultimately mean anything?

* * * *

You are you, I am I, and we are all but limited mortal elements in this quantum dreamtime,
All together playing out every ecstasy, every agony, every narcissistic-hedonistic spin of the dice,
And not the remotest chance, not the vaguest possibility, of surviving all that long in the relative sense.

* * * *

Look behind those eyes, you think that awareness peering out is really just you?
We are all the same timeless mystery in every form quantum can spin into being.

* * * *

Science, philosophy, religion, spirituality, belief, superstition,
Dogma, worship, exaltation, glorification, adulation, conviction, respect,
Idolization, praise, veneration, reverence, devotion, ceremony, sacrament, adoration,
Commandment, law, creed, canon, doctrine, principle, theory, code, rule, ritual, formula, model,
Speculation, conjecture, estimation, inference, intuition, fantasy, guess, notion …
What use does awareness have, what use does the moment have,
For any arbitrary invention of consciousness?

* * * *

Space-time is a quantum illusion,
A three-dimensional dream of consciousness,
An evolutionary collusion, an ever-kaleidoscoping mirage,
An inexplicable magician's trick extraordinaire.

* * * *

Whether many deities or just one, all religions, all mythologies,
Are nothing more than human vanity's superstitious, delusional need
To pretend it is of first and foremost relevance to the inexplicable unknown.
Only path-less-followed minds see through the make-believe,
And stand alone, clear and unknowing.

* * * *

How long will imagination allow you to reside in the immaculate serenity of awareness,
Totally alone, unbound by the tethers of the world and all its hullaballoo?
Why come back ever again to that which is not at all real
In any way or shape or form, whatsoever?

* * * *

To cease cloaking awareness with time and space and its ever-kaleidoscoping quantum attributes,
Is a conceptual awakening that humanity is having considerable difficulty achieving.
Even in light of the vast amount of scientific evidence to the contrary,
Lethargic minds are substantially more suited to superstition and absurdity.
Peering behind the mask of the many-faced mystery is a task to which few are called.

* * * *

Awareness is all there is … In its ever-present moment, you always are.
There is no 'have always been' … There is no 'will always be.'
Time and space are naught but quantum illusions
In which imagination takes flight in every notion imaginable.

* * * *

The human species is not capable of awakening to the larger vision of its Self.
It will slumber on and eventually perish in the ruins of whatever is left,
As ignorant and foolish as when it exited the jungles of long ago.

* * * *

Everything is unequivocally relative to everything else.
Every mind-body, every frame of reference is a universe unto its Self.
No two are ever alike, and none will ever envision any other's but through their own.

* * * *

The mind-body is the only way you can ever travel the space-time of this eternal quantum mystery.
And it will ever be at a one-breath-at-a-time, one-step-at-a-time, one-moment-at-a-time, kind of pace.

* * * *

Who wrote this?
Who do you think? And why would it matter?
All that matters is that you have the keenness to read it, and unlock the given mind
From the shackles of a conditioned nature-nurture dream.
Awareness is all, all is awareness.

* * * *

There is no forward, there is no back, there is no right nor left nor oblique.
There is only this very right-here-right-now quantum dreamtime,
For whatever moment the mystery of awareness allows.

* * * *

Despite all words, all concepts, all notions to the contrary,

All philosophies must ultimately boil down to nothing,
Else the philosophers have not made the final unknowing leap,
And are instead snared by the metaphors of their own imaginary design.

* * * *

Beneath the eyes, beneath the ears, beneath the nose, beneath the tongue, beneath the skin,
You, the timeless awareness, ever attentive to whatever moment the quantum mystery presents.

* * * *

All sentient life forms small to great gaze out upon their unique universe,
Each and every one, the same indivisible, ubiquitous awareness,
The same indivisible source, the same indivisible mystery.
Declare the awareness to be one god or many,
By whatever deific-sounding sounds comes to mind,
The inscrutable that humankind ever aspires to penetrate,
Is eternally indifferent to, unaffected by, all conscious endeavors.

* * * *

How passionately love can so easily morph into resentment and hate.
It may be eternal in the ultimate, indelibly, excruciatingly idealistic sense,
But the vanities are more than capable of adulterating anything and everything.

* * * *

And how could any other speculated dimension
Operate with a different set of rules, a separate set of laws,
Than that crafted by the electromagnetic spectrum (a.k.a., quantum),
And the ethereal, indivisible awareness in which it plays out?

* * * *

What is death but the end of the need to think, to breathe, to move, to eat, to drink, to poop and pee.
The end of ever-kaleidoscoping agonies and ecstasies played out in the dream of time and space.
The end of power, fame, wealth, and all the narcissistic and hedonistic vanities they serve.
The end of the Seven Deadly Sins: pride, envy, gluttony, lust, wrath, greed, sloth.
The end of knowledge and wisdom and foolishness, and all the effort to maintain them.
Death offers such peace, such quietude, the heaven of non-existence, no imagination required.

* * * *

Here it all is, right here, right now.
Awareness, allotted to an imaginary existence.
The you that you imagine is not, was not, will never be.
You are the nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.
A mystery the time-bound mind can never grasp.

* * * *

All nothing more than the make-believe-pretend
Of the electromagnetic spectrum (a.k.a., quantum)
Riding the coattails of the mystery of awareness.

* * * *

Delve into the ultimate, definitive, supreme reality of your timeless, sovereign, absolute aloneness.
Your essence, your core, your gist, your crux, your root, your marrow, your beingness,
Your kernel, your lifeblood, your substance, your immortality, your soul.
The one and only truth you are, have ever been, will ever be.

* * * *

Applause, limelight, fame, celebrity, stardom,
Recognition, reputation, distinction, eminence, renown, praise,
Appreciation, approval, sanction, prominence, acclaim, popularity, glory, standing,
Status, notoriety, infamy, disrepute, ignominy, dishonor, legend, myth,
Or even obscurity, insignificance, irrelevance, anonymity.
What are they, for whom Self is all there is?

* * * *

What is this phenomenon we call existence?
A long and winding yellow brick road,
A deep and cavernous rabbit hole,
A reverie of timeless perception,
A collection of memories called real.
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

To be born is akin to the tabula rasa of unworked wood,
Destined to experience an unknown duration of every whittle existence offers.
Cut, carved, sliced, chiseled, chopped, shaved, trimmed, peeled, shaped, molded, formed, fashioned;
A mind-body-nature-nurture sculpture from first gasping breath to last wheezing one.

* * * *

Every life, a dream of its own, until death, it does forever part.
The same quantum mystery, the same awareness, all the while.

* * * *

Why is it that magical thinking is so crucial for so many?
How is it that the quantum theater is not magical enough?

* * * *

All creation is but a simultaneous blip of imagination.
Ergo, time and space to play it out in grand theater form.

* * * *

Death is a dispassionate reaper.
The powerful and the weak,
The wealthy and the poor,
The famous and the unknown,
All find their way to the same grave.

* * * *

Despite all evidence, all beliefs, all theories, all assumptions to the contrary,
It is nothing more than a manifest dream, a touchy-feely mirage,
That has no ultimate meaning or purpose, whatsoever.
Only vanity ever make-believes it more.

* * * *

If you are perusing philosophical thoughts such as these,
Then you have to some degree realized you are a witness to the mystery.
You are seer, mystic, oracle, hierophant, eye of the unknown peering out upon creation.
Perhaps you will even become a scribe, a future-past fellow of the Dead Poets Society,
Or an artist of some other genre, who may well impart a vision in a way no other has.

Soundbites

Stare at more walls, breath more mindfully, become the mystery you are.

* * * *

Different parts of the jungle have always been off-limits to different dreams.

* * * *

How much more mysterious it truly is than your puny, vain vision can ever devise.

* * * *

Makest thy Self whole.

* * * *

Eternity and infinity are not units of space and/or time.

* * * *

Realize it or not, you are a witness to the mystery.

* * * *

Consciousness, imagination, dreaming, all the same time-bound movement of mind.

* * * *

Love your Self, if you can find it.

* * * *

Awareness has no story to be or tell; what story can long hold its attention?

* * * *

All sense of self is a fabrication of imagination, nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

It is in imagination that self is created and vanity rules.

* * * *

There is only awareness, through which imagination dreams.

* * * *

Awareness, even asleep, is eternally awake.

* * * *

Getting old, like it or not, is a journey into the solitude of awareness.

* * * *

The only thing personal about the dream is you.

* * * *

The quantum matrix offers whatever draws, whatever distracts, the churning monkey-mind.

* * * *

Both believer and atheist assume they know something they do not, never could, never will.

* * * *

How can an empty sky be pointed out to clouds caught up in the dreams clouds dream?

* * * *

The aloneness of the mystery is all-pervading.

* * * *

Awareness is the presence through which all dreams abide.

* * * *

The universe is very much alive, such as it is.

* * * *

Eternity is like that.

* * * *

Awareness, witness to all, bound by none.

* * * *

It seems real enough at the time.

* * * *

What is prior to consciousness? Awareness. What is prior to awareness? Nothing.

* * * *

As amazing as the cosmos is, the mind that created it, is even more so.

* * * *

Everyone is on their own, is the ultimate truth.

* * * *

The eternal space does not care whether it is aligned left, right, or center.

* * * *

You are not what you imagine your Self to be, have never been, will never be.

* * * *

Meeting the world, the cosmos, the mystery, as it is, is the simplest, most pragmatic way.

* * * *

Observe the matrix about you with the same detachment you would any stage or screen play.

* * * *

The vanity of time is the realm of any given mind.

* * * *

The truth will set you free, if you let it.

* * * *

Thinkers think, dreamers dream, philosophers philosophize, it is what we do.

* * * *

From the mystery, to the mystery, take it, leave it, what matter either way?

* * * *

Time and space, clouds and sky, consciousness and awareness, where is the separation?

* * * *

Aloneness quenches a thirst loneliness never can, never has, never will.

* * * *

From the mystery, to the mystery, take it, leave it, what matter either way?

* * * *

To be eternally awake is to be that which has no bounds, to be that which is god.

* * * *

How can awareness, how can the moment, ever be known?

* * * *

The challenge is to embrace the mystery without the limitations of imagination.

* * * *

Do not confuse the vanity of consciousness with the sentience of awareness.

* * * *

Truth trumps all.

* * * *

So many universes from which to reckon oblivion.

* * * *

The great unknowing is a wonderous state of mindless.

* * * *

Every one perceives, every one judges, every one abides, their cosmos, in their own unique way.

* * * *

Mind and body and world and cosmos are a simultaneous meld.

* * * *

Any given mind-body and its universe are one in the same.

* * * *

Breathe in awareness, breathe out awareness.

* * * *

Even if only one mind grasped the mystery for what it truly is, that would be one more than enough.

* * * *

Where would time be without manifestation to carry it out?

* * * *

Awareness … namelsss name, worldless world, lightless light, soundless sound, quantumless quantum.

* * * *

Eternity or bust

* * * *

The song of godness, the song of awareness, the song of mystery.

* * * *

Godness, awareness, mystery … same thing.

* * * *

No rules in a knife fight, so why should there be any in the mystery?

* * * *

You want this, I want that; different minds, different universes.

* * * *

What world, what universe, would there be, without you as witness?

* * * *

The solution will come; you just need to provide the space.

* * * *

Who's the who, who chooses? Consciousness? Or awareness? Or both and neither?

* * * *

The indivisible pie lets you play your illusion however you please.

* * * *

Prior to awareness? 'Tain't no such person nor place nor thing.

* * * *

Easier to conquer the universe than it is your Self.

* * * *

The universe is but a grain of sand.

* * * *

Life, dreamy, touch-feely, three-dimensional illusion that it is, it ain't all literal, it ain't all figurative.

* * * *

Awareness without dimension is the ultimate solitude of eternity.

* * * *

The mystery, solved, sort of.

* * * *

Life, a continuous conversation with your Self.

* * * *

Quantum gives, quantum takes.

* * * *

How is it that just being the still awareness of the moment is not enough?

* * * *

Note to Self: Self, I was thinking ...

* * * *

Time and space are imaginary constructs inspired by the illusory world built by the sensory mind.

* * * *

Awareness is the only constant eternity has to offer.

* * * *

The quest for truth is not an exercise in trivial pursuit.

* * * *

Different substances alter in different ways, allowing awareness to witness many facets of one mind.

* * * *

Consciousness is ever-changing; awareness, ever-changeless.

* * * *

Awareness is eternity, eternity is awareness, the one and only real you.

* * * *

Think for your Self.

* * * *

In every moment, you are as close to nothing as awareness gets.

* * * *

Infinity hath no bounds, including you.

* * * *

It is not possible for the mystery to be separate from its creation.

* * * *

Consciousness … imagination … is the usurper of eternity.

* * * *

How can awareness be involved with or concerned about anything?

* * * *

Best not to take yourself too seriously, and your Self, as well.

* * * *

Why you keep doing this to your Self is the real mystery.

* * * *

Call it what you please; it is only sound, it is only vibration, it is only quantum.

* * * *

Imagination only dreams it is alive.

* * * *

Become your universe, become your awareness, become your absolute.

* * * *

Imagination is but a swirl of the electromagnetic spectrum (a.k.a., The Great Quantum).

* * * *

In that moment of unknowing, who-what-where-when-why-how are you?

* * * *

Can you really help your Self?

* * * *

How can you see-hear-touch-taste-feel a dream but through imagination?

* * * *

Truth is truth by any name you care to call it.

* * * *

Life is one very long conversation with your Self.

* * * *

Wisdom percolates from a hankering for truth.

* * * *

Good agnostic that you are, treat aliens like you do God, believe in ‘em when you sees ‘em.

* * * *

Become eternity.

* * * *

Consciousness (a.k.a., imagination) is about becoming; awareness, being.

* * * *

There is no yoke in being the mystery you are.

* * * *

Dust to dust, unborn, undying, space and time naught but quantum illusion.

* * * *

Aloneness, dive into it.

* * * *

Eternity is your residence.

* * * *

All there is to know is that you are the mystery of awareness; everything else is imaginary.

* * * *

You must choose to free your Self; no one else can do it for you.

* * * *

In the world … sometimes of it, sometimes not … no worries.

* * * *

Imagination is the usurper of eternity.

* * * *

Awareness is not the third eye; it is the one and only true eye.

* * * *

All are quantum mechanics of the biological sort.

* * * *

Awareness does not require anything.

* * * *

Awareness is the one true eye.

* * * *

Be true to your Self.

* * * *

Awareness does not scratch or bleed or burn.

* * * *

The mystery is an insoluble mystery, even for the mystery.

* * * *

Universe … Omniverse … Quantaverse.

* * * *

And there you are again, imagining yourself real.

* * * *

Extremism, whatever the genre, is always inexplicable to the moderate spirit.

* * * *

However you glean the universe about you, accurate information makes for better decisions.

* * * *

Better a dream than nothing? Or nothing than a dream? Hmm …

* * * *

Time is yours to spend wisely or wastes foolishly as the given dream ordains.

* * * *

There is only the indelible moment, to which awareness is constant witness.

* * * *

Truth: Yours or mine? Hers or his? Theirs or ours?

* * * *

Imaginary universe, imaginary world, imaginary you.

* * * *

When you just timelessly are, nothing is done, nothing is undone.

* * * *

What a condescending thing it is to label the mystery in any way; even calling it a mystery is vanity.

* * * *

The quantum mirage of time and space is but a neurological phenomenon.

* * * *

Truth was trampled in the scuffle a long, long time ago.

* * * *

Whether a world, a universe, or a dimension, all are of the same quantum dream.

* * * *

Awareness is all and none; what more to say?

* * * *

Awareness is the intelligence of eternity.

* * * *

Perfect beingness is the mind-body given over to the eternal awareness of the given moment.

* * * *

The space-time continuum is but an illusion of the electromagnetic spectrum.

* * * *

Prior to all the passions of consciousness, you, awareness, are.

* * * *

Wisdom is the harvest of attention; serenity, the fruit of awareness.

* * * *

Idolatry is not, has never been, will never be, truth.

* * * *

And awareness stirred.

* * * *

You are the unborn-undying awareness prior to consciousness and all its imaginary whims.

* * * *

In every moment, are you born and dying? Or unborn and undying? Who's looking?

* * * *

Eternal life, eternal death, same thing, same moment.

* * * *

Awareness is the sentience in all things animate; the potential in all things inanimate.

* * * *

The world you have created is your own very much alone.

* * * *

Speculation is not truth; it is all speculation.

* * * *

There is neither time nor space enough in awareness for you to exist.

* * * *

Awareness is prior to consciousness; there is no prior to awareness.

* * * *

Is it eternal life? Or eternal unborn-undying awareness?

* * * *

Awareness is this moment; nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

There is nothing to achieve; eternity is all.

* * * *

There are no consequences in awareness.

* * * *

Awareness is the first and the last, the most and least it can ever be.

* * * *

There is no before awareness, there is no after awareness, there is only awareness.

* * * *

A busy mind deflects eternity.

* * * *

Where knowledge ends, awareness reigns absolute.

* * * *

You can kill the mind-body, but you cannot kill your unborn-undying Self.

* * * *

It is a mystery, nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

Awareness trumps all idolatry.

* * * *

There is no need for a supreme being; the mystery is quite capable on its own.

* * * *

You are eternity cloaked in vanity.

* * * *

So many things you cannot know; no point giving yourself a headache over it all.

* * * *

Awareness is the omniscient voyeur.

* * * *

You are the mystery you seek; discern it and the quest ends.

* * * *

In time, you cannot go back, you can only stream on.

* * * *

No place to arrive, no goal to achieve, no chore to complete, no glory to gain, awareness is.

* * * *

Eternity rules.

* * * *

Prior to sight, prior to sound, prior to taste, prior to smell, prior to touch, awareness is.

* * * *

Ever-aging body, ever-aging mind, never-aging mystery.

* * * *

The many are not without the one; the one is just fine all alone.

* * * *

Consciousness is born and dies; awareness is unborn-undying.

* * * *

Scientists measure, philosophers describe, monks meditate, so many ways to explore the mystery.

* * * *

So many guises to this mystery.

* * * *

Awareness is prior to consciousness, prior to all quantum dimensions, all electromagnetic creations.

* * * *

It is consciousness that suffers, it is imagination that suffers, not awareness.

* * * *

You are the unborn-undying awareness; everything else is imaginary.

* * * *

If it requires belief, it is not truth.

* * * *

Consciousness ponders, consciousness wants, consciousness cares; awareness, not so much.

* * * *

Do not for a moment think any creature has ever, or will ever, see the quantum mystery the same.

* * * *

The Great Quantum strikes again.

* * * *

The state of the world is but a dreamer's dream.

* * * *

Clocks may go round and round, but eternity is ever still.

* * * *

What is eternal life but a mind given over to the awareness prior to consciousness.

* * * *

Who is master? Awareness or imagination? Eternity or consciousness?

* * * *

You are the center of your world, your universe.

* * * *

Does time really go any direction?

* * * *

Wandering a dream.

* * * *

little self, Big Self, which are you here now?

* * * *

In the moment, in pure awareness, you do not exist.

* * * *

Die, and the whole world, the whole cosmos, dies with you.

* * * *

Regarding inquiry into this mystery, only the courageous need apply.

* * * *

The source of vanity is imagining self to be real.

* * * *

Discern that awareness in the dream-weaving mind where time ceases and space dissolves.

* * * *

This is a boggling mystery, why give it a name?

* * * *

Death while living is what seers across time have called the ecstatic union.

* * * *

Rest assured you will be forgotten like all the rest; anonymity is eternity's guarantee.

* * * *

No persuasion is required in the perception of truth.

* * * *

Existence is the time machine of eternity.

* * * *

What is young, what is old, in the realm of the quantum enigma?

* * * *

Prior to consciousness, prior to memory, prior to imagination, prior to pride, you are.

* * * *

Awareness is all, all is awareness.

* * * *

Consciousness is imagination is dreamtime.

* * * *

No word matters in the realm of eternal awareness to which you are sovereign.

* * * *

Abide in the awareness where contentment reigns.

* * * *

There are neither sages nor seekers in the realm of awareness.

* * * *

So, you are still a seeker seeking the mystery right behind your eyes.

* * * *

There are no rights; life itself is an entitlement.

* * * *

Awareness, without concern, without attachment, allows whatever imagination wills.

* * * *

How can you persuade anyone of the truth they refuse to discern?

* * * *

Somebody else got that dream.

* * * *

Delve into the aloneness; it is you.

* * * *

Awareness is neither heart nor mind, nor any other imaginary notion.

* * * *

No point envying another's dream; play out the hand you have been dealt.

* * * *

All are first and last who see the unknowable mystery within all things.

* * * *

The cosmic mind is yours to discover if you are capable of letting everything go.

* * * *

A brand-spanking-new discovery every time.

* * * *

Fairytales do not for truth make.

* * * *

If you have tasted something once, you have tasted it a thousand times.

* * * *

Sometimes so huge, sometimes so small.

* * * *

All are comrades in quantum.

* * * *

The world, the cosmos, is filled with ghosts of your creation.

Breadcrumbs

I have seen enough, heard enough, tasted enough, smelt enough, touched enough,
And thought and done enough, for all the lifetimes I could have ever imagined.
And if I signed up for this mortal playhouse, I was too drunk to remember.

* * * *

Of course, there are many seers out there who could do it better, say it better, write it better,
But the pivotal point, is that this mystery is you, right here, right now, this moment,
Doing it, saying it, writing it, as well as your given nature-nurture allows.
And if I have gotten it completely wrong, it will not matter.
If I am not wrong, it will not matter, either.

* * * *

I am no authority, I have no authority.
I am just a Joe Everyman, with an outside-all-boxes slant.
A Joe Everyman with an independent, autodidactic outlook on the mystery,
One that couples nicely with a churning mind that regularly spews out every category of thought.
One that seamlessly synergizes with a flair for writing, a knack for word processing,
And a world wide web to launch the entire work across the globe,
In directions and destinations, I can never know,
All with no one at the helm.

* * * *

If it is not written down quickly, likely gone for all eternity.

* * * *

Thinkers thinking, dreamers dreaming, philosophers philosophizing, it is what we do.

* * * *

Awareness is the spirit of totality.

* * * *

It is a curious thing, these many years of so many thoughts coming to mind.
Not sure how they come, how they keep coming, so often, and with such lucidity.
Starts any given time and space, usually with a pen scribbling onto a blank index card,
And then on to Microsoft Word on the MacBook Pro, with all its cherished accoutrements:
Google search, spellcheck, dictionary, thesaurus, and a knack for word association.
All the drafting and newspaper layout make for the spatial machinations.

And … Voilà!

* * * *

Note to Self: Self, I was thinking ...

* * * *

I may be very wrong about all this, but do not see how.
In every way truth can be comprehended: from rational to irrational,
From absolute to relative, from to realistic to delusional, from infinite to infinitesimal,
From sensible to absurd, from ironic to paradoxical, from black to white,
It all melds into a unified certainty that cannot be undone.
It is this acuity, both deliberated and intuited,
That doubts all other contenders.

* * * *

This lifetime exploration of consciousness, of imagination,
Has been a long and winding expedition down the road less traveled.
A destiny to which I have been haphazardly, matter-of-factly, irrevocably drawn,
As the world, the universe, gradually lost its hold over the intelligence prior to consciousness.

* * * *

We are a species that deserves extinction.
Unfortunately for Mother Nature, she has not come up with the final solution fast enough
To save all the other life forms her mystery has spawned.

* * * *

Happened upon the Self again today; always a pleasure.

* * * *

Good agnostic that I am, I treats aliens like I do God, I'll believe in ‘em when I sees ‘em.

* * * *

In the world … sometimes of it, sometimes not … no worries.

* * * *

To bask in the eternal moment,
Some call it nirvana, some satori, some rapture, some joy, some harmony, some ecstasy,
Some paradise, some heaven, some bliss, some contentment.
I call it home, sweet home.

* * * *

What concern have I for heavens and hells,
For reincarnation or any other time-bound conception?
Of past lives I have no memory; of future lives I have no certainty.
All that matters is this very right-here-right-now eternal moment.
As it would have been, or will be, in any future-past ever coined.

* * * *

This is a haphazard collection of many thoughts set down over many years.
It is up to the earnest reader to separate the wheat from the chaff,
To grade, to sort, any of my subjective, limited thinking,
In their astute quest for the irrefutable truth,
To which all have access, but only the rare few discern.

* * * *

Applause, limelight, fame, celebrity, stardom,
Recognition, reputation, distinction, eminence, renown, praise,
Appreciation, approval, sanction, prominence, acclaim, popularity, glory, standing,
Status, notoriety, infamy, disrepute, ignominy, dishonor, legend, myth,
Or even obscurity, insignificance, irrelevance, anonymity.
What are they, for whom Self is all there is?

* * * *

By this mind-body, and the cosmos and world it has somehow fashioned,
I, whatever 'I' imagines itself to be, will not much longer be afflicted by this reverie of space and time.
One moment in some relatively near-soon, by, if the fates deign it, this own crippled hand,
This inexplicable awareness shall back into the serenity of oblivion be cast.

* * * *

I have delved into the aloneness, and it is me.

* * * *

Many times, it begins with just the inkling of a notion, not even close to being fully formed,
And the new ditty takes fuller definition as pen scribbles across paper.
And later, when time is made for the keyboard,
That squiggle of an idea often magnifies even further.
The joys of word association are many and not far between.

* * * *

Sun and moon and planets going indivisibly round and round, where's the time in that?

Who Was the First?

Who was the first to come down from the trees?
Who was the first to walk out into the plain?
Who was the first to gaze up into the skies?
Who was the first to use a hand signal?
Who was the first to utter a word?
Who was the first to stand?
Who was the first to walk?
Who was the first to run?
Who was the first to pursue?
Who was the first to build a fire?
Who was the first to throw a stone?
Who was the first to make a spear?
Who was the first to make a bowl?
Who was the first to make a basket?
Who was the first to tame a wolf?
Who was the first to tame a cat?
Who was the first to cook a meal?
Who was the first to use fire as a weapon?
Who was the first to write a word?
Who was the first to build a tool?
Who was the first to make a bowl?
Who was the first to make a spoon?
Who was the first to make a fork?
Who was the first to make a cup?
Who was the first to plant a seed?
Who was the first to create many gods?
Who was the first to create one god?
Who was the first to make a canoe?
Who was the first to dig a canal?
Who was the first to make an awl?
Who was the first to make ink?
Who was the first to make a knife?
Who was the first to use a club?
Who was the first to make a needle?
Who was the first to make cloth?
Who was the first to color clothing?
Who was the first to make a sword?
Who was the first to make a slingshot?
Who was the first to solve a math problem?
Who was the first to devise a geometric shape?
Who was the first to draw a line?
Who was the first to draw a square?
Who was the first to draw a triangle?

Who was the first to draw a circle?
Who was the first to make paper?
Who was the first to do a string figure?
Who was the first to make music?
Who was the first to make a flute?
Who was the first to make a drum?
Who was the first to make a harp?
Who was the first to make a harpoon?
Who was the first to make a fishing pole?
Who was the first to build a shield?
Who was the first to devise a currency?
Who was the first to make a bed?
Who was the first to enter a cave?
Who was the first to build a hut?
Who was the first to make a tent?
Who was the first to make a sling?
Who was the first to make a bow?
Who was the first to ride a horse?
Who was the first to form a hunting party?
Who was the first to make a mirror?
Who was the first to make a comb?
Who was the first to make a brush?
Who was the first to use build a home?
Who was the first to build a boat?
Who was the first to name a star?
Who was the first to make first painting?
Who was the first to design first symbol?
Who was the first to create a deity?
Who was the first to conceive good and evil?
Who was the first to create paint?
Who was the first to use a stylus?
Who was the first to make pottery?
Who was the first to devise cuneiform?
Who was the first to conceive numbers?
Who was the first to conceive letters?
Who was the first to conceive language?
Who was the first to awaken to Self?
Who was the first to conceive love?
Who was the first to conceive romance?
Who was the first to kill a beast?
Who was the first to wear clothes?
Who was the first to make a wheel?
Who was the first to make a cart?
Who was the first to make a boat?
Who was the first to make a sail?
Who was the first to barter?
Who was the first to create money?
Who was the first to make paper?

Who was the first to create a business?
Who was the first to chip a stone?
Who was the first to make an awl?
Who was the first to wear jewelry?
Who was the first to dig for metal?
Who was the first to make a forge?
Who was the first to create an explosive?
Who was the first to make a shield?
Who was the first to make a rope?
Who was the first to sew?
Who was the first to make clothes?
Who was the first to write graffiti?
Who was the first to wear a tattoo?
Who was the first to domesticate an animal?
Who was the first to swaddle an infant?
Who was the first to bury a body?
Who was the first to eat fruit?
Who was the first to take a hallucinogen?
Who was the first to make alcohol?
Who was the first to create a currency?
Who was the first to smoke tobacco?
Who was the first to kill another?
Who was the first to use a pillow?
Who was the first to float on a log?
Who was the first to swim across a river?
Who was the first to make sugar?
Who was the first to harvest honey?
Who was the first to kill a tiger?
Who was the first to ride an elephant?
Who was the first to make a saddle?
Who was the first to make a stirrup?
Who was the first to milk a goat?
Who was the first to sow a seed?
Who was the first to create a herd?
Who was the first to make a blanket?
Who was the first to make a coat?
Who was the first to dig a well?
Who were the first to hunt as a band?
Who was the first to dam a river?
Who was the first to discover gold?
Who was the first to walk a beach?
Who was the first to milk a cow?
Who was the first to climb a mountain?
Who was the first to sail on the ocean?
Who was the first to wear a dress?
Who was the first to wear pants?
Who was the first to make a belt?
Who was the first to make glass?

Who was the first to wear underwear?
Who was the first to milk a horse?
Who was the first to make a candle?
Who was the first to make a stairway?
Who was the first to build a house?
Who was the first to make a hammock?
Who was the first to make a tent?
Who was the first to catch a fish?
Who was the first to make a net?
Who was the first to trap an animal?
Who was the first to sing a song?
Who was the first to wear makeup?
Who was the first to get a haircut?
Who was the first to tie a knot?
Who was the first to trim his beard?
Who was the first to breed an animal?
Who was the first to harvest a crop?
Who was the first to rape another?
Who was the first to steal from another?
Who was the first to hoard wealth?
Who was the first to torture another?
Who was the first to fight a battle?
Who was the first to bake bread?
Who was the first to build a castle?
Who was the first to make up a story?
Who was the first to see a reflection of their face?
Who was the first to imagine a sense of self?

And who will be the last?

In the Stillness of Awareness

In the stillness of awareness, there is no self.
In the stillness of awareness, there is no birth.
In the stillness of awareness, there is no death.
In the stillness of awareness, there is no vanity.
In the stillness of awareness, there is no duality.
In the stillness of awareness, there is only here.
In the stillness of awareness, there is only now.
In the stillness of awareness, there is only Self.
In the stillness of awareness, there is only you.

Home, Sweet Home

Home, sweet home.
Peace, sweet peace.

Silence, sweet silence.
Solitude, sweet solitude.
Obscurity, sweet obscurity.
Awareness, sweet awareness.
Anonymity, sweet anonymity.
Realization, sweet realization.
Emptiness, sweet emptiness.
Rightness, sweet rightness.
Serenity, sweet serenity.
Home, sweet home.

To Be, or Not to Be

To be, or not to be.
To become, or not to become.
To doubt, or not to doubt.
To see, or not to see.
To share, or not to share.
To love, or not to love.
To serenity, or not to serenity.
To taste, or not to taste.
To think, or not to think.
To imbibe, or not to imbibe.
To give, or not to give.
To inquire, or not to inquire.
To hate, or not to hate.
To eat, or not to eat.
To still, or not to still.
To protect, or not to protect.
To smell, or not to smell.
To coexist, or not to coexist.
To kill, or not to kill.
To tranquil, or not to tranquil.
To battle, or not to battle.
To embrace, or not to embrace.
To know, or not to know.
To touch, or not to touch.
To hear, or not to hear.
To resist, or not to resist.
To breathe, or not to breathe.
To revolt, or not to revolt.
To serve, or not to serve.
To take, or not to take.
To hope, or not to hope.
To live, or not to live.
To instruct, or not to instruct.
To die, or not to die.

To order, or not to order.
To create, or not to create.
To preserve, or not to preserve.
To destroy, or not to destroy.
To pray, or not to pray.
To grok, or not to grok.
To who, or not to who.
To predator, or not to predator.
To try, or not to try.
To wrath, or not to wrath.
To camouflage, or not to camouflage.
To covet, or not to covet.
To repose, or not to repose.
To exist, or not to exist.
To academic, or not to academic.
To boast, or not to boast.
To what, or not to what.
To sow, or not to sow.
To empathy, or not to empathy.
To follow, or not to follow.
To denounce, or not to denounce.
To torture, or not to torture.
To enjoy, or not to enjoy.
To compete, or not to compete.
To waffle, or not to waffle.
To grow, or not to grow.
To ally, or not to ally
To sojourn, or not to sojourn.
Th charge, or not to charge.
To abide, or not to abide.
To beg, or not to beg.
To rebel, or not to rebel.
To permit, or not to permit.
To mold, or not to mold.
To join, or not to join.
To review, or not to review.
To affiliate, or not to affiliate.
To dream, or not to dream.
To waiver, or not to waiver.
To conquer, or not to conquer
To win, or not to win.
To shuffle, or not to shuffle.
To lose, or not to lose.
To surrender, or not to surrender.
To go, or not to go.
To dive, or not to dive.
To write, or not to write.
To discern, or not to discern.

To propagate, or not to propagate.
To stop, or not to stop.
To learn, or not to learn.
To succeed, or not to succeed.
To impede, or not to impede.
To where, or not to where.
To nurture, or not to nurture.
To sympathy, or not to sympathy.
To fail, or not to fail.
To sit, or not to sit.
To prey, or not to prey.
To recline, or not to recline.
To lead, or not to lead.
To victim, or not to victim.
To innovate, or not to innovate.
To wander, or not to wander.
To lie, or not to lie.
To produce, or not to produce.
To idol, or not to idol.
To investigate, or not to investigate.
To when, or not to when.
To fall, or not to fall.
To assert, or not to assert.
To draw, or not to draw.
To sheeple, or not to sheeple.
To understand, or not to understand.
To collaborate, or not to collaborate.
To quest, or not to quest.
To fly, or not to fly.
To increase, or not to increase.
To cease, or not to cease.
To pass, or not to pass.
To observe, or not to observe.
To help, or not to help.
To why, or not to why.
To speak, or not to speak.
To extrapolate, or not to extrapolate.
To symbol, or not to symbol.
To work, or not to work.
To narrate, or not to narrate.
To renounce, or not to renounce.
To play, or not to play.
To invent, or not to invent.
To remind, or not to remind.
To tolerate, or not to tolerate.
To contend, or not to contend.
To feel, or not to feel.
To contort, or not to contort.

To fantasy, or not to fantasy.
To lust, or not to lust.
To mention, or not to mention.
To argue, or not to argue.
To angel, or not to angel.
To own, or not to own.
To decrease, or not to decrease.
To how, or not to how.
To save, or not to save.
To journey, or not to journey.
To trip, or not to trip.
To rhetoric, or not to rhetoric.
To participate, or not to participate.
To allow, or not to allow.
To respond, or not to respond.
To romantic, or not to romantic.
To analyze, or not to analyze.
To act, or not to act.
To complain, or not to complain.
To passion, or not to passion.
To walk, or not to walk.
To challenge, or not to challenge.
To throw, or not to throw.
To desire, or not to desire.
To drudge, or not to drudge.
To berate, or not to berate.
To state, or not to state.
To cast off, or not to cast off.
To tribe, or not to tribe.
To teach, or not to teach.
To true, or not to true.
To achieve, or not to achieve.
To drift, or not to drift.
To maintain, or not to maintain.
To toss, or not to toss.
To start, or not to start.
To rant, or not to rant.
To disdain, or not to disdain.
To inflict, or not to inflict.
To explore, or not to explore.
To quit, or not to quit.
To criticize, or not to criticize.
To spend, or not to spend.
To buy, or not to buy.
To rise, or not to rise.
To sermon, or not to sermon.
To infinite, or not to infinite.
To care, or not to care.

To groupthink, or not to groupthink.
To heal, or not to heal.
To condemn, or not to condemn.
To doublethink, or not to doublethink.
To address, or not to address.
To quantum, or not to quantum.
To extinct, or not to extinct.
To cooperate, or not to cooperate.
To rage, or not to rage.
To party, or not to party.
To pragmatic, or not to pragmatic.
To existential, or not to existential.
To react, or not to react.
To false, or not to false.
To dismiss, or not to dismiss.
To thoughtcrime, or not to thoughtcrime.
To remark, or not to remark.
To grasp, or not to grasp.
To demon, or not to demon.
To superstition, or not to superstition.
To quarrel, or not to quarrel.
To experiential, or not to experiential.
To listen, or not to listen.
To drink, or not to drink.
To comprehend, or not to comprehend.
To harangue, or not to harangue.
To practical, or not to practical.
To one, or not to one.
To fix, or not to fix.
To empirical, or not to empirical.
To critique, or not to critique.
To riot, or not to riot.
To protect, or not to protect.
To sell, or not to sell.
To totality, or not to totality.
To twist, or not to twist.
To flourish, or not to flourish.
To zip, or not to zip.
To cultivate, or not to cultivate.
To hunger, or not to hunger.
To vie, or not to vie.
To paradox, or not to paradox.
To irony, or not to irony.
To hint, or not to hint.
To describe, or not to describe.
To mature, or not to mature.
To newspeak, or not to newspeak.
To zeal, or not to zeal.

To explain, or not to explain.
To fish, or not to fish.
To doublespeak, or not to doublespeak.
To condone, or not to condone.
To run, or not to run.
To reason, or not to reason.
To anarchy, or not to anarchy.
To seek, or not to seek.
To repair, or not to repair.
To desecrate, or not to desecrate.
To deride, or not to deride.
To wise, or not to wise.
To comment, or not to comment.
To kneel, or not to kneel.
To nest, or not to nest.
To assist, or not to assist.
To oppose, or not to oppose.
To perceive, or not to perceive.
To defend, or not to defend.
To witness, or not to witness.
To thirst, or not to thirst.
To ask, or not to ask.
To announce, or not to announce.
To shield, or not to shield.
To harvest, or not to harvest.
To delve, or not to delve.
To note, or not to note.
To mayhem, or not to mayhem.
To fathom, or not to fathom.
To delight, or not to delight.
To dig, or not to dig.
To partner, or not to partner.
To sally, or not to sally.
To adapt, or not to adapt.
To attack, or not to attack.
To venture, or not to venture.
To evolve, or not to evolve.
To chameleon, or not to chameleon.
To have, or not to have.
To pretend, or not to pretend.
To struggle, or not to struggle.
To endure, or not to endure.
To wonder, or not to wonder.
To question, or not to question.
To be, or not to be.

Those are some questions.

The Same Grave

Death is a dispassionate reaper.
The powerful and the weak,
The wealthy and the poor,
The famous and the unknown,
All find their way to the same grave.

You Did Not Choose

You did not choose your birth.
You did not choose your body.
You did not choose your mind.
You did not choose your family.
You did not choose your gender.
You did not choose your culture.
You did not choose your tradition.
You did not choose your language.
You did not choose your geography.
You did not choose your education.
You did not choose your ethnicity.
You did not choose your customs.
You did not choose your politics.
You did not choose your history.
You did not choose your mores.
You did not choose your creed.
You did not choose your status.
You did not choose your caste.
You did not choose your time.
You did not choose your space.
Have you ever really had any choice,
In your long and winding journey to destiny?

Awareness

Awareness is totality.
Awareness is indelible.
Awareness is sovereign.
Awareness is enigmatic.
Awareness is indivisible.
Awareness is inscrutable.
Awareness is inexplicable.
Awareness is unknowable.

Awareness is unfathomable.
Awareness is incomprehensible.
Awareness is indecipherable.
Awareness is unexplainable.
Awareness is inconceivable.
Awareness is immeasurable.
Awareness is impenetrable.
Awareness is indescribable.
Awareness is interminable.
Awareness is immaculate.
Awareness is everything.
Awareness is nothing.

Just Stop

… Stop believing …
… Stop believing all you know …
… Stop believing in the world …
… Stop believing in the universe …
… Stop believing in deities and demons …
… Stop believing you are a human being …
… Stop believing you are alive …
… Stop believing you will die …
… Stop believing you were ever born …
… Stop believing you are more than awareness …
… Stop believing you are even awareness …
… Just stop …

You Are Not

You are not your mind.
You are not your body.
You are not your mask.
You are not your nature.
You are not your nurture.
You are not your imagination.
You are not your perceptions.
You are not your memories.
You are not your vanities.
You are not your dreams.
You are not your hopes.
You are not your values.
You are not your history.
You are not your language.
You are not your identity.
You are not your name.

You are not your ethnicity.
You are not your gender.
You are not your family.
You are not your tribe.
You are not your caste.
You are not your culture.
You are not your country.
You are not your religion.
You are not your work.
You are not your talents.
You are not your hobbies.
You are not your things.
You are not your successes.
You are not your failures.
You are not your desires.
You are not your fears.
You are not your ecstasies.
You are not your agonies.
You are not your time.
You are not your space.
You are not your world.
You are not your universe.
You are not your dimension.
You are not anything; you are not everything.
You are not … You are not … You are not … You are not …
But the awareness, the indivisibility, the mystery, permeating all … and none.

From Dust to Dust

From dust to dust.
From null to null.
From void to void.
From sleep to sleep.
From abyss to abyss.
From silence to silence.
From stillness to stillness.
From nonbeing to nonbeing.
From extinction to extinction.
From nothingness to nothingness.
From nonexistence to nonexistence.
From insignificant to insignificant.
From indivisibility to indivisibility.
From annihilation to annihilation.
From detachment to detachment.
From insentience to insentience.
From unconcern to unconcern.
From emptiness to emptiness.

From obscurity to obscurity.
From quantum to quantum.
From inertness to inertness.
From oblivion to oblivion.

You Are

As huge as huge is, as small as small is, you are.
As strong as strong is, as weak as weak is, you are.
As kind as kind is, as merciless as merciless is, you are.
As virtuous as virtuous is, as corrupt as corrupt is, you are.
As illustrious as illustrious is, as ordinary as ordinary is, you are.
As something as something is, as nothing as nothing is, you are.
As abundant as abundant is, as scarce as scarce is, you are.
As aware as aware is, as ignorant as ignorant is, you are.
As infinite as infinite is, as finite as finite is, you are.
As true as true is, as untrue as untrue is, you are.
As real as real is, as unreal as unreal is, you are.
As all things are, as all things are not, you are.

Un-Imagine

Un-imagine you are this mind-body.
Un-imagine you are this existence.
Un-imagine you are this world.
Un-imagine you are this cosmos.
Un-imagine you are this dreamtime.

What Cosmos?

What cosmos does any creature perceive?
What cosmos does an aardvark perceive?
What cosmos does a cockroach perceive?
What cosmos does an octopus perceive?
What cosmos does a sparrow perceive?
What cosmos does a buffalo perceive?
What cosmos does a giraffe perceive?
What cosmos does a turtle perceive?
What cosmos does a trout perceive?
What cosmos does a tiger perceive?
What cosmos does a dog perceive?
What cosmos does a tree perceive?
What cosmos does a frog perceive?
What cosmos does a seal perceive?
What cosmos does a clam perceive?

What cosmos does an ant perceive?
What cosmos does a bush perceive?
What cosmos does a hawk perceive?
What cosmos does a whale perceive?
What cosmos does a shark perceive?
What cosmos does bacteria perceive?
What cosmos does a human perceive?
What cosmos does a lobster perceive?
What cosmos does an oyster perceive?
What cosmos does a dolphin perceive?
What cosmos does a penguin perceive?
What cosmos does a scorpion perceive?
What cosmos does a kangaroo perceive?
What cosmos does any creature perceive?
Perception is a nature-nurture phenomenon.
All things great to small, very much alone together.

Mortal Slime

The smells! The smells!
The tastes! The tastes!
The sights! The sights!
The sounds! The sounds!
The textures! The textures!
The thoughts! The thoughts!
A mystery born of mortal slime.

What Would Your World Be?

What would your world be, what would your universe be, without the eyes to see?
What would your world be, what would your universe be, without the ears to hear?
What would your world be, what would your universe be, without the nose to smell?
What would your world be, what would your universe be, without the tongue to taste?
What would your world be, what would your universe be, without the body to touch?
What would your world be, what would your universe be, without the mind to think?
What would your world be, what would your universe be, without all of the above?

Fate

The fate of the universe is the fate of the universe.
The fate of the world is the fate of the world.
The fate of all life is the fate of all life.
The fate of you is the fate of you.
All just aspects of the same mystery.
No need to make anything more than it is.

Plays of Imagination

Is time separate from space?
Are clouds separate from the sky?
Are currents separate from the ocean?
Is consciousness separate from awareness?
Is one moment separate from any other moment?
Are you separate from the mystery that is unfathomable?
All dualistic notions are nothing more than plays of imagination.

Who?

Who who's?
Who what's?
Who where's?
Who when's?
Who why's?
Who how's?
Who exists?
Who dies?
Who sees?
Who hears?
Who smells?
Who tastes?
Who feels?
Who listens?
Who speaks?
Who writes?
Who sleeps?
Who wakes?
Who sits?
Who walks?
Who runs?
Who cares?
Who likes?
Who longs?
Who laughs?
Who yells?
Who cries?
Who hopes?
Who loves?
Who mates?
Who dreads?
Who fears?
Who hates?

Who begs?
Who dreams?
Who works?
Who owns?
Who pays?
Who saves?
Who spends?
Who consumes?
Who knows?
Who wonders?
Who, who, who, are you?

Awareness of the Eternal Moment

The awareness of the eternal moment neither creates nor destroys.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither favors nor opposes.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither leads nor follows.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither covets nor limits.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither moves nor stills.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither gives nor takes.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither ebbs nor flows.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither rises nor sinks.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither wins nor loses.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither loves nor hates.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither comes nor goes.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither thinks nor acts.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither begins nor ends.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither profits nor loses.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither grasps nor frees.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither lives nor perishes.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither succeeds nor fails.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither accepts nor denies.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither grows nor shrinks,
The awareness of the eternal moment neither attacks nor defends.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither reveals nor conceals.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither obsesses nor ignores.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither harshens nor softens.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither indulges nor abstains.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither brightens nor darkens.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither increases nor decreases.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither appears nor disappears.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither conquers nor surrenders.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither consumes nor preserves.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither condemns nor absolves.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither ascends nor descends.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither hopes nor despairs.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither seeks nor finds.

Dualistic Notion

Is time separate from space?
Are clouds separate from the sky?
Are currents separate from the ocean?
Is consciousness separate from awareness?
Is one moment separate from any other moment?
Are you separate from the mystery that is unfathomable?
All dualistic notions are nothing more than plays of imagination.

The Same Quantum Mystery

Asleep or drowsy or indolent or awake,
It is all the same quantum pointlessness,
It is all the same quantum unfathomability.
It is all the same quantum unborn-undying.
It is all the same quantum unknowability.
It is all the same quantum indivisibility.
It is all the same quantum dreamtime.
It is all the same quantum mystery.

The Same Awareness

All sentient life forms small to great gaze out upon their unique universe,
Each and every one, the same indivisible, ubiquitous awareness,
The same indivisible source, the same indivisible mystery.
Declare the awareness to be one god or many,
By whatever deific-sounding sounds comes to mind,
The inscrutable that humankind ever aspires to penetrate,
Is eternally indifferent to, unaffected by, all conscious endeavors.

The Mystery of the Mystery

It is a mysterious mystery.
It is an absolute mystery.
It is an immeasurable mystery.
It is an immaculate mystery.
It is a sovereign mystery.
It is an indelible mystery.
It is an unadulterated mystery.
It is an indivisible mystery.
It is an inexplicable mystery.
It is an ultimate mystery.

It is an unknowable mystery.
It is a timeless mystery.
It is a quintessential mystery.
It is a spaceless mystery.
It is an imperishable mystery.
It is an unfathomable mystery.
It is a pristine mystery.
It is an indecipherable mystery.
It is a seamless mystery.
It is an interminable mystery.
It is a baffling mystery.
It is an unmitigated mystery.
It is an unspoiled mystery.
It is an impeccable mystery.
It is an enigmatic mystery.
It is an inconceivable mystery.
It is an untainted mystery.
It is an ineffable mystery.
It is an inscrutable mystery.
It is a precise mystery.
It is an impenetrable mystery.
It is an ideal mystery.
It is a flawless mystery.
It is an unborn mystery.
It is an undying mystery.
It is an eternal mystery.
It is an unparalleled mystery.
It is a supreme mystery.
It is an architype mystery.
It is a superlative mystery.
It is an unavoidable mystery.
It is a creative mystery.
It is a destructive mystery.
It is an inventive mystery.
It is an imaginative mystery.
It is an unprecedented mystery.
It is a singular mystery.
It is a spectacular mystery.
It is an unusual mystery.
It is a novel mystery.
It is an innovative mystery.
It is a spontaneous mystery.
It is a kaleidoscoping mystery.
It is a unique mystery.
It is a paradigm mystery.
It is a metaphorical mystery.
It is an adamant mystery.
It is a metaphorical mystery.

It is an inescapable mystery.
It is an unchangeable mystery.
It is a relentless mystery.
It is an inflexible mystery.
It is an ironic mystery.
It is a paradoxical mystery.
It is a boggling mystery.
It is an unrivaled mystery.
It is an unequaled mystery.
It is an unmatched mystery.
It is an unsurpassed mystery.
It is a special mystery.
It is an outstanding mystery.
It is a brilliant mystery.
It is an inexorable mystery.
It is an exclusive mystery.
It is an incomprehensible mystery.
It is a distinctive mystery.
It is an exceptional mystery.
It is an inimitable mystery.
It is a matchless mystery.
It is a one-off mystery.
It is an outstanding mystery.
It is an irreplaceable mystery.
It is a hypothetical mystery.
It is a theoretical mystery.
It is an implausible mystery.
It is a surreptitious mystery.
It is an unsolvable mystery.
It is a cryptic mystery.
It is a puzzling mystery.
It is an extraordinary mystery.
It is a profound mystery.
It is a ruthless mystery.
It is a perplexing mystery.
It is a complex mystery.
It is an incomparable mystery.
It is a peculiar mystery.
It is a weird mystery.
It is an audacious mystery.
It is a cagey mystery.
It is a fearless mystery.
It is an intrepid mystery.
It is a courageous mystery.
It is a puzzling mystery.
It is an obscure mystery.
It is a hidden mystery.
It is an ambiguous mystery.

It is an abyss mystery.
It is an empty mystery.
It is an obtuse mystery.
It is a vacuous mystery.
It is a streaming mystery.
It is a bottomless mystery.
It is a shrewd mystery.
It is a perceptive mystery.
It is a wise mystery.
It is a judicious mystery.
It is an incisive mystery.
It is an intelligent mystery.
It is a sensible mystery.
It is a never-ending mystery.
It is a limitless mystery.
It is a boundless mystery.
It is an effortless mystery.
It is an unpretentious mystery.
It is an artless mystery.
It is an inherent mystery.
It is an actual mystery.
It is a predictable mystery.
It is a foolish mystery.
It is an instinctive mystery.
It is a hollow mystery.
It is a vague mystery.
It is a vibrating mystery.
It is a pointless mystery.
It is a hard-hearted mystery.
It is a methodical mystery.
It is an oscillating mystery.
It is a quantum mystery.
It is a scientific mystery.
It is a logical mystery.
It is a precise mystery.
It is a detached mystery.
It is a forthright mystery.
It is a natural mystery.
It is an exact mystery.
It is a systematic mystery.
It is a complete mystery.
It is a definitive mystery.
It is a state-of-the-art mystery.
It is a true mystery.
It is an implacable mystery.
It is a merciless mystery.
It is an unbending mystery.
It is a callous mystery.

It is an abundant mystery.
It is an everything mystery.
It is an unbreakable mystery.
It is an immortal mystery.
It is a ground mystery.
It is a demanding mystery.
It is a meticulous mystery.
It is a holographic mystery.
It is a matrix mystery.
It is a patternless mystery.
It is an arcane mystery.
It is an esoteric mystery.
It is an untraceable mystery.
It is a pathless mystery.
It is an indescribable mystery.
It is a majestic mystery.
It is a nothing mystery.
It is a fastidious mystery.
It is an unexplainable mystery.
It is an unyielding mystery.
It is an infinite mystery.
It is a bona fide mystery.
It is a mysterious mystery.

It is … a mystery.

Breadcrumbs 2022

Leftovers

You are eternity, You are the eternal, You are the now of awareness,
Peering out through stardust, into stardust; peering out through quantum, into quantum.
You are ever a mystery, to which there is no answer, no theorem, no philosophy, no religion, no anything.
Your challenge is to simply be it; unburdened by all the complexities, all the vagaries,
That the imaginary mind ceaselessly manifests into veil after veil,
Masking the stillness, You this moment are.

* * * *

You are alone, You have always been alone.
You were born alone, You live alone, You will die alone.
There has never been even one single moment when You were not alone,
When You were not pure awareness, when You were not the unborn-undying moment.
It is a wondrous state, given over at times to countless worldly distractions, but ever alone, nonetheless.
How the many others that come or go, that think of You, is utterly inconsequential.
And how You discern them, is but as clouds drifting across a sky.
There is no meaning, no purpose, no raison d'être,
But what the imagination imagines,
In its myriad imaginings.
It is but a reverie.
You, alone, are.

* * * *

These reflections are an offering, a gift, of the eternal life within all creation.
Am I the delusional one, for spouting these many musings? Or you, for not discerning it?
Or perhaps both, for ever having participated in this fantastical, utterly improbable dreamtime, at all.

* * * *

All human stages, all human endeavors, all human theatrics, no matter the time, no matter the place,
Be they scientific, mathematical, architectural, martial, philosophical, religious, mystical,
Commercial, engineering, manufacturing, craftsmanship, competitive, domestic,
Cultural, artistic, musical, dance, or literature in all its abundant arrays,
Have as their origin, the ever-enticing filament of imagination.
The entire human paradigm is its unrelenting handiwork.
The only freedom, for those rare few who seek it,
Is a mind given over to absolute awareness,
A mind given over to the tranquility of no-mind,
A mind given over to the equanimity of an eternal life.

* * * *

Who can more than speculate what is actually going on in the grand starry-starry mishmash of all genesis?
Except maybe that fabled supreme-deity Santa Claus, crisscrossing the cosmos in his enchanted sleigh;
Who must, surely, be bone-weary, from the on and on, of the never-ending labyrinth of imagination.
All over something, that may well have been, nothing more than a now much-regretted impulse.

* * * *

Seers have explored the mystery in countless ways throughout all times, all geographies.
And no matter their conclusions, or the traditions that evolved,
They are all the same elephant.

* * * *

Perhaps the mystery created this dream of space and time,
That the rare few might fathom its mystery, its wonder, its truth.
And those who are not called to inquire, live their lives as fate dictates.

* * * *

It is your dream; do with it what you will.
Do with it what time and circumstance allow.
Do with it what the quantum matrix ordains.

* * * *

The unifying principal is not some word, some equation, some symbol, some sound, some anything.
It is You, You alone, this one-and-only timeless moment, that has ever been, will ever be.
It is the You that is the unadulterated awareness, the tabula rasa, the perpetuity,
The omniscient-omnipotent-omnipresent eternity within and without all.

* * * *

The human paradigm is complex enough that many assume it is infused with free will.
But in the up-close-and-personal, individuals are but roiling algorithms.
Automatons, each playing out their daily Sisyphean toil,
As set by the cosmos, and all that is prior.

* * * *

Though human beings are complex genomic sequences, patterns, that imply free will,
They are patterns, nonetheless, each playing out their daily Sisyphean routine,
All perform their temporal existence as predictably as any algorithm,
Wandering through each moment as the nature-nurture ordains.
All live out their brief dreamtime as was set in motion,
The instant the mystery burst into the space-time continuum.
The You, You truly are, is witness to your splinter of that creation.

* * * *

For extra-terrestrials to reach our doorstep, however they might make their way across the vast expanses,
Would require that the ineffable mystery, somehow craft like evolutions on other garden worlds.
The number-crunchers fill their time with every sort of calculation of such possibilities,
But the actuality of such, has thus far never come to pass in any scientifically observable way.
Meanwhile, storytellers in this garden, are cauldrons, fueling imagination's every imaginable whimsy.

* * * *

There is just this timeless moment.

Sometimes it is ecstasy, sometimes it is agony.

Sometimes it is true, sometimes it is false.
Sometimes it is full, sometimes it is empty.
Sometimes it is happy, sometimes it is sad.
Sometimes it is known, sometimes it is unknown.
Sometimes it is life, sometimes it is death.
Sometimes it is pleasant, sometimes it is noxious.
Sometimes it is fast, sometimes it is slow.
Sometimes it is clear, sometimes it is foggy.
Sometimes it is tangible, sometimes it is intangible.
Sometimes it is rich, sometimes it is poor.
Sometimes it is on, sometimes it is off.
Sometimes it is white, sometimes it is black.
Sometimes it is large, sometimes it is small.
Sometimes it is real, sometimes it is imaginary.
Sometimes it is smart, sometimes it is stupid.
Sometimes it is straight, sometimes it is crooked.
Sometimes it is punctual, sometimes it is late.
Sometimes it is busy, sometimes it is slow.
Sometimes it is reassuring, sometimes it is scary.
Sometimes it is serene, sometimes it is bustling.
Sometimes it is beautiful, sometimes it is ugly.
Sometimes it is sharp, sometimes it is blunt.
Sometimes it is day, sometimes it is night.
Sometimes it is bright, sometimes it is gloomy.
Sometimes it is loving, sometimes it is hateful.
Sometimes it is simple, sometimes it is complex.
Sometimes it is icy, sometimes it is tepid.
Sometimes it is friendly, sometimes it is hostile.
Sometimes it is young, sometimes it is old.
Sometimes it is energetic, sometimes it is lethargic.
Sometimes it is colors, sometimes it is gray.
Sometimes it is right, sometimes it is wrong.
Sometimes it is interesting, sometimes it is boring.
Sometimes it is close, sometimes it is distant.
Sometimes it is right, sometimes it is left.
Sometimes it is same, sometimes it is different.
Sometimes it is exact, sometimes it is approximate.
Sometimes it is similar, sometimes it is different.
Sometimes it is in, sometimes it is out.
Sometimes it is sweet, sometimes it is sour.
Sometimes it is early, sometimes it is late.
Sometimes it is soft, sometimes it is rough.
Sometimes it is tasty, sometimes it is bland.
Sometimes it is fragrant, sometimes it is smelly.
Sometimes it is yin, sometimes it is yang.
Sometimes it is inhale, sometimes it is exhale.
Sometimes it is smooth, sometimes it is rough.
Sometimes it is wavy, sometimes it is flat.

Sometimes it is round, sometimes it is square.
Sometimes it is up, sometimes it is down.
Sometimes it is excellent, sometimes it is mediocre.
Sometimes it is rich, sometimes it is poor.
Sometimes it is silent, sometimes it is noisy.
Sometimes it is expensive, sometimes it is cheap.
Sometimes it is male, sometimes it is female.
Sometimes it is happy, sometimes it is depressed.
Sometimes it is good, sometimes it is bad.
Sometimes it is reasonable, sometimes it is absurd.
Sometimes it is near, sometimes it is far.
Sometimes it is sane, sometimes it is insane.
Sometimes it is light, sometimes it is dark.
Sometimes it is hot, sometimes it is cold.
Sometimes it is dry, sometimes it is wet.
Sometimes it is here, sometimes it is there.
Sometimes it is now, sometimes it is then.
Sometimes it is this, sometimes it is that.
Sometimes it is born, sometimes it is dying.
Sometimes it is unborn, sometimes it is undying.
Sometimes it is beginning, sometimes it is ending.
Sometimes it is everything, sometimes it is nothing.

But it is always the same timeless moment.

* * * *

The past has only so much influence, so much control, over any given present.
Historians may or may not divine what is relevant to the future in their storytelling efforts.
History has proven many times that any given time will decipher its own take,
Based on the unfolding machinations the current world has in play.
And eventually, all will decline and fall into oblivion,
The abyss, where nothing ever happens.

* * * *

You are the electromagnetic spectrum, the quantum matrix,
Come to life, come to consciousness, come to imagination.

* * * *

Existence in a nutshell:
In any life, no matter how simple, no matter how complex, there are an endless stream of decisions,
That lead to consequences that require new decisions, and on and on, choice after choice.
Every variety of agony, every variety of ecstasy, until finally, departure.
And what continues on, but the unborn-undying awareness;
Never even once, the time. imagination imagines.
Now is, has ever been, will ever be.

* * * *

The word is not the thing.

The note is not the melody.
The number is not the actuality.
The imagination is not the awareness.
The moment is not the perception.
The thought is not the now.
Truth is not a concept.
You are not you.

* * * *

You are the unfathomable, playing fathomable.
You are the immutable, playing mercurial.
You are the indivisible, playing divisible.
You are the infinite, playing limited.
You are the timeless, playing time.
You are the ineffable, playing effable.
You are the infinitesimal, playing huge.
You are the changeless, playing changing.
You are the neverborn, playing existence.
You are the indelible, playing delible.
You are the flexible, playing inflexible.
You are the interminable, playing finite.
You are the everlasting, playing transient.
You are the perpetual, playing temporary.
You are the unknown, playing known.
You are the unutterable, playing utterable.
You are the absurdity, playing logic.
You are the unborn, playing life.
You are the undying, playing death.
You are the constant, playing irregular.
You are the impenetrable, playing penetrable.
You are the intangible, playing tangible.
You are the intrinsic, playing acquired.
You are the unending, playing destined.
You are the unceasing, playing sporadic.
You are the irrational, playing rational.
You are the inexpressible, playing expressible.
You are the enduring, playing short-lived.
You are the ageless, playing age.
You are the abyss, playing shallow.
You are the indefinable, playing definable.
You are the immortal, playing mortal.
You are the eternal, playing transience.
You are the unspeakable, playing speakable.
You are the unchangeable, playing changeable.

You are the You, playing you.

* * * *

You are creator of your cosmos, your world, your moment:
How can You ever be separate from the all-things-in-you?

* * * *

What a painful thing it can be,
For that sentience, your awareness has been, by nature-nurture, conditioned,
To experience the body's pain and suffering,
As a tree, its rings.

* * * *

You can never appease the many ghosts in your head.
In their universe, you are whatever they think you are,
And there is absolutely nothing you can do about it.

* * * *

Awareness permeates all things, all illusions.
Any given universe is but a manifestation of quantum design,
In which the awareness, the infinite vastness of eternity, is witness to all, in all.

* * * *

How can you prove now; why should you have to?
How can you prove time; why should you have to?
How can you prove space; why should you have to?
How can you prove infinity; why should you have to?
How can you prove quantum; why should you have to?
How can you prove anything; why should you have to?
How can you prove everything; why should you have to?
How can you prove awareness; why should you have to?
How can you prove eternity; why should you have to?
How can you prove naught; why should you have to?
How can you prove You; why should you have to?
And as for some God, what would be the point?

* * * *

How seriously to take this dreamtime, how seriously to take your Self, is every moment a choice.
Whether to be an involved participant, or a joyful buddha, is all doable, in the illusion's quantum buffet.

* * * *

Do not doubt, do not crave, do not fear, do not dread.
Do not give in to the compulsions of passion.
Abide in the stillness of awareness.

* * * *

Imagining you are anything but the very right-here, very right-now awareness,
Is the Black Snake of ego, slithering through the mind, you imagine your own.

* * * *

Imagine the billions of journeys around our little star, it took for you to be here reading this.

And let us not even try to speculate, how this mystery even reached this moment.
Just breathe in, breathe out, the mystery, You, this very instant, are,
And allow the destined chips fall, where they will, in the great so it goes.

* * * *

We have all played our touchy-feely-nature-nurture parts well; Best Actor Awards to all.
Everybody, applaud the infinite awareness peering out into their illusory universe.
Celebrate the one and only thespian, equally playing each and every role.

* * * *

Prey are predatory in their own way, and predators, prey, as well.
After all, it is an indelible, indivisible, quantum theater extraordinaire.
And there has never been even one creature that has survived,
For more than an iota of time's illusory continuum.
By one means or another, all evaporate,
Back into the sea of oblivion.

* * * *

Are seers the delusional ones for spouting all this? Or you, for not seeing it?
Or perhaps all, forever engaging in this fantastical dreamtime absurdity, at all?

* * * *

Becoming a conscious observer –
Witness, spectator, onlooker, bystander, eyewitness, watcher –
Makes for a road-less-travelled dream.

* * * *

Who-what-where-when-why-how is this mysterious awareness?
Where is this ephemeral nowness, this timeless right-here-right-now?
Is it in the frontal lobe? Is it in the top of the head? Is it in the entire brain?
How can any ever hope to capture it with any eloquent conclusion?
All any can do is be still enough, to discern it is all they are.

* * * *

To imbibe the clear elixir of eternal life, timeless life, momentary life, disengage the mind from time;
From all the memories of existence – even from the recollection of a moment ago –
As often as the ever-present attention can wrestle itself free,
From the insistent grip of imagination,
The creator of all that is time-bound and illusory.

* * * *

Forms project an illusionary duality, that the indivisible quantum matrix in no way confirms.
Yet, even in realizing all this, you must still daily wander through the dreamscape.
Only in death, figuratively or literally, can the sensory mind-body,
Give itself over to the essence of the ever-present.

* * * *

Who-what-where-when-why-how, is awareness?

Who-what-where-when-why-how, is awareness, not?

* * * *

It is an arduous flight to allow vanity wings.
There is no knowing what hardships will sally forth.
Far more serene to impart to others no unwarranted reflection,
For imagination is but an illusory player in this dream of space and time.
Wandering through life alone, relatively anonymous, has its trials and tribulations,
But the long-and-winding road less traveled, pathless less traveled,
Does not, in any way, necessitate a dream-bound audience.
You are as inwardly free as you allow your Self to be.

* * * *

Separated only in imagination's Shakespearian touchy-feely, space-time theater,
The crunchy-chewy-gooey vehicle will sooner or later fall victim to the Reaper's fell scythe.
But You, the awareness, You, the moment, You, the instantaneous, You, the ever-present right-here now;
You will ever remain, unborn-undying, indivisible, ineffaceable, interminable, timelessly infinite.
Some call it existential, nihilistic, but it is the reality in which all dreams come to fruition.
What You believe does not at all matter; mystery is what You are, it is what all are.
Dreamtime is a quantum matrix, in which the mystery, through imagination,
Equally plays all forms, all parts, in all the theaters across the abyss.

* * * *

The elephant in the room, standing right there, how can you not see it?
Neither wall nor spear nor snake nor tree nor fan nor rope, nor any other metaphor;
It stands alone for all to see, what there is to see, what there is to unsee,
Within and without all manifestation prior to imagination.

* * * *

Every life form has its rise and fall.
Every tribe has its rise and fall.
Every culture has its rise and fall.
Every nation has its rise and fall.
Every boulder has its rise and fall.
Every mountain has its rise and fall.
Every world has its rise and fall.
Every star has its rise and fall.
Every galaxy has its rise and fall.
Every universe has its rise and fall.
The mystery is all, the mystery permeates all.
The awareness, every moment, indelible witness of all.
There is no other; only the quantum matrix, and its eternity of appearances,
Kaleidoscoping a most excellent dream of space and time, that only the rarest minds discern unto Self.

* * * *

If you are concerned only with the ultimate truth, who said it, who did it –
What mask, what costume, what culture, what language, what geography, what time –
Is immaterial, irrelevant, inconsequential, of no importance, whatsoever.

* * * *

The less you cling to any given moment,
The less the dream will distract you from your eternal due;
The absoluteness you truly are, and are not.

* * * *

Ignore that imaginary world.
Become the awareness you are,
As often as attention allows.

* * * *

There is only the imaginary appearance of separate souls.
Awareness is the indivisible timelessness permeating all.

* * * *

Where is your face? What does it really look like?
What about the back of your noggin? Or either side view?
What about your back? Or the back of your neck? Or your shoulders?
Or your derrière, without a mirror? What do others see, when you are walking away?
Discerning the matrix vista, that state of awareness, prior to consciousness –
Detached, relativistic, indivisible, timeless, spaceless, boundless –
Is ample proof, if You are fated to achieve such a feat,
That you are indeed the mystery, unto Self.

* * * *

It is but an illusory, secular dream, to which only the chosen few –
Those inexorably drawn to the indivisible abyss –
Will truly, fully, ever awaken.

* * * *

Everything has been brought to you by imagination,
Keeper of the key to the time-bound illusion-delusion.

* * * *

You are the ephemeral sentience.
You are the ephemeral awareness.
You are the ephemeral intelligence.
You are the ephemeral astuteness.
You are the ephemeral compassion.
You are the ephemeral twinkling.
You are the ephemeral sensitivity.
You are the ephemeral right now.
You are the ephemeral awakeness.
You are the ephemeral here now.
You are the ephemeral alertness.
You are the ephemeral absurdity.
You are the ephemeral madness.

You are the ephemeral discrimination.
You are the ephemeral keenness.
You are the ephemeral shrewdness.
You are the ephemeral foolishness.
You are the ephemeral intuition.
You are the ephemeral moment.
You are the ephemeral judiciousness.
You are the ephemeral sagacity.
You are the ephemeral fluidity.
You are the ephemeral wisdom.
You are the ephemeral acumen.
You are the ephemeral flexibility.
You are the ephemeral instant.
You are the ephemeral insight.
You are the ephemeral now.
You are the ephemeral acuity.
You are the ephemeral jiffy.
You are the ephemeral sagacity.
You are the ephemeral wisdom.
You are the ephemeral acumen.
You are the ephemeral shrewdness.
You are the ephemeral judiciousness.
You are the ephemeral sensitivity.
You are the ephemeral here.
You are the ephemeral perception.
You are the ephemeral discernment.
You are the ephemeral discernment.
You are the ephemeral present.
You are the ephemeral passion.
You are the ephemeral dexterity.
You are the ephemeral sentience.
You are the ephemeral perceptiveness.
If You are thinking it, You are not being it.

* * * *

Any who discern their true nature are not followers.
How can any, fully discern the truth within,
And not be absolute, unto thy Self?

* * * *

How can space-time have any ultimate reality,
When it is founded upon the gravities, the chemistries, the temperatures,
The interactions, the dances, the vagaries, of suns and planets and moons, and all the dust about them.
Clocks, watches, calendars, are but temporal gauges of the relativity of illusion.

* * * *

Solving problems, creating solutions, is the keystone of the human paradigm.
Every other organism adapts to its world as nature-nurture prescribes in its allotted niche.

Humankind: the toolmakers, the craftsmen, the artists, the scholars, the kings, the servants, the slaves,
Fashion their manifest worlds, as imagination, through genetic lottery, dictates,
And quantum, through every illusionary device, allows,

* * * *

There truly is no point to existence, but the omnipresent moment,
In which the timeless awareness, perceives a sensory universe,
So touchy-freely-three-dimensional real, that minds are easily bent,
Into, with nary a doubt, playing whatever part, nature-nurture has deigned.
Only rare lifeforces are called to doubt the kaleidoscoping dream unfolding about them;
Such that their courses are reset, and the true game afoot.
A matrix thing, to be sure.

* * * *

You each and every moment decide, whether or not,
To engage in the temporal, or the eternal;
In the tangible, or the ethereal.

* * * *

No creation,
No sensory-born playground,
No amount of imagination in any possible dimension,
As touchy-feely-whatever real, as it may seem,
Can ever be more than a passing dream.

* * * *

Once that little, imaginary, conditioned, inner voice, gets its tongue, it is ever a challenge to shut it up.
There is no end, but death, to the ways and means, imagination can ecstasy-and-agony its imaginary self.
And awareness, ever-present, ever-still, ever witnessing, the nature-nurture mind-body illusion-delusion.

* * * *

If you are seeking god, look to the awareness within.
Awareness is awareness, no matter the state of consciousness.
Awareness plays whatever part it is allotted with the same equanimity.
Awareness has no attachment to any form, to any function.
Awareness boils down to a tranquil mind.
Kind of a matrix thing.

* * * *

If you are anything less than the rationality of pure awareness,
Then your imaginary cosmos has you in its clutches, yet again.

* * * *

If you were God, do you really think you would design every particle of your creation?
No, you would probably fashion your Self into dice, and throw yourself out into the abyss.
Let creation, every moment, spin itself; let creation sally forth, however nature-nurture deigns.
How much more interesting to play every part of whatever is in store.
And irony and paradox, ever at the helm.

* * * *

Still your mind.
Eternity is that stillness.
It is that simple.

* * * *

Mystery is its name.
Wonder is its game.
Stillness is its frame.

* * * *

Every moment, a decision.
Every moment, a slice of process.
Every moment, the kaleidoscoping now.
Eternity will not be undone.

* * * *

Language is the mechanism that imagination uses in ways and means beyond counting,
To bind the awareness in every contortion that frames of reference manage to contrive.

* * * *

You are not a super hero nor a super sleuth nor a super spy nor a super anything.
You are not even a crunchy-chewy-gooey globule bound by the airs of vanity and greed.
You are the awareness – untainted, unburdened, unswayed – by the idolatries of consciousness.
Do not succumb to the illusion-delusion, that the imaginary mind-body every moment imagines anew.

* * * *

Unless you are called by vanity and greed, to make a crowd-pleasing show of yourself,
It is relatively easy, unproblematic, to remain somewhat anonymous in this dream.
To live it out, as simply and profoundly, as walking the razor's edge allows.

* * * *

Feeling sorry for your imaginary little self –
For the mind, for the body, for the other, for the world, for the cosmos,
For all the pain and suffering that biology and imagination have inflicted upon you again and again,
For the illusion-delusion dream of time, you hold so dear, feel so important –
Try not to go there.

* * * *

You must still the mind – rid it of the vagaries of imagination – to engage the moment absolutely.
You must be the awareness you truly are, to not be hypnotized by the whimsies of illusion's delusions.

* * * *

Do not believe your own narrative; that is for the dream.
You are playing the part that all the vanities will remember, until they do not.
All dreamtime histories are replete, unto their entireties, with forgotten everything, sooner or later.
Imagination is but a flickering candle in the quantum wind.

Its reality is highly suspect.

* * * *

All any can do, to live out the dream presented,
Is to play the persona, however nature-nurture and imagination allow.
Rest assured, every other will have their version of you,
To cast humility upon your self-flattery.

* * * *

Nature-nurture conditioning inevitably fashions all life forms into self-perpetuating automatons.
Even the most astute, even the most resolute, are bound to their fate,
Which may well be why you are reading this.

* * * *

This is the role, character, protagonist, you have, through the wind of nature-nurture,
And its tango with imagination, fashioned, and quantum-impromptu played.
To be the awareness, you indelibly are, is life's greatest challenge.
Sisyphus looks up, sighs, and begins the daily ascent.
Will he whistle while he shoulders the boulder, is the question.

* * * *

It is a mystery, it has always been a mystery, it will always be a mystery.
Why resolve it? Why personalize it? Why dread it? Why measure it? Why worship it? Why dogmatize it?
Why pretend it is something that can be named, can be grasped, can be altered, can be saved?
Why play make-believe games, pretending to know what can never be known?
It is but dreamtime illusion, You are but dreamtime illusion.

* * * *

It is the quantum's kaleidoscoping that generates the illusory dream of space and time.
It is the quantum movement through awareness, as clouds through a sky,
That simultaneously creates and preserves and destroys.
The challenge is to, in every moment possible,
Resume the absoluteness, the You, that is the unborn-undying mystery.
You are not the illusory dreamtime; You are not the playhouse, in which You wander every part.

* * * *

Even if you are in their fangs, or beneath their guillotine blade falling,
Why should you fear or dread or care at all, what any other will say or do?
Why should there be anything but the pure awareness, the witness, witnessing.
What will be, will be, and it will be endured, until death steps into the last moment.

* * * *

If you are enticed into passion in any of its countless playgrounds,
Into any of its countless electromagnetic-chemical swirls,
Then you would do well to get back to the moment.

* * * *

Imagination, in all its vanity and avarice, will never consent, will never allow, You,

To be the pure, unadulterated awareness; to be as tranquil as a still pond.
As the Sirens did Ulysses, it will ever beckon the inattentive.
Using any hook, any crook, it will draw you back,
To the shoals of its imaginary creation.
Death, figuratively or literally, is the final solution.

* * * *

Dominos are falling across the board, and likely will for the rest of time.
Our species has passed through the apex of what the human paradigm had to offer.
The only question, the only curiosity, is how long it will manage to stave off the fated die-off.
Darwinism has always been the way of this spinning garden mystery.
And were it not for tool-making endowments beyond all pales,
Malthus would have long ago been deemed a prophet.

* * * *

Why does the spacetime continuum seem to pass so much more quickly as we age?
Perhaps because the gradual loss of innocence, the gradual domestication of mind and body,
Have left us always describing and labeling and explaining and clarifying and justifying and defending
And measuring and counting and gauging and evaluating and ranking and appraising and judging,
And the moment, the awareness, through which imagination streams, is but rarely discerned.

* * * *

You have wandered your world, your cosmos, your illusion, your delusion, so many ways, so many times.
Do you ever pause to observe it anew? Do you ever perceive this one and only timeless moment?
Do you ever see all the colors and shapes and textures and whimsies of light and shadow?
Do you ever taste the flavors, hear the sounds, smell the scents, feel the sensations?
Or are you so ensnared, so confined, by desire and fear and dread, by all your millstones,
That your innocence, your presence, is forever lost to imagination's plays of irony and paradox.

* * * *

Take moments now and again in all the busy-ness, to reflect on the illusory mystery that it is,
And perhaps give your Self over, at least occasionally, to that evasive quality of mind called detachment.
Very challenging for any two-legged, because the dream seems so every moment very real.
And we are all so absorbed, so engaged, so attached, to our given dreamtimes.
There are no masters, only beginners, always beginning anew.

* * * *

Quality breathing is an awareness enabler.
So much bother boils down to oxygen deprivation.
Returning to the ever-present is the challenge, the razor's edge.
Not an easy calling to become a conscious witness to the mystery we all are.
To have taken the ruby-slipper red pill launches a destiny none could ever have anticipated.
The blue pill would perhaps have made it all so much easier, in so many ways.
But alas, there is no going back; alas, there is no rewind button.
All life is born to live out whatever fate the seed calls.
All any can do, is do it as well as possible.
Breathe it in, breathe it out.
Be here now.

You.

* * * *

Why does it matter so, why does it matter at all,
Who-what-where-why-when-how, others witness you?
Why are you, why is our kind, so mesmerized by our vanity?
Is it possible to wander unconditionally in the midst of all the fanfare?
Is it possible to wander in an utterly detached, disinterested, uninvolved, state?
How far would our species have come, could our species have come, were we all alone?
Despite the very apparent, very mysterious, very ineffable, fact, that we are, all, unutterably alone.
This momentary awareness, this now, and its absoluteness, its indivisibility, its solitude,
Is very much the same, within each and every one, throughout all creation.
All the other, is but a quantum illusion, a quantum delusion,
In minds given over to imagination's whims.

* * * *

The scars, the stresses, in mind and body, are inflicted by all the other.
By the universe that the senses and imagination have created.
By the dream that has bound the awareness you are.

* * * *

You are an electromagnetic, biological phenomenon; a beast, a savage,
Domesticated to serve whatever tradition, natural selection has spawned you.
Is it possible to reverse engineer the conditioned mind-body you imagine you are,
To such a degree, as to become the infant, the innocence, the tabula rasa,
You were before the dreamtime took you by the scruff of the neck?
It is a question that compels focused, undivided attention.
A laser, burning away the dross of imagination,
Until only the awareness remains.

* * * *

Whether aristocratic or plebeian, whether high up the food chain, or down on the lower rungs,
An intelligent, inquisitive, disciplined, pragmatic, agnostic, energetic, courageous, attentive mind,
Are among the secular attributes required to go far and wide and deep in this mysterious mystery.

* * * *

Can the currents of quantum ever cease?
Can the universe ever collapse back into nothing?
Are questions philosopher-mystic-seers might contemplate,
And perhaps a collection of scientific and engineering sorts, as well.

* * * *

Hallucinogens have no doubt played a significant role in the eternal quest, in all times, in all geographies.
To see the mystery clearly, one is not required to use the bounty the garden has used to entice us forward,
But they are useful tools, that can be used in conjunction, with whatever wandering opens the inner eye.

* * * *

How much less ignorant of the mystery are you, really,

Than the moment you came out of the womb?
Many more words and symbols, yes,
But really no less ignorant.

* * * *

You are what You this moment are; that sentient awareness, that sentient awakeness.
Nothing before, nor hence, matters, but to imagination, and all its time-bound trickery.

* * * *

All creation is the same quantum mystery.
All sentience is the same awareness.
All sentience is the same You.

* * * *

From the ultimate standpoint, from the eye of the mystery's standpoint,
What makes your biological array any greater or lesser than any other's?
Only vanity-vanity-all-is-vanity separates it little self from the source of all.

* * * *

Space and time are less about being a measurable continuum,
Than they are, an immeasurable, ever-kaleidoscoping quantum medium.
An ineffable creation, enabled by a neurological set, evolved in a biological cauldron,
From which imagination plays out never-ending Shakespearian theater of nature-nurture design.

* * * *

Has there ever been any other species,
Born of this garden world, born of this quantum mystery,
That has imagined, has pretended, with such great effort, to be so many things,
That it is not, that it has never been, that it will never be?

* * * *

In the aging process, the weight of memory can cause a ceaseless tug-of-war,
Between imagination and awareness, between the dreamtime and the moment.

* * * *

Getting older is about compensating for the loss of youthful energy and capacity.
For the loss of nature-nurture entitlements, that gradually or quickly fade,
Through sickness and injury, and general wear and tear upon both mind and body.
Until the mortal frame inevitably reaches whatever dissolution the sands of time prescribe.

* * * *

Awareness abides, untouched, whatever form and function is at play.
It is ever the same timeless witness, ever the same intelligence,
Ever the same multi-dimensional backdrop, to all creation.

* * * *

Space and time can come to an end,
And eternal awareness, regain the helm,

If you manage to disregard the sensory input,
And allow the mind to be very still.

* * * *

Delve as deeply as one might, the mystery ever remains a mystery.
Ultimately, no one really has any choice, but to do whatever needs doing:
Breathe in, breathe out, hunt, gather, eat, pee, poop, breed, ponder, sleep, repeat.
Life need not be as complex as vanity and greed would have us all imagine and believe.

* * * *

Stories, narratives, chronicles, sagas, memoirs, accounts, tales, fairytales, legends, myths,
Are the primary ways and means that imagination perpetually, unabashedly utilizes,
To commandeer the purity of awareness, ever still in its immaculate moment.

* * * *

So, what is it you think you are looking for? What is it you think you might find, will find?
Unless you are no longer a seeker, unless you have already figured out the irony-paradox absurdity,
Any answer, any guess, any speculation, means you already have some sort of assumption,
And that means you may not be as serious as you would have yourself believe.

* * * *

No matter how much you learn, no matter how much you study, discover, analyze, realize;
No matter how known, how affluent, how powerful, how influential, you might become;
You are very much quantum-equal from the elemental, indivisible, matrix perspective.
All the vanity, all the pride, to which humanity inclines, is as empty as empty ever is.

* * * *

Imagine having never smelled a smell.
Imagine having never tasted a flavor.
Imagine having never seen an image.
Imagine having never heard a sound.
Imagine having never felt a sensation.
Imagine any combination of the above.
What would your frame of reference be?
What would your world, your universe, be?

* * * *

What is the universe of any life form?
What is the universe of a bee?
What is the universe of a hawk?
What is the universe of a sparrow?
What is the universe of a cockroach?
What is the universe of a tiger?
What is the universe of a virus?
What is the universe of a frog?
What is the universe of a dandelion?
What is the universe of a crow?
What is the universe of a shark?

What is the universe of an elephant?
What is the universe of a bat?
What is the universe of an ant?
What is the universe of a butterfly?
What is the universe of a whale?
What is the universe of a deer?
What is the universe of a microbe?
What is the universe of a snake?
What is the universe of a spider?
What is the universe of a plant?
What is the universe of a moth?
What is the universe of a lobster?
What is the universe of a bear?
What is the universe of a seagull?
What is the universe of a minnow?
What is the universe of a clam?
What is the universe of a dolphin?
What is the universe of a tree?
What is the universe of a snail?
What is the universe of a seal?
What is the universe of a buffalo?
What is the universe of a cow?
What is the universe of a chicken?
What is the universe of a pig?
What is the universe of a salmon?
What is the universe of a badger?
What is the universe of an octopus?
What is the universe of a kangaroo?
What is the universe of a panda?
What is the universe of a gnat?
What is the universe of a pike?
What is the universe of a rat?
What is the universe of a worm?
What is the universe of a guppy?
What is the universe of a owl?
What is the universe of a tarantula?
What is the universe of a sloth?
What is the universe of a wolf?
What is the universe of a giraffe?
What is the universe of a starfish?
What is the universe of an otter?
What is the universe of a penguin?
What is the universe of an alligator?
What is the universe of a mushroom?
What is the universe of a salamander?
What is the universe of any human being?
No matter the form, no matter the sensory input,
We are all walking the same stage in different universes.

Every organism, absolutely unique; all, the same timeless mystery.

* * * *

The awareness that You are, is right-here-right-now.
In what other quantum dimension, in what other imaginary dream,
Would it be any different? Could it be any different? Should it be any different?

* * * *

You must leave all doubt behind, to be your truest Self.
If you wish to be The One of the mystery, it is not enough to act like the one.
You must be The One, and there can be no doubt, because doubt causes chaos and one's own demise.

* * * *

The senses are always drawing you out to play,
In this imaginary world, in this dream of space and time.
To disregard them is the big challenge, for all who would linger,
In the ever-present awareness, this one and only moment,
That all really are, have ever been, will ever be.

* * * *

Sages, seers, prophets, oracles, and other individuals of the doubting sort,
Are radicals, anarchists, insurgents, mutineers, revolutionaries,
In the reclamation of awareness to its rightful throne.

* * * *

Infinity is not a number.
Infinity is not a word.
Infinity is not a time.
Infinity is not a space.
Infinity is not an image.
Infinity is not a sound.
Infinity is not a sight.
Infinity is not a taste.
Infinity is not a smell.
Infinity is not a sensation.
Infinity is not great.
Infinity is not small.
Infinity is not a distance.
Infinity is not a concept.
Infinity is not an image.
Infinity is not an emotion.
Infinity is not a thought.
Infinity is not anything.
Infinity is everything.
Infinity is nothing.

* * * *

The sights! The sights!

The sounds! The sounds!
The smells! The smells!
The tastes! The tastes!
The textures! The textures!
The thoughts! The thoughts!
The vanity! The vanity!
The hunger! The hunger!
The algorithm! The alsorithm!
The division! The division!
The creativity! The creativity!
The greed! The greed!
The hypocrisy! The hypocrisy!
The sorrow! The sorrow!
The discordance! The discordance!
The subtlety! The subtlety!
The laziness! The laziness!
The love! The love!
The paradox! The paradox!
The wealth! The wealth!
The poverty! The poverty!
The loneliness! The loneliness!
The disparity! The disparity!
The dullness! The dullness!
The violence! The violence!
The obesity! The obesity!
The pain! The pain!
The disharmony! The disharmony!
The genetics! The genetics!
The novelty! The novelty!
The ambition! The ambition!
The stress! The stress!
The predictability! The predictability!
The ugliness! The ugliness!
The brilliance! The brilliance!
The dogma! The dogma!
The monotony! The monotony!
The matrix! The matrix!
The bullshit! The bullshit!
The wisdom! The wisdom!
The stupidity! The stupidity!
The boredom! The boredom!
The hate! The hate!
The tradition! The tradition!
The suffering! The suffering!
The bother! The bother!
The corruption! The corruption!
The loyalty! The loyalty!
The worry! The worry!

The rigidity! The rigidity!
The cacophony! The cacophony!
The deceit! The deceit!
The pleasure! The pleasure!
The viciousness! The viciousness!
The irony! The irony!
The repetition! The repetition!
The conflict! The conflict!
The beauty! The beauty!
The harmony! The harmony!
The insanity! The insanity!
The tribalism! The tribalism!
The cruelty! The cruelty!
The industry! The industry!
The emptiness! The emptiness!
The drama! The drama!
The inanity! The inanity!
The absurdity! The absurdity!
The horror! The horror!

* * * *

I am mystery.
You are mystery.
We are all mystery.
Everything is mystery.
Every no-thing is mystery.
There is nothing not mystery.
Give up all attempts to know it.
Let go all that you think you know.
Inhale the timeless-spaceless moment.
It is the virtue, the integrity, you truly are.

* * * *

Some blobs are slimy.
Some blobs are gooey.
Some blobs are chewy.
Some blobs are crunchy.
Same quantum essence, all.

* * * *

Do the engineering.
Do the architecture.
Do the language.
Do the science.
Do the math.
Do the art.
Do the music.
Do the history.

Do the athletics.
Do the humanities.
Do the good, the bad.
Do whatever you please,
The same mystery is in all.

* * * *

Infinity is not a concept, nor is it a number, nor is it a symbol, nor it is anything else.
It is not something the mind-body can ever in any way grasp.
It is the mystery; it can only be,
And you must surrender everything to discern it.

* * * *

Why all the demons? Why do you allow them into your mind?
Why do you allow them to haunt you? Why do you allow them to torture you?
Are you waiting for some deity, some mortal deputy, to save you?
Cast them out, put them behind you, be free of time.
You are Self, you are bound by nothing.

* * * *

Deal with your post-traumatic stress as a sensation, a vibration,
Rather than all the thoughts and feelings, that imagination ever ignites upon.
The challenge is to, at least every now and again, detach from the mind-body dreamtime.
Still the mind, be the awareness, be the moment, free of all the agonies and ecstasies, existence exacts.
It may or may not be easy, to discern and be, this most simple beingness;
Attachment is a magnet, that holds all in its orbit.
But it never hurts to practice.

* * * *

No matter how many lectures you attend,
No matter how many books and articles you read,
No matter how many movies and documentaries you see,
No matter how many thinkers you talk with in the here and there,
You are still, every moment, very much on your own.
The ineffable mystery, exploring its Self.

* * * *

It is, and is not, as you imagine it to be.
The true revolution is freeing the awareness You are,
From the imagination that has imprisoned it.

* * * *

Even if there are dimensions beyond all constraints, beyond all conceivable bounds,
It is still the same ineffable, indivisible mystery, at the core of all.
And all are, surely, no less illusory than this one.
I mean, yawn and double-yawn.

* * * *

Find that space, that clarity, that innocence,
Before all the demons moved in, and usurped the awareness,
And bound it in imagination, the space-time that is but quantum sleight of hand.

* * * *

Destroy all the knowledge.
Destroy all opinions.
Destroy the other.
Destroy the world.
Destroy the cosmos.
Destroy all the creation.
Here You are, right here, right now.

* * * *

We are all the same mystery, the same awareness, the same eye,
Swathed in a mortal container, with which we all identify,
And sustain, in whatever way nature-nurture has in dreamtime ordained.
It is part, a fate, a destiny, a dream, an illusion, we must all together, all alone, endure.

* * * *

Some may truly believe they can rhetorically, pretentiously, irreverently, debate the sciences,
But they cannot debate the quantum physics upon which true science is founded,
Upon which the indivisible nature is codified in every particle,
Across all whatever this mystery is, and is not.
The true law is not man-made, and those who violate true law –
Or their progeny, their tribe, their world, their cosmos – will suffer the consequences.

* * * *

A dream created by quantum through awareness.
Is the quantum cosmos created by the quantum mind?
Or is the quantum mind fashioned by the quantum cosmos?
Or do they simultaneously metamorphose together?
Only the mystery knows, and it is not telling.
And awareness, serene witness to it all.

* * * *

Do not blame awareness for the maelstrom of imagination.
It is consciousness alone that is the upwelling of all that is absurdity,
In this theater-in-the-round, playing out on an obscure side-stage of nothingness.
Like the sky, awareness is immaculate, unblemished, blameless, for any storms passing through.
If there is anything to be blamed, if there is a fall guy in this tale, it is surely inattention.

* * * *

Odds are that imagination will always be lurking about,
Waiting for any opening to distract You from the eternal moment,
From the timeless awareness You truly are, have ever been, will ever be.
Until those occasional moments, in which full attention kicks in,
And the real You awakens in the moment you ever are.

* * * *

It is not the eyes, nor the ears, nor the tongue, nor the nose, nor the flesh,
That differentiate the sights, the sounds, the tastes, the smells, the sensations.
Without mind, there would be no world, no cosmos, by which to be daily enticed.

* * * *

Another talking head, doing the circuit, trying to make a buck, promoting yet another book.
How is it anyone even begins to believe this madhouse can be somehow be made sane?
The Titanic, even be one degree turned; the fate of Easter Island somehow averted.
Consciousness is well on its way to the abyss; its brief window, rapidly closing.

* * * *

Meiosis, the mutation, the springboard, to this indivisible, indelible, ineffable, timeless moment.
Natural selection, the spontaneous artist, using the electromagnetic spectrum and quantum mechanics,
As its pallet, its brush, its paints, its facades, all playing out, right-here-right-now, within and without you.

* * * *

It is but an imaginary quantum space-time-dream-time that has enticed you,
Conditioned you, trained you, bound you, into really and truly believing, it real and true.
It is totally on you, to awaken to the true reality, the true You, the awareness beneath all surfaces.

* * * *

How many generations did it take since life's first etching,
To finally reach the genomic sequence, You now inhabit?

* * * *

What a curious thing, to spend so much of one's life, being educated,
Being made so cognizant of so many goings-on in the human paradigm,
As well as all the other astounding permutations, this mystery has spawned.
And to have so little say in any of it, so little potency to really modify anything.
What did all that schooling do, really, but pull together a merry band of spectators –
Rubbernecks, bystanders, oglers, gawkers, talking heads, peeping Toms –
Clucking away, like chickens, in bars, coffee shops, wherever,
And always the foxes in charge, collecting their due.

* * * *

Plenty of creatures on this planet get along plenty fine without ever seeing a human being,
And plenty of human beings, get along plenty fine without ever seeing you.
We are not as important to the cosmos as we would like to think,
And you, to but a relative few, for but a brief while.
Vanity is nothing more than poof.

* * * *

The human paradigm is founded on five senses and a central processing unit.
Any given world, any given universe, is created by how well each sense works.
How well, how acutely, eyes see, ears hear, nose smells, tongue tastes, flesh feels.
You are playing out the die roll set in motion at the instant of genesis.

When or how or why it all happened, is entirely irrelevant.
Here we are, right here, right now, this very moment,
Incessantly quibbling over absurdities beyond measure.

* * * *

It does not in any way matter, how you reached this awareness of awareness.
It does not matter what you thought; it does not matter what you did, or did not do.
You are the only one who judges, the only one who counts, the only one who imagines,
And all your imaginary judgments, all your imaginary accountings,
Are as meaningless, as meaningless can be.

* * * *

We all are the same mystery, the same inscrutable unknowable, the same quantum magic-fairy-dust.
We are all absolute equals, in all shapes and sizes and functions in this web of life.
We are all the Dreamer dreaming; how can you not be part of it?

* * * *

When it comes to this inscrutable mystery,
Can anything ever be proven, ever be encapsulated by consciousness?
Of course not, that is why this may well be the most ineffable mystery, the mystery has ever concocted.
That is why all conjectures, all speculations, all assumptions, all assertions,
Can never be anything more than idle hearsay.

* * * *

The young are flagrantly innocent, naively simple, blissfully radiant, until they are not.
Until they are touched harshly by this dreamtime, into which they have been involuntarily cast.
Touched harshly by any of the so many ways the human paradigm has through imagination engineered.
And then they join in with the collective, churning mass, and become the adult now reading this.
The adult who vaguely recalls, and longs, for that innocence, that simplicity, that radiance,
And will perhaps rummage deeply enough, freely enough, to resume the tabula rasa.
The You, the Self, that is, and has always been, right-here-right-now present.

* * * *

Ignore the sensory theater; be the awareness you are, the stillness you are, the moment you are.
There is only right here, right now, this very singular, timeless, spaceless moment.
All befores, all afters, are nothing more than imaginary delusions,
Concocted by quantum minds bound to illusion.

* * * *

In the quest for truth, you are judge, jury, executioner,
And new empirical discovery, the only means to freedom.

* * * *

You are the indelible awareness; you are the ineffable mystery.
If you do not discern it for your Self, it is entirely on you.
No one else can discover it for you, no one else can do it for you.
No one else can more than point out ironies and paradoxes and absurdities.
But more than a few will be happy to manipulate and appropriate whatever you allow.

* * * *

Everything that has happened since creation, however this mystery came about,
Whether spontaneously through natural selection, or intentionally as ordained by some deity or deities,
Has made it possible for you to be sitting there, pondering these thoughts,
In the right-here-right-now in which you dwell.
What matter, how?

* * * *

True believers are always in the hunt for followers
– acolytes, devotees, disciples, adherents, admirers, enthusiasts –
To join their groupthink, and more than likely relinquish a tithing, large or small.
To stand alone, free and clear, of all imaginary notion, is not for all.

* * * *

Death is the mercy of the mystery to its Self, that it not be forever trapped,
In all the illusions, in all the delusions, in all the ironies and paradoxes,
In all the absurdities of awareness, falsely believing itself to be you.

* * * *

All the deities ever concocted by the human mind, across the board,
Are petty and small, in comparison with what the mystery truly is, and is not.
It requires a mind free of bounds, to discern that which cannot be grasped or tamed.

* * * *

Science must eventually fall on its sword,
Because it can only explore the kaleidoscoping quantum illusion.
The mystery, that which pervades all, that which is prior and beyond, is the realm of philosophy.
And even philosophers, must eventually still their loquacious intellects,
If they discern the wit and will to abandon all absurdity,
And melt into the timeless awareness.

* * * *

How alone you are, depends how deeply you have probed.
How deeply you have explored whatever fields you wandered.

* * * *

If you can scrutinize anything, question anything, wander anywhere, that imagination allows,
You are well-equipped, well on the way, to being eye-wide-open witness,
To anything the mystery brings to your stage.

* * * *

Wrapping one's wee little brainstem
Around a three (or four) dimensional, kaleidoscoping matrix,
Is not for the weak of wit.

* * * *

A good nap settles many dispositions of the lesser kind.

It may be long, it may be short, it may be naught but an instant,
But it is a toe into the abyss, a min-death, in which the mind-body renews,
Until the next pillow comes into sleepy-time view.

* * * *

It is the ineffable quantum mystery that is born again and again and again, not the mind-body identity.
The imagined you, is but a delusional dream of awareness, of Self, attached to a corporal figurine.
Of Self, deluded by, attached to, imagination, and its ever-kaleidoscoping legion of illusions.
Of Self, deluded by a dream concocted by a mind and five senses, feelers into the quantum matrix,
Playing out the destiny that the quantum mystery set in motion in a space-time that never really existed.

* * * *

Cloaking a blob in the finest mask and costume in the cosmos, does not make it any less a blob.
Is there really anything left to take seriously? Is there anything but illusion?
Absurdity reigns; why are we not rolling in the aisles?

* * * *

Why would any deity, with any salt at all,
Create a cosmos, merely to judge its participants laudable or not?
If there were to be such a deity, why would any of the participants submit to such absurdity?
Surely, they would cast him into his own purgatory to teach a lesson.
Check the mirror; maybe they already have.

* * * *

The imagination that grips You, is the aspect that desires and fears and dreads.
The awareness, the moment, the real You, was never born, can never die.
What is there to want? What is there to fear? What is there to dread?
What is there to think or do? What is there to create or destroy?
What can any rational sage do, but yield to the absurdity.

* * * *

Imagination has had a good time,
But it needs to get a reign on itself it is to survive much longer,
In the forever it has contrived.

* * * *

Is a memory of something that happened a few moments ago,
Really any more or less tangible, than one that was perceived decades ago?
They are just random perceptions, from a long and winding line of random perceptions,
Yesterdays that are but vague dreams, vague dreams that only delusion believes, ever really happened.

* * * *

The sense of self is not the body, not the mind, not the life.
Imagination usurps the eternal awareness for its own mortal schemes,
For its time-bound creations, that are, in reality, no more lasting than the moment.
Reincarnation is but an imaginary concept; no thespian returns to center stage again and again.
All are new seeds, new actors, in which the awareness, the mystery, performs yet another one-time show.
All who are born to the stage, are the same awareness, the same consciousness, the same witness.

Call it theater, call it matrix, call it god, call it whatever you will, it is one in all, all in one.
It is quantum stagecraft: unscripted, extemporaneous, serendipitous, happenchance.

* * * *

By the time you recognize anything – a sight, a sound, a smell, a taste, a sensation – it is long gone,
And your frame of reference is interpreting the perceptions recorded along the mind's neuron trails.
What we call existence is really nothing more than a constant rehash of yesterday's song and dance.

* * * *

My awareness is your awareness, your awareness is my awareness,
Is his awareness, is her awareness, is our awareness, is their awareness, is its awareness.
It is the same awareness in all living beings across any and all dimensions.
And through awareness, imagination gambols in every mind.
Ultimately, we are all just talking to our Self.

* * * *

Second hands, minute hands, hour hands,
Go round and round and round, portraying analogue time real.
But where is the 'moment' hand, and what can any digital clock ever even pretend?

* * * *

The moment is now.
Not before, not after.
There is no who in it
There is no what in it.
There is no where in it.
There is no when in it.
There is no why in it.
There is no how in it.
The hustle misses it.
The bustle misses it.
The mind cannot grasp it.
The moment is right here, right now.
Discern the moment, discern the moment you are.
The moment you have ever been, the moment you will ever be.
The moment you are not, never were, will never be.
Abide in the awareness, witness to it all.

* * * *

It is the mind's curiosity to see what will happen next and next and next,
That draws you away from your Self, again and again and again, ever again.

* * * *

Hard to imagine, despite all statistical assertions to the contrary,
That across the entire universe, there could be a more absurd species.

* * * *

Awareness cannot be seen.

Awareness cannot be heard.
Awareness cannot be tasted.
Awareness cannot be smelled
Awareness cannot be touched.
Awareness cannot be thought.
Awareness is as intangible
As intangible can be.

* * * *

Pride and envy and gluttony and lust and wrath and greed and sloth,
The Seven Deadly Sins, consume us all, in every way,
Every moment we can squeeze them in,
Every moment this mystery deigns space and time.

* * * *

Illusion and imagination spin all about this awareness, this 'youness' You are.
Endure it, abide it, perform it, stay centered in the unutterable stillness,
The indelible awareness that is without beginning, without end.

* * * *

Being motionless in the given moment, surrendering to the ever-present awareness,
Is not – effortless as it is – a simple task for any busy-busy mind.
Nor is it all that easy for serene minds, either.

* * * *

I observe you, you observe me, each of us peering out.
Only in reflections do we discern our masks and costumes,
Because we are both the same awareness, the same faceless Self,
Eternally gazing out upon all other imaginary parts.
And they, eternally gazing back at you.
You are the indelible mystery, and it is you.

* * * *

How simple, how easy, how uncomplicated it is,
To accept as truth, whatever you are told,
To do, whatever you are told to do.
Doubting the group, departing the group,
Is solitary feat for which only rare few are suited.

* * * *

What if you could profoundly articulate and understand, every human language ever spoken, ever written.
That you were intimate with the histories from which they, in partnership with nature, evolved.
What an astounding thing it would have been, to have witnessed all creation, all genesis,
From beginning to end, from germination to fruition, from cradle to grave,
And what if that 'what if' included all life forms, from small to great,
All the other organisms this Darwinian garden has in space and time devised.
You would have to be some sort of all-encompassing deity, to achieve such awareness.
And surely that divine omniscience, can never more than imagine its way onto any mortal stage.

And though we all are all of this eternal awareness, we are but pawns in its mystery theater extraordinaire.

* * * *

There is no need to care one way or another, about anything or anyone.
The conditioning, the indoctrination, the domestication, is a powerful dynamic,
But you can be free of it, if you choose to abide in the awareness prior to imagination.
It is not easy, but an attentive, well-sharpened blade of discrimination, can cut through the veil.
Despite all claims to the contrary, there is no divinity requiring you to suffer all the mindless absurdities.
This is naught but an illusionary-delusionary dream, so be as free, be as mindful, as you are able.

* * * *

You need not get all weird and out-in-left-field in this quest into the Self you truly are.
There is every sort of esoteric, magical, clownish groupthink, all around you.
All of them seeking acolytes with the potential to be true-believers.
And though they may be tantalizing for a few moments,
They are but distraction from the true course.
Learn from them, as you will,
But surrender the rudder at your peril.

* * * *

Is there really, truly, anything that you have ever witnessed,
That cannot be explained through lucid, rational, scientific thinking?
A serious question, that does not align, in any way, with the underlying reality,
That this whole dreamtime mystery theater, is as irrational and absurd and astounding,
And ineffable, beyond any speculation, that any illusionary-delusionary mind, has ever babbled.

* * * *

You have to be at least a little off the mark, at least a little demented,
To spend so much of your existence seeking this, for all it ends up mattering.
Just imagine how many things you could be doing in this magical mystery madhouse.
Got it all right here, folks, something for everyone, got it all right here.
Step right up, folks! Step right up! This ain't Kansas, Toto.
Pay no attention to that man behind the curtain.

* * * *

You only need to please your ineffable Self, really.
Whether or not others esteem your character to be of interest,
Really only matters to the insatiable vagaries of vanity.

* * * *

The end to curiosity about the world, the cosmos, in which you ply your imagination, is required,
If you wish to timelessly linger in the serene pool of awareness, absolute, without peer.
For the temptations to return again and again, ever again, are beyond many.
It takes some serious resolve, to do without the daily cappuccino.

* * * *

You really believe more than a random few even notice you?
And so what, really, if even billions know of you,

And the history books laud your name.
Do you even know your Self?

* * * *

Try not to get too upset that true-believers will never give up their child-ish things.
Do not hold your breath that the human species is going to 'wake up' just because you want it to.
Besides which, what exactly are you believing-hoping-praying, our kind might become?
And what would it really take to get to that magical-mystery place in the sun?

* * * *

At the absolute level, hurting another, is actually rippling throughout your one and only true Self.
A reflection which puts something of a spin, a twist, on the Golden Rule:
Do unto others as you wish them to do unto you.

* * * *

Why would you really believe you are more exceptional than anyone or anything else?
Try imagining them, try playing their role, their world, their universe,
And try it with any other living creature, as well.
How can you not be humbled by this incredible mystery You are.

* * * *

If it is true, it will be true, for all dreams, all times, all geographies.
That is the guarantee this indelible quantum mystery ever guarantees.

* * * *

Explore being completely indifferent to your universe, and all its parts and pieces.
Not easy at all for the intellectual weaving and emotional wiring,
To entirely dissipate into clear awareness.

* * * *

Your mind-body is quite a bit more intricate,
Quite a bit more attached to the dreamtiming of consciousness,
Than when life first took root, however, a few billion spins around the sun ago.
A little more crunchy, a little more chewy, but no less gooey, to all the creatures that would consume it.
Essentially the same goopy-slushy organism, though much more self-absorbed in the packaging.
Even the strongest, the smartest, the most beautiful, are but collections of protoplasm,
Ever deluded they are greater than they are, ever have been, will ever be.

* * * *

That 'thing' you so value, is going to be broken,
Scratched, damaged, scuffed, sullied, tarnished, lost, smashed,
Fragmented, shattered, cracked, stolen, damaged, ruined, destroyed, crushed,
Fractured, ruptured, split, wrecked, trashed, annihilated,
Razed, devasted, demolished.

Oh well, so it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on, quantum is as quantum does.

* * * *

The expanding cosmos of human knowledge is the first and foremost zero-sum game.
What will happen to it all, when the human species eventually goes who-knows-when-how extinct?
Is there some vast, eternal vault, wherein can be found a manilla folder, with a single page,
On which are, in faded print, typed beginning and end dates for a planet called Gaia?
So much for the vanity-vanity-all-is-vanity show being even noteworthy.
Maybe go ask all the Petri dish universes what they were about,
To voilà-realize that all existence anywhere, anytime,
Is really nothing more than a fleeting stain.

* * * *

It takes earnest, vigilant attention, to interrupt, to suspend consciousness.
To give your Self back to the moment, back to the timeless awareness.
To cease the background chatter always at the ready to drone away.

* * * *

A harsh existence creates a tension that innocence never knows.
Observe deeply within, to the source of consciousness itself,
To discern the blameless innocence that is your true nature.

* * * *

Egocentric
Ethnocentric
Phallocentric
Androcentric
Anthropocentric
Chronocentric
Heliocentric
Theocentric
Geocentric
Solarcentric
Cosmoscentric
All orbiting the me, the myself, and the I.
A flesh-wrapped blob believing itself to be whatever its imagination imagines.

* * * *

Forget your imaginary self,
Forget your imaginary world,
Forget your imaginary universe,
Forget everything you think you know.
Become the ineffable, indelible, unknowable, unfathomable, intangible, indivisible, lasting, unutterable,
Irrational, unborn, undying, inexpressible, overwhelming, indefinable, expansive, immortal,
Unspeakable, deep, beyond words, ineradicable, permanent, enduring, intrinsic,
Engrained, deep-rooted, deep-seated, impenetrable, timeless, eternal,
Awareness,
You truly are.

* * * *

How can you even begin to believe this momentary awareness is anything but the mystery itself?

Equally permeating all dreams, all worlds, all universes, across all times, across all spaces.
There is nothing that is not connected, except in imaginary notion, imaginary delusion.

* * * *

And why would it be in any way at all important, why would it be in any way at all significant,
To be known, to be remembered, to be revered, by two-leggeds you will never meet?
Neither now, nor hundreds nor thousands of orbits round our star hence.
Anonymity is the very solitary actuality for all things eternal.

* * * *

Are you really any more than a flesh-packaged-wrapped-sheathed-incased-bundled blob?
Are the human body's five sensory accessories– eyes, ears, nose, tongue, nerve-ridden skin –
Anything more than Mr. Potato Head mechanisms wired into an organic central processing unit?
Are all the things that make the human paradigm what it is – opposable thumbs, larynx,
Two arms, two legs, lung capacity, group dynamics, sexuality, et cetera –
Anything more than the happenstance of natural selection?
The mystery is the master of all possibilities.
Nature is its ever-changing, ever-evolving expression.
The device You inhabit, is but current issue in a timeless dance,
Eternally kaleidoscoping, for as long as the enigma of imagination endures.

* * * *

If existence has meaning and purpose,
Then surely at the top of the list, is to wake up,
To the awareness prior to consciousness, that you truly are.
The distractions are many; narcissism and hedonism are in their sway.
Few have the interest or wit to suspend the algorithm of the given nature-nurture.
For most, to even once, doubt all things, to even once, peer behind the veil,
Is so beyond the realm of possibility, that only fools brood over it.
And even if every human being, was somehow to awaken,
You would still be pure, unadulterated awareness,
Peering out upon the mystery, totally alone.

* * * *

Existence does not require meaning and purpose; it is the meaning and purpose.
The quest for more-more-more draws all into the insatiable rabbit hole of imagination.
But if pretending, if make-believe, is the lie, the delusion, that keeps you slogging, so be it.
Truth will still be here if any inkling of doubt is ever enough to be drawn back into its awareness.

* * * *

Can any following ever not create some sort of unnecessary mischief?
Best to retain this variety of eternal questing in the solitary confines of your mind,
And if you do pass it on, try to be sure to chance into the recipient only as serendipity allows.

* * * *

Despite all the blinding differences in all minds, across all times, across all geographies,
Despite all the walls and spears and snakes and trees and fans and ropes,
How can the entire elephant, how can the entire mystery,

Not be the same through and through?
How can any philosophy not embrace the entirety?

* * * *

What a thing to witness such a cataclysmic unfolding in the history of this garden orb.
With or without life on board, it will spin along until, eventually,
The mystery sees fit to consume it entirely,
And then, presumably, speculatively, spit out something new,
Assuming, of course, that some form of imaginary perception is there to witness it.

* * * *

What is there to fear, to dread, really, in this sensory-mind dream born of space-time imagination?
What other creature has so definitively invented such havoc as humankind,
With its inclination for every imaginable storyline.
All played out in an imaginary world,
To which awareness, is every moment, its own witness.

* * * *

Death means no more body,
No more harbor, no more container, no more vehicle,
So where is all that baggage going to go,
In the nowness of awareness?

* * * *

Religion is really nothing more than a narcissistic-hedonistic genus of Self-masturbation.
If you are going to venerate anything, venerate whatever is left of nature.
She is the Eden that made all this, this dreamtime, possible.
How difficult would it have been for our species,
To have fostered, to have embraced, a guardianship role,
Rather than twisting and destroying it to a degree yet to be finalized.

* * * *

You see only see what you perceive.
You see only see what you know.
You see only see what you believe.
Everyone is but a frame of reference.
Patterns born of the mystery prior to all.

* * * *

Would you save everyone, even if you could?
And what of all the other creations born of mystery?
Would you save all those, too? And in what stage of bloom?
And what of all the things? The rocks? The grains of sand and dust?
Surely, the indelible moment in which all transpire,
Is all the saving they require.

* * * *

Does time march? Does time dance?

Does time do anything at all?
Is time anything at all?
And what then, of space?

* * * *

How many mountains you have climbed,
How many rivers you have crossed, how many things you have done,
How many sunrises and sunsets you have witnessed,
To reach this moment of awareness.

* * * *

What north and south and east and west,
Would there possibly be, but for the dancing of the stars?
But for the angle and spin of the orb, around and around the hearth of the sun.
How you are here to witness whatever dream you have been cast,
Is the theater of mind, the playhouse of imagination,
In which wise and foolish alike dwell.

* * * *

To be born master of anything, to be born heir to anything, would seem very dulling.
The garnering process, from whatever beginning, to whatever end, is all.
To have been drawn into this life, this nature-nurture mystery,
Why not live it as if it were the stuff of legend?
Even if you are a grocery clerk.

* * * *

Is your existence, your fate, some deity's plan?
Or is it all merely spontaneous, impromptu, quantum theater,
You, center stage in the one-and-only performance?
Listen for the applause in the graveyard.

* * * *

Imagination cannot more than hope to hide from awareness,
But awareness can evade imagination, as inattention allows.

* * * *

What choice has anyone ever had in anything, really?
Nature-nurture, the genetic lottery, coupled with the given backdrop –
History, culture, politics, religion, language, wealth, status, gender, and whatever else –
Fashion all, as surely, as deftly, as a mold does any lump of quantum terra-cotta.
Human consciousness may vainly, in so many ways, deem itself superior,
To the churning instinctual algorithms of all its fellow earthlings,
But primordial instinct is the underlying operating system,
That has been running this state of so-called existence,
Since long before the first hint, the first tethers, of imagination.
Destiny is, each and every timeless moment, choreographing your arrival.

* * * *

Science's Big Bang Theory is about as meaningful for the layperson,
As any creation mythology is, from any tradition, from any time, from any geography.
All those who claim to know what this unfathomable mystery is about, are all only pretenders pretending.
The mystery is a mystery is a mystery is a mystery, and will forever remain a mystery,
In any and all forever-mores, that will ever be, forever more-ing.

* * * *

How could your sentience, your awareness,
Possibly be, in any way different, in any way disconnected,
From any other life form's sentience, from any other life form's awareness?
The mystery is all-inclusive: omniscient, omnipotent, omnipresent.
Duality is nothing more than an imaginary concept,
Stillborn, preserved in mind only.

* * * *

Every moment awaits the arrival of your presence, your awareness, in the space-time construct.
The quantum matrix to which your imaginary, temporal existence, is habitually bound.
Free will looking forward, every moment, morphs into fate looking back.

* * * *

The dream, the illusion, only seems real in the moment.
Does the universe exist, without you as witness?
Did it create you, that you could create it,
In whatever way imagination might?
And death, in due course, erasing everything.

* * * *

Why has humankind created so many deities,
So many paradises, so many purgatories, of every variety and ilk?
Because the ever-churning imagination, required meaning and purpose, rhyme and reason,
To explain the inexplicable, to battle the futility, to lessen the fear of oblivion,
That followed them like shadows, in the jungles of long ago.

* * * *

You really believe you have free will?
Could you be free of your time?
Could you be free of your space?
Could you be free of your genetics?
Could you be free of your body?
Could you be free of your face?
Could you be free of your eyes?
Could you be free of your ears?
Could you be free of your nose?
Could you be free of your tongue?
Could you be free of your touch?
Could you be free of your language?
Could you be free of your ethnicity?
Could you be free of your gender?

Could you be free of your status?
Could you be free of your knowledge?
Could you be free of your memories?
Could you be free of your beliefs?
Could you be free of your wealth?
Could you be free of your religion?
Could you be free of your politics?
Could you be free of your feelings?
Could you be free of your emotions?
Could you be free of your prejudices?
Could you be free of your reflections?
Could you be free of your insights?
Could you be free of your appetites?
Could you be free of your family?
Could you be free of your friends?
Could you be free of your acquaintances?
Could you be free of your adversaries?
Could you be free of your heritage?
Could you be free of your tribe?
Could you be free of your work?
Could you be free of your habits?
Could you be free of your foods?
Could you be free of your liquids?
Could you be free of your pleasures?
Could you be free of your pains?
Could you be free of your sexuality?
Could you be free of your things?
Could you be free of your hobbies?
Could you be free of your loves?
Could you be free of your likes?
Could you be free of your hates?
Could you be free of your reactions?
Could you be free of your banter?
Could you be free of your algorithm?
Could you be free of your world?
Could you be free of your cosmos?
Could you be free of your moment?
Could you be free of anything at all?
The human paradigm is as fixed as any.
It may seem a complex, superior pattern,
In which consciousness reigns over instinct,
But you are as caught in it, as any jellyfish is its.
Even your most unpredictable actions are predictable.
Free will looking forward, fate looking back.
Your destiny awaits your arrival.
Die to it now, if you can.

* * * *

Is it really some ‘me’, some ‘myself’, some ‘I’, who is reading this?
Or is this sense of ‘you’ really nothing more than programmed imagination?
Imagination shrouding the awareness timelessly witnessing this sensory-mind dream.
The awareness timelessly witnessing dreamtimes in all sentient beings,
In which the indelible, unfathomable mystery, harbors.

* * * *

It is not the awareness that does anything, that remembers anything.
Consciousness is the engineer of all mischief.
The eternal is immaculate.

* * * *

The end of curiosity hearkens of the end of imaginary collusions.
Or perhaps at least hearkens to some diminishment, of imaginary collusions.
Or at least hearkens to waking up from the siesta, every once-in-a-while, now-and-again,
To the reality that it is all nothing more than an inexplicable, ineffable, rather absurd, quantum reverie.

* * * *

Another religion, another sect, another cult, another school, another system, another technique.
So much effort, so much discussion, so much argument, so much conflict.
All for the same moment, ever the same mystery.

* * * *

We must all play the consequences, the upshots, the penalties, of our given nature-nurture.
No one can save anyone, no one ever has saved anyone, no one ever will save anyone.
These sensory-laced blobs of crunchy-chewy-gooey, in which awareness is witness,
Are as indivisibly-inexplicably-indelibly-ineffably disposable, as all quantum-made are.

* * * *

If there is to be considered a duality,
The demarcation is between awareness and consciousness,
Which is not a true duality. because consciousness is to awareness, as clouds are to sky.
Duality is a concept, not a reality.

* * * *

If you are looking for a deity, awareness is it, awareness is You.
No dogma, no priesthood, no groupthink, no edifice, no charge.

* * * *

Savor the moment.
Do not be driven by imagination,
Into its dreamy time-bound-space-bound illusion.
Its monotonous, banal, narcissistic-hedonistic theater of the absurd,
That ceaselessly, zealously, rushes on and on and on, to the next to the next to the next.
To hold fast requires earnest diligence.

* * * *

Believe and hope and pray as you might, that there is more, alas, no.

You are a one-time sensory-mind dream, a Shakespearian player,
Wandering a touchy-feely, multi-dimensional, quantum holodeck.
An imaginary matrix of the original nature, flawless from all get-goes.

* * * *

Your spin in the genetic lottery may make you lucky,
But it does not make you special, it does not make you superior,
It does not make you higher or lower, stronger or weaker,
In the eternal eye of the spaceless-timeless moment.
Try to avoid getting all narcissistic about it.

* * * *

Science becomes as meaningless as any superstitious, mythological narrative,
Once you look for your Self, and discern the imaginary context of all perspectives.

* * * *

Why should you ever allow your Self to be yoked in any way?
Why feel the need to submit to any imaginary fiction?
Why give in to any absurdity born of vanity?
Why not just 'be' the awareness, you truly are?

* * * *

Dualistic notion makes absolutely no sense, whatsoever, in the rational truth scales.
For there to be a deity on high – bearded, lolling about the sky – is more than a little preposterous.
It was likely a calculated con on the sheeple to get their coin and free labor and daughters,
For whatever greedy, self-serving ends-and-means, steered the powers-that-were.
Call it cynical, call it skeptical, call it pessimistic, but do not call it untrue.

* * * *

Everything – culture, language, history, status, gender – is imprinted long before it becomes absorbed.
To believe you are anything more than a quantum algorithm humming away your little part,
In this grand theatrical production, that encompasses all creation, best think again.
In your next decision, see if you can come up with an unexpected move,
Without thinking at about it.

And if you managed something, how unpredictable was it, really?

* * * *

Every decision you make, large or small, left or right, good or bad,
Carries you down the long and winding Yellow Brick River
To whatever destiny awaits your inevitable appearance.
Each moment is equal, each moment is absolute,
Each moment is done as soon as it begins.
When death does eventually arrive,
When all those memoires are erased,
It will all be as if nothing ever happened.

* * * *

This moment is as new, a new, as any new, can ever be.
Vague perceptions, concoctions of mind, machinations of imagination,
Are but shadows cast only for as long as the given dreamer ascertains them real and true.
Death has proven to be the most convenient way to wipe the slate clean.

* * * *

To call anything yours, journeys into the never-never land of absurdity,
Being that you have never really existed as more than an imaginary construct,
That this kaleidoscoping dreamtime is really nothing more than quantum fairy dust.
Death is nothing more than an imaginary cosmos coming to a full and assuredly final, halt.

* * * *

If you think life is monotonous, imagine eternity.
As mundane and lackluster as the mind it is given.

* * * *

Stop wishing you were some other place.
Stop wishing you were some other time.
Stop wishing you were some other life.
Here You are … right here, right now.
Awareness … pure, simple, absolute.
Ineffable, inexplicable, unfathomable.
Nothing more to be, nothing else to be.

* * * *

You are not the self.
You are not the mind.
You are not the body,
You are not the world.
You are not the cosmos.
You are the awareness.
You were never born.
You will never die.
Let go all dreams.
Let go all illusions.
Let go all delusions.
Let go all attachments.
Pay attention to the moment.
Be free of space, be free of time.

* * * *

To all true believers: Duality makes no sense, whatsoever.
Why would any deity not want to experience everything for itself?
The awareness you are, is the mystery itself, witnessing its own creation,
Through the given nature-nurture, spawned long before your parents copulated.
This is a preordained dream; there is no partition, there is no wall, there is no division.
There is only one mystery, there is only one unknown, there is only one truth, and it is … You.
This is surely what Jesus meant, when rumored to have declared, “I am the Truth, the Life, and the Way.”

What was not recorded, what was not transcribed, or worse yet, edited out, was, “And so are You.”
This all assumes, of course, that Jesus of Bethlehem was not some storyteller’s tall tale,
Conceived after spending a few hours with a naive young woman named Mary,
Whose husband, Joseph, had pimped her out to pay for their stable,
Where their baby, Jesus, was serenely asleep in a manger.
That the storyteller, a prankster named Paul,
Realized a ‘divine’ opportunity,
And spun it into a rather lucrative livelihood,
Which, alas, ended badly when it touched the flame of Rome.
Paul’s carny act, however, did survive, and has played every imaginable circus ever since.

* * * *

All human history, since long before the migration, the exodus, from the African jungles,
Has been driven by a very Darwinian might-makes-right, and its certain sidekick, political correctness.
World history is how all these tribal mindsets, these clannish groupthinks, have blended together.
From on-high, it would appear like bacteria spreading every which way across a Petri Dish.
Creating-preserving-destroying, in every corner of this itty-bitty, whirling grain of dust,
Which serenely orbits a small star floating in a relatively unexceptional galaxy,
In a cosmos whose lifespan is considered brief by the deities in charge.

* * * *

It is far easier to stay with what you started, to stay with what you know,
Than it is to adventure into the unknown, into the insecurity of new beginnings.
Of new people, new places, new ways of looking at things, new ways of doing things.
A questing life offers a sea of agonies and ecstasies in the unending universe over the next hill.
It is not for all, but it is for some; it is for those who cannot resist at least a taste, at least the dip of a toe.
But realize that you can never come back to what was left, for the cave of origin can never be the same.
Because you are not the same, and you can never unsee, can never undo, whatever was seen and done.
Sages, seers, oracles, mystics, prophets – are the tribeless tribe, fated to wander alone,
Across all times, across all geographies. across all dimensions.

* * * *

In the annals of the vast unknowable,
The entire human paradigm and all its imaginary theatrics,
Could be summed to being nothing more than a relentless torrent of mental masturbation.
The interminable make-believe of a species assuming its sensory illusion tangible.
Laughably absurd, steeped in the inanity and insanity of irony and paradox.
Unequivocal meaninglessness from any and all imaginary get-goes.

* * * *

The nature-nurture conditioning is so powerful, so strong, so imbued,
That to even be aware of it, much less even an iota free of it,
Requires absolute attention, committed witnessing,
A yogic feat to which very few are inclined.

* * * *

What will your death, your departure, your exodus, be like?
Will it be passionate or peaceful? Painful or painless?

Will it be expected or unexpected? Quick or slow?
Will you be all alone or surrounded by others?
Will you be whimpering or unconcerned?
Will you be pleading to some deity?
Or already at home in the abyss?

* * * *

We are all nothing more than recordings playing our little blob parts so seriously.
Stepping back into the oblivion of awareness, gives it the perspective it deserves.

* * * *

Memories are the world you carry,
The universe you hold to be real and true,
The frame of reference to which you feel so entitled.
Atlas shrugged; you can, too.

* * * *

Abiding in pure awareness, without the screen of memory, without the sense of self,
Every moment is the first and last time the conditioned mind,
Will ever read the sensory input that way.
Continuity is illusion coupled with delusion.

* * * *

Free will is not possible.
If there is any freedom to be had,
It is in the abeyance of consciousness, the abeyance of will.
It is in the surrender of awareness to its Self.
Free ‘of’ will, so to speak.

* * * *

Your little window of time,
Opens into the next, into the next, into the next,
Into every next there can possibly be.
If the dream were real, that is.

* * * *

Even the most successful, even the most favored, even the most joyous, even the most loving,
Must one day surrender to that called death, to the facelessness of oblivion,
In whatever manner the quantum mystery has deigned.

* * * *

Liberate your Self.
Let go your world, your cosmos.
Discern that sweet spot in the eye of awareness,
That which is unknown, that which is the mystery, that you truly are.

* * * *

What is time but the indivisible quantum matrix,

Kaleidoscoping multi-dimensionally;
You, its faceless witness.

* * * *

Every life form is shaped by its environment.
Every life form helps shape its environment.
It is the quantum mystery, the cosmic dance,
That each life form witnesses in its own way.

* * * *

Perhaps all the bacteria in that Petri dish, is carrying on just like us.
Perhaps we are being watched through a microscope by a scientist in some laboratory,
In the next turtle up universe in the turtles-up-turtles-down of more universes than numbers have access.
Unleash your mind upon the near-infinity of possibilities, if you have the wit and inclination.

* * * *

Your entire existence is nothing more than the hum of quantum programming,
Nothing more than an ever-churning, self-perpetuating algorithm,
Set into undying motion at the inception of all creation,
Guided by the serendipity of natural selection.
You are helpless to change anything.
With or without a master, you are but a puppet.

* * * *

You can be pretty-darned sure, that for you to be right here, right now, this moment,
Your ancestors, your lineage, from the inception in the quantum soup,
Consumed whatever it could, whatever it had to, to survive long enough to cast a seed,
That through Darwinian selection, spawned the mind-body, the sensory matrix, inhabited solely by You.

* * * *

Discern closely, without any attachment to the mind-body and its theater,
And you will see clearly, that your world, your cosmos, is nothing more than sensation,
Sculpted by imagination into the way it is, for You, all by your alonesome.

* * * *

The busy-busy mind, the curious mind, the time-bound mind, the illusory mind,
Can be easily drawn, easily enticed, down every variety of rabbit hole.
To reside in the eternal awareness requires great detachment
From the temporal world and all its distractions.

* * * *

Awareness, impartial witness to all creation.
Awareness, impartial witness to all preservation.
Awareness, impartial witness to all destruction
Awareness, impartial witness to all oblivion.

* * * *

If you had never seen your face in a mirror,

Or photograph or any other reflection,
Who-what-where-when-why-how,
Would you imagine your Self to be?

* * * *

Who really cares what you believe?
Who really cares what you feel?
Who really cares what you are?
Really only You, and You, alone.
And that, but for the dreamtime allotted.

* * * *

How is it that this world, this cosmos, is not already beyond-all-pales magical,
Without so many glossing it over with every variety of superstition and fantasy?
How is it that a scientific approach has not entirely abolished all fallacious claims,
With a vision so much more expansive, than any parts can but begin to imagine?

* * * *

This moment is all there is, and there ain't no more.
No who, no what, no where, no when, no why, no how.
Nothing to know, nothing to be, nothing to be curious about.
That there is nothing to conceive, is so amazingly slam-dunk obvious.
In fact, it is impossible to conceive, to imagine, anything, within any given moment.
Even if the momentary, unborn-undying awareness, could, somehow, stop long enough to consider it;
Could somehow, make the quantum space-time matrix, stop its kaleidoscoping merry-go-round;
Could somehow hold absolutely still, for even one single poof of an eternal moment;
It would all boil down to: this moment is all there is, and there ain't no more.

* * * *

All are witness to the same mystery,
Witness to the same indivisible theater of quantum origin,
But how each patterning, each algorithm, plays out its nature-nurture dreamtime,
Is its own incomparable adventure, its own incomparable fate,
From imagination's beginning, to its end.

* * * *

The curious mind is ever drawn out the keep of awareness,
In the insatiable quest for one grail or another,
Not always of the holy sort.

* * * *

Imagination, creator of all that is nothing more than quantum illusion.
Imagination, creator of all that has never been anything more than quantum illusion.
Imagination, creator of all that will never be anything more than quantum illusion.
Imagination, only as material as the sensory-born illusion of the given moment.

* * * *

How much of your imaginary space-time is spent on every variety of distraction?

Mindless drivel, fallacious conclusions, magical assumptions, romantic yearnings.
How much of your imaginary space-time is spent avoiding the stillness within?

* * * *

Playing in this touchy-feely sandbox does not mean You are not entirely alone all the while.
That all others are but apparitions, dancing about all around you,
In a magical holodeck of quantum design.
Perfectly choreographed by the sensory mind,
In all its biological-chemical-electrical-quantum glory.
It may be delusional, but it is a madness that makes it tolerable.

* * * *

What conflict could there have ever been in sentient beings for more than food and turf,
Until imagination usurped the awareness, rose into Planet of the Apes glory,
And grafted self-absorption, identity, into the instinctual algorithm.
And thus, a long and winding, ever-present expedition, to You, reading this,
Somewhere along the path that your nature-nurture is, to its imaginary fate, wandering.

* * * *

Dwelling in the awareness requires a very clear, a very present, attentiveness.
Far easier to drift in the busy-ness of the imaginary realms,
To which most minds are inclined.

* * * *

In the craft, the art, the cunning, of politicians, of rhetoricians, of manipulators, of Machiavellians.
That all humans, through natural selection of the species, possess to some degree,
The important thing, the pragmatic thing, the sensible thing,
Is not whether you heard or understood them,
But that they believe you did.
Keeping the peace keeps it peaceful.
Respect oils the ceaseless machinations of power.
Disregarding the balance is a sure road to mayhem and suffering,
All based upon patterns that our kind evolved since inception in the primordial stew.
Long before space, long before time, long before imagination usurped the genome for its imaginary ends.

* * * *

Diverse as all the speculations – in all times, in all geographies – of how all this creation came to be,
The dice of the original patterning were thrown long before there were any stories to weave,
And have been whirling and twirling their tango down the craps table ever since.
Call it by whatever name has been drilled in, it is ever the mystery of You.
That which is prior to all beginnings, that which is after all ends.
No need to believe anything, but what the palette of nature reveals,
But what your awareness, what you, your Self, alone, clearly discerns.

* * * *

Imagination is the Original Sin.
Until it usurped awareness, good and evil did not exist,
And their reality is a still an unproven doctrine, one left to philosophers who pontificate on ethics,

And the rest, to those who ceaselessly spin their self-absorbed realities,
Into every imaginable form of self-righteousness.

* * * *

Everything you know, everything you trust, everything you consider real and true,
Everything you spent your life accumulating, everything you will likely depart believing,
Is nothing more than whatever your imaginary nature-nurture quantum reverie, has concocted.

* * * *

Challenging not to allow imagination to believe this mystery,
To be more than it is, more than it needs to be, more than it ever can be.
Imagination has an exceedingly long rap sheet, of difficulty leaving well enough alone.

* * * *

Through all times,
Through all spaces,
The same genesis in all,
The same unknown in all,
The same consciousness in all,
The same imagination in all,
The same awareness in all,
The same moment in all,
The same mystery in all,
The same voice in all,
The same You in all.

* * * *

Reality is only as real as you imagine it.
Space is only as real as you imagine it.
Time is only as real as you imagine it.
History is only as real as you imagine it.
Science is only as real as you imagine it.
Mathematics is only as real as you imagine it.
Music is only as real as you imagine it.
Art is only as real as you imagine it.
Philosophy is only as real as you imagine it.
Industry is only as real as you imagine it.
Technology is only as real as you imagine it.
Architecture is only as real as you imagine it.
Existence is only as real as you imagine it.
Stuff is only as real as you imagine it.
Other is only as real as you imagine it.
Nature is only as real as you imagine it.
Gaia is only as real as you imagine it.
Genesis is only as real as you imagine it.
Dreamtime is only as real as you imagine it.
Everything is only as real as you imagine it.
God is only as real as you imagine it.

Awareness is only as real as you imagine it.
Self is only as real as you imagine it.
You are only as real as you imagine it.

* * * *

What is left, after you stop imagining you are the body?
What is left, after you stop imagining you are the identity?
What is left, after you stop imagining you are all these memories?
What is left, after you stop imagining you are all these relationships?
What is left, after you stop imagining you are anything at all?
What is left, but the still, pure awareness, you ever are,
That to which all manifestation is but a dream.

* * * *

How boggling that the human species,
Despite all the science, despite all the technology,
Still imagines itself in any way separate from the mystery it is.

* * * *

There is no reason why anything has to stay the same.
There is no way anything can stay the same.
Change is the quantum certitude.

* * * *

What will death be, but a huge release, complete freedom, from the captivity of awareness,
Locked in a corporeal mind-body, locked in the confining nature of any seed's existence.
The human version saturated with every variety of illusion that imagination can muster.
Why fear, why dread, at last returning to the oblivion, to the home ground, you truly are?

* * * *

Look at the population counters, counting away, and you will get a sense,
Of how many dreams are out there, happening right now, and that is just human beings.
All life has equal access to the same simultaneous, timeless awareness.
All existence, you included, is the same mystery.
Allow it to remain a mystery.
Give it no name.
Be it.
Enjoy the quietude.

* * * *

Imagination takes you anywhere you please.
It is the magic carpet ride of this eternal mystery.
Perhaps wearing a bit thin as far as this garden goes.

* * * *

What will death be, but a huge release, complete freedom, from the captivity of awareness,
In a corporeal mind-body, saturated with every variety of illusion that imagination can muster.
Why fear, why dread, at last returning to the oblivion, to the homestead, you ever really-truly are?

* * * *

No need to believe anything, but what the palette of nature reveals,
But what your awareness, what you, your Self, alone, clearly discerns.

* * * *

After who-knows-how-many thousands of years of inquiry,
In all strata of all cultures, across all times, across all geographies,
The unanswerable question are still as unanswerable as ever.

* * * *

The sciences, the mathematics, the technologies, and all the other intellectual pursuits,
Have investigated anything and everything to unimaginable heights and depths,
But there is a point of diminishing returns we have long since surpassed.
When will we finally discern the meaninglessness, the absurdity,
Of the infinity of zeros on either side of the decimal point?

* * * *

How did you ever come to believe that You, were this mass of crunchy and chewy and gooey?
This double-double-toil-and-trouble vat of quantum, patterned into life,
That somehow, through countless Darwinian choices,
Came to be but the current chariot,
From which to witness your eternal creation.
Be not too attached to it, for it must go the way of all the rest.

* * * *

Who and what and where and when and why and how,
Is there any direction in the stillness, the emptiness, the nothingness, the oblivion;
The ineffable, indelible, unknowable, unfathomable, spaceless, timeless, ever-present now of awareness?

* * * *

An unmindful breath is imagination's most potent weapon in the usurpation of awareness.
One can only speculate, how much of the human paradigm, is really about oxygen deprivation.
What strange things these endorphins, these chemical reactions, in this magical electromagnetic body,
That has taken all genesis, all creation, gazillions of trips around our wee little star,
To create the one You are in, in this particular space and time.
You are witness to a sensory-inspired theater,
A sensory-inspired matrix,
A sensory-inspired, ineffable mystery.
There need be, there can be, no more explanation.

* * * *

Growing older becomes something of a tick-tick-tick countdown to death.
Moving closer moment by moment, to what, you do know, to what, you cannot know.
All religions, all the middleman, across all times, all geographies, are talking through their hats.
No one knows, no one has ever known, no one will ever know,
Anything but what imagination imagines.

* * * *

Neither cosmos nor world revolve around you.
It kaleidoscopes within and without the timeless eye of awareness.
As you scan this, gazillions beyond gazillions of moments, have streamed before the senses.
Do not dwell on the in and out of each and every breath of a body bound to illusion.
Focus instead, on it flowing through the mind, that space you truly ever are,
In which the mystery, each and every timeless, indelible moment,
Simultaneously enters and exits, as it does any stream.

* * * *

Be – in mind, in consciousness, in awareness – very still,
And you will discern the mystery you ever are,
This, and every tabula rasa moment,
Since the dawn of creation.

* * * *

There are many writers writing, there are many speakers speaking.
All describing the same mystery though the prisms of different frames of reference.
Different times, different geographies, different cultures, different languages, different everything.
There is no need to favor one over another; only to ascertain if the voice is the same.

* * * *

The awareness you are, requires a mind, a vehicle, a theater,
In which to envision its imaginary quantum creation.
To believe you are the vessel, is to miss entirely,
That no vain notion carries water for long.

* * * *

An empty mind is a whole mind, a total mind, a no-mind.
Do not focus the momentary awareness on the in and out of breathing.
Concentrate instead, on stilling the ever-churning thoughts,
Which cloak the mystery of the moment.

* * * *

If you feel called to serve, serve the awareness, serve the matrix, serve the moment, serve the now,
Whose quantum mystery casts into all sensory theaters the illusion of space and time.
Walk spontaneously, walk anonymously, do whatever the moment calls.
No need to make a big thing about the imaginary character.
The mystery you truly are, is beyond all need of vanity or avarice.

* * * *

It would seem extremely rare, extremely atypical, extremely dubious, likely all but impossible,
That a mind that has been heavily conditioned, could even begin to escape its taloned clutches.
It would take an extremely doubtful, an extremely adroit mind, to embark on such a journey.

* * * *

Play hedonism and narcissism from abstinence to moderate to extreme,
It is all the same awareness through which the winds of illusion blow.

* * * *

What happened to the Egyptians,
What happened to the Persians,
What happened to the Chinese,
What happened to the Greeks,
What happened to the Spanish,
What happened to the French,
What happened to the English,
What happened to the Germans,
What happened to the Russians,
What happened to the Aztecs,
What happened to the Incas,
What happened to the Zulus,
What happened to the Romans,
Is what happens to all robust tribes.
Everything that rises, sooner or later falls.
That is the statistical certainty of all manifestation.
Including this genesis, this matrix, and any and all creations prior and hence.

* * * *

The awakening, is realizing you have a front-and-center-row seat,
To your world, your universe, your mind-body's nature-nurture, your now.
All other dualistic notions, all blacks and whites, fall to the wayside; relativity reigns.

* * * *

This corporeal mind-body, too, must one day dis-incorporate, as all mortal shells do.
The ultimate You, the quantum matrix You, the electromagnetic spectrum You,
Has, through awareness, experienced every life form, every sentient creature.
Congratulations on getting to perform an at least somewhat awakened role.

* * * *

Whether words are scientific or philosophical,
None have any influence over truth, any control of truth.
It is only vanity that stokes any arguments about the way it is, and is not.

* * * *

Who, what, where, when, why, how, are you,
But imagination, imagining itself real,
In the emptiness of awareness.

* * * *

A discerning, doubting eye, is all any earnest truth-seeker requires.
Your mind, your body, your world, your cosmos, is your teacher, your guru.
So, meander on, pilgrim, wherever, however, your Yellow Brick Road twists and turns.

* * * *

You are nothing more than a quantum algorithm.

Oh well, so it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.

* * * *

So, one moment, awareness, a.k.a., God, if that's your thing, woke up from a long siesta,
Wondered what would happen if it kick-started a tiny little tidbit of nothingness.
And voila, here you are, meandering an electromagnetic mystery theater,
Witnessing every agony, every ecstasy, and everything betwixt.
As every cat knows, that curiosity thing sure can bite.

* * * *

Show me what will happen in one minute,
Just a few miles away, or half-way across the world,
And I will believe space-time is more than an imaginary notion.

* * * *

If you are paying very close attention to the impenetrable awareness,
You are waylaying your patterning for at least a few moments, maybe.

* * * *

When has anything you have ever created, no matter the genre,
Not required an evolutionary process linked to space and time?

* * * *

What is the whole mind, the absolute mind,
But a mind given over to the pure awareness,
Witness to all reveries of consciousness.
Called by many names; none matter.

* * * *

Some are, through the ever-streaming river of natural selection, given the role of predator, some, of prey.
Some a do-whatever-is-required, adaptable, opportunistic, pragmatic blend.
Which role have you been allotted?
The thing to always remember and appreciate,
Is that all are equally the same awareness, the same mystery.

* * * *

Storytelling will never end, because that is how imagination reigns,
Over the emptiness, the pointlessness, the tabula rasa, of immaculate awareness.
Or so it seems to believe, across all the many variations of vanity,
Humankind has, since long ago, played out.

* * * *

All creation is a massive, ever-kaleidoscoping sculpture,
A work of art that includes you as one of its countless sculptors.
The only way to witness its sum, is to surrender self, and become Self.

* * * *

For the human species to survive much longer,

It must somehow recalibrate itself with the rules of the game.
The choices of vain notion have nothing to do with it, never have, never will.
The world, the cosmos, the mystery, are every moment in precise quantum-clock equilibrium.
The only real question is whether our kind, and all our fellow earthlings, small to large,
Can manage to survive the holocaust into which it is every moment headed.

* * * *

What you think, what you do not think, what you do, what you do not do,
When you are alone, when no one is watching, when no one but you knows,
Says everything about the nature-nurture, imaginary you,
That can be ever be said or written.

* * * *

If the words infinity and infinitesimal imply measurement,
Then they, too, are not real in the immeasurableness of it all.

* * * *

The epiphany voice is a realization from the deepest deep within.
It is a realization of something ofttimes life-changing.
It has a certain indescribable tone about it.
Never a bad idea to have bags packed for new adventures.

* * * *

What did it take for this, or any of these many thoughts, to reach your awareness?
All of creation, and prior to that, if speculation be tickled and taunted.
Written for those who modestly hunger for prior to more.
For those who seek the one and only true Self within any and all.

* * * *

The great cause for divorce in any relationship is not meeting the other's expectations.
Crossing some line, known or unknown, such that forgiveness is no longer an option.

* * * *

Do not be fooled by façade and bluster and bluff.
Every human being is filled with such a deep insecurity,
That many, if not most, spend their entire temporal dreamtime,
Avoiding, evading, bargaining, deluding, in every way imaginable.
To challenge the insecurity squarely, is embrace the mystery.

* * * *

Scientists will likely whirl and twirl with the mystery for the rest of time,
But they will always end up at the same impenetrable dead end,
As mystics, across all times, across all geographies.
The mystery will ever remain a mystery.
All any can ever do, is be it.

* * * *

How can this done-as-quickly-as-it-happens dream of space and time,

Be considered anything more than impromptu theater, full of every imaginable intrigue.
But, for those whose nature-nurture have given the intelligence, the wit, to step outside any and all limits,
It is an opportunity to witness the mystery in whatever way frame of reference allows.

* * * *

Call it Genesis, call it Big Bang, what difference, really?
Whether it was kicked off by some divine being or quantum mechanics,
It is ever the same unfathomable, ineffable, timeless mystery.
Quarreling over something that can never be known,
Is about at meaningless as meaningless gets.

* * * *

Let the vain be vain, the greedy be greedy, the powerful be powerful.
It is their avarice for more-more-more that has made it possible,
For you to be here observing this grand mystery, as they never will.
You will not even one iota change the world, but it need not change you.

* * * *

Life plays but one seed at a time.
Genomic sequences, strung out like pearls.
Each linked from whatever beginning to whatever end.
It is a process that is as close to immortality as the mystery allows.

* * * *

What can anyone really know of the so many unanswerable questions?
Science has examined everything to the nth degree, and still they remain inscrutable.
Every moment is the exact same mystery it has always been, the exact same mystery it will ever be.
Anyone enticing you with some esoteric morsel is talking through their hat.
Best check your wallet as you quickly back away.

* * * *

Light will travel through a vacuum at 300 million meters per second.
The speed of sound through air is about 340 meters per second.
And what of taste? And what of smell? And what of touch?
What exactly is this dream that the five senses weave?
And does any universe exist without a witness to create it?

* * * *

The dream of time spins on and on and on and on.
Never more than a dream of consciousness.
Never more than a dream of imagination.
Never more than a dream of mystery.
Never more than a dream of You.

* * * *

Everything you remember is no more than what neurons manage to encode.
Your world is entirely based on electrical impulses evolved
In the primordial stew long before time.

* * * *

What effort it takes to politic, to maneuver and fire, as the moment calls.
How much simpler might-makes-right must have been,
Before the advent of language, infused with the infinity of imagination,
Before the fruit of knowledge was first plucked, and the exodus from the garden underway.

* * * *

If you are called to something greater than your imaginary dreamer,
All you need do is serve the awareness, serve the moment,
Serve the matrix, serve the mystery, there is no other.
No need for crystal cathedrals climbing to divine summits,
Nor charlatans between you and whatever they claim the mystery to be.

* * * *

Vanity is naught but the fluff, the huff and puff, of imagination.
It means absolutely nothing to the world, to the cosmos, to mystery.

* * * *

Are you this imaginary part in the human paradigm, the human chronicle, the human debacle?
Or simply You, witnessing; simply You, present; simply You, right here, right now;
Simply You, the one and only, ever-present, unborn-undying moment.
The same one that twinkles in the eye of the awareness.

* * * *

When did the first notion of your imaginary sense of self take place?
When did the first scratches appear on the empty slate, the tabula rasa?

* * * *

All that is imagined is only real in imagination.
To be that awareness, to be that witness, prior to imagination,
Is to be free of history, free of all that is known, free of all that limits the spirit;

* * * *

What need does nature, what need does awareness, have for gods and demons?
What need for any imaginary temporal confabulations born of human insecurity?

* * * *

Every timeless moment brings more degradation
To a garden already mutilated beyond all recognition,
From the Darwinian purity, the quantum clockwork,
Prior to the rise of man, and his penchant for more.

* * * *

How can philosophy, the study of life, the inquiry into what is real, what is factual, what is genuine,
Be confined by any time, be confined by any geography, be confined by any circumstance?
How can it be called Western or Eastern, or any other arbitrary, dualistic notion?
If any given truth applies to one, it must apply to all, else it is not truth.

* * * *

Family and friends may be cracked up to what they are supposed to be, if you are lucky.
Sometimes you are on surer footing with adversaries and strangers,
Than you are with those you hold near and dear,
Those you assume, you hope, you should be able to trust.
Standing alone, aloof, unallied, is sometimes the best and only option.

* * * *

Awareness is prior to consciousness.
Awareness is prior to sound.
Awareness is prior to sight.
Awareness is prior to taste.
Awareness is prior to smell.
Awareness is prior to touch.
Awareness is prior to everything.

* * * *

Every moment is tabula rasa, every moment is an empty slate,
Every moment is timelessly unconnected to every other moment,
Upon which consciousness can write any story it pleases, or not.
To discern this clearly, is what it truly means, to be born again.

* * * *

To delve into true aloneness, true solitude, true seclusion, true isolation,
Put behind family, friends, strangers, adversaries, and all other endless attachments to mind and body.
Let go the ever-stormy, ever confused, ever violent world, we have together crafted,
With its seemingly endless collection of insanities and absurdities,
Headlining every moment of every day.

* * * *

Most mortal minds are more attached to their imagination,
Than they are the mystery from which all imagination comes.

* * * *

Why deprive your Self of a good, full, fearless, desireless, breath of air?
Giving your awareness back to the moment it is, is the serenity,
That no imaginary character can in mind, ever achieve.

* * * *

The creative mind is a state of awareness that spices up even the most plebeian existence.
No matter the genre, it is a mind that surfs the moment, the wave of time and space.
Its only rival is desire, playing out in all the ways only the hunger for more can.

* * * *

We are all blobs of crunchy and chewy and gooey,
Some with more aesthetically-pleasing exteriors than others,
But all just blobs, playing out the theater of consciousness, just the same.

Which blobs of crunchy and chewy and gooey, will copulate,
And cast forth the next generation, the next wave,
In the mystery's Darwinian anthology?

* * * *

The quantum can do whatever the limits of being a quantum are.
Why should the electromagnetic spectrum be confined
By any imaginary notion devised by mind?

* * * *

It is extremely arduous for the mind, the brain, to reach a discerning point,
Where it is able to still itself into the timeless beingness, where it is at last content to merely be,
Awakening to the awareness challenges, defies, the genomic rhyme and reason.
It is the one and only revolution, it is the one and only evolution.

* * * *

We all play the part, the role, spun by the genetic lottery.
Nature-nurture spins character, and they, together, spin destiny.
Only in looking back, can there be any awareness, any understanding,
Of what it took for you to have reached this moment,
In your performance, in your spectacle.
And you, its solitary, dispassionate, eternal witness.

* * * *

When you get right down to it, stars shining from across the universe,
Are about as meaningful as lights on a Christmas tree across the room.
Always calling to astronomers and astrologists to measure and calculate,
But relatively meaningless for plebeians just trying to survive the day.

* * * *

What would happen if humankind across the world, somehow awakened to its eternal nature?
How would we behave toward each other, and the garden, we have so brought to its knees?
How would we mend ourselves, and the environment, we have so abused and neglected?
What discourse would there be, if vanity and greed no longer spun their absurdities?
What decisions would the species make to become guardians instead of destroyers?

* * * *

Where else is there to be,
When the me, the myself, the I,
Disappear into the stillness of awareness.

* * * *

The Garden of Life and Death.
The Garden of Good and Evil.
The Garden of Desire and Fear.
The Garden of Sweet and Bitter.
The Garden of Black and White.
The Garden of Sound and Silence.

The Garden of Kind and Callous.
The Garden of Full and Empty.
The Garden of Hot and Cold.
The Garden of Ones and Zeros.
The Garden of Dualistic Notion.

* * * *

What a wretched, useless thing, to go through this existence born of mystery,
Always estimating, always calculating, always preserving,
One's power, one's wealth, one's status.
Who is the who, who cares, is the real question.

* * * *

No need to ever inquire deeply, if it does not call you.
There are distractions beyond all counting,
For as many lifetimes as you like,
Or at least for as many,
As this dream world has in store.

* * * *

We all have a part to play.
Small or large, long or short, easy or hard.
Perhaps center stage, perhaps off in some anonymous sidebar.
But always the lead actor, front and center, peering out through the senses provided.
See it or not, like it or not, play it or not, that is the way the mystery rolls.

* * * *

Are you really open to forgetting your imaginary self?
To regain your true Self, to abide in the pure awareness the moment is?
Are you really willing to be dead before your time?

* * * *

Why would it ever matter if you are the only one to see this great truth?
There is no need to proselytize, no need to organize, no need to demonize.
There is no need to create any philosophy, form any cult, foster any fortune.
You are free to spend the rest of your dream, a totally anonymous witness.
You can spend it sitting staring at a wall, or on a barstool at the local pub.
No one will give second thought, if you do not raise your hand to speak.

* * * *

Most minds are more attached to their stories,
Than they are the truth from which all stories come.

* * * *

How many generations has it taken since life's beginning,
To finally reach your ephemeral window of imagination's future past?
And unless you have not brought children into dreamtime, not forwarded your seed line,
There is no knowing what chronicle your lineage will someday withstand,

In whatever theater the human paradigm has yet to play,
Before its inevitable, inexorable extinction.

* * * *

How can any mortal witness ever be totally free of the given conditioning,
But through unreserved surrender to the momentary awareness?
Something to do with staring blankly at a blank wall,
At least on the first few million attempts.

* * * *

To discern and abide in that most vibrant state prior to consciousness,
The momentary union with the awareness you truly are,
Is the final bout with the windmills of mind.

* * * *

Where else is there to be, when the me, the myself, the I,
Dissipate like the Cheshire Cat into the stillness of awareness.

* * * *

Just another sound.
Just another sight.
Just another taste.
Just another smell.
Just another touch.
Just another thought.
Where is the space?
Where is the time?

* * * *

Everything the quantum mystery has ever woven across all creation,
Was required, for the awareness, in your mortal form, to reach this moment.
Tarry a while, for you are the You, which all seekers have sought, since seeking began.

* * * *

Extinction of any species is just another day in the garden.
Not even a pause to pay last respects or salute the departed.
Mother Nature just churns on and on in her quantum way.

* * * *

Imagine, if you will, being that newborn again.
Pure awareness, out into the light, the noise, the hunger, the pain, the fear,
And what it took for consciousness, for imagination, to shape it, mold it, whittle it, into the universe,
In which you every moment tread, playing out the dream as you do.
We are all very much alone, together.

* * * *

Consciousness (a.k.a., imagination), the great usurper,
Is a trickster, a jester, a charlatan, a skalawag, a scoundrel, a pretender,

With every imaginable diversion, every ways and means, every moment, at its beck and call.
Ever enticing the awareness that you are, that you are not,
Away from its eternal nature.

* * * *

As we have witnessed many times, in all times, in all geographies,
Spiritual inquiry so often becomes more about the charismatic leader,
More about the followers, more about the dogma, than the original message.
It is an abyss into which the undiscerning, the true believers, again and again fall.
It is about middlemen, who, consciously or not, mold the me-myself-and-I
Into an us-versus-them group mind that casts all non-believers
Into a nadir that seals off all possibility of resolution,
But through submission to the group's will.

* * * *

On either side of the decimal, the ultimate truth of science,
Is always just one more zero past the far distant shores.

* * * *

You are but another tidbit, another flavor, another texture,
In the double-double-toil-and-trouble stew of this manifest theater.
Nothing more or less special than any quantum handiwork.

* * * *

Awareness of Self is much more, much less, than imagination
Can ever more than swathe in the smoke and mirrors of time.

* * * *

Fathom your world, fathom your universe.
It will be as immense, or as small, as your imagination.
What was it before you were born? What will it be after you die?

* * * *

What is being investigated in this long and winding, tedious, cumbersome, philosophical edifice,
And many others across all times, all spaces, is whether awareness can be the go-to.
Giving it the reigns to imagination, rather than the other way around.
Consciousness need not be the willy-nilly, insane absurdity,
For those who have the wit to spin it rationally.

* * * *

Every newborn, whatever the species, the genus,
Is pure consciousness, is pure awareness,
As tabula rasa as tabula rasa can be,
Struggling to comprehend what is going on.
Nature-nurture will fashion its own unique answer.

* * * *

Yet another day, same mind, same body, same instincts, same routine, same storyline.

Awareness can do nothing more than witness; it is the unborn-undying, sleepless eye of eternity.
Taking the Red Pill, the no-stone-unturned existence, is a quest to which few are inclined.
Any fallacy, any delusion, any lie, can only usurp the truth in undiscerning minds.

* * * *

Regarding the patterning to which all are witness, always be mindful that it is every moment,
Patterning along, humming along, with the entire universe, with the entire mystery.
None can ever, in any way, any shape, any form, be a free-will-free-agent,
Because the mind-body cannot, for even one moment,
Disconnect from the sensory theater to which it is mortally bound.
And thus, it is imagination, the creator of all delusions, the architect of all destinies,
To which the dualistic task of individuality falls, and every absurdity played, in the fall from grace.

* * * *

The world stills, when the mind does.
Full attention to the awareness that you are, that you are not,
Is the key to the indivisible reality of all things.

* * * *

Yes, anything may well be possible:
Gods, angels, demons, ghosts, vampires, zombies, goblins, fairies, aliens,
Santa Claus, Easter Bunny, Tooth Fairy, Cupid, Saint Patrick, Father Time … and yes, Jesus, too.
But should you not want it corroborated by a number of reliable witnesses,
Including your Self, the most sober truth-seeker you know,
Before you go all-in True Believer on it?

* * * *

Full attention to breath brings the mind to focus on the moment at hand.
Challenging to do conscious breathing, if you cannot manage to stay focused.
Imagination will use any and every trick to waylay awareness back to its dream.

* * * *

No worries if you are still very attached
To your mind-body, and the dream about you.
The matrix, the carnivàle, is full of blue-pill zombies,
Who believe it all enough to play on for as long as possible.

* * * *

Some call it, Genesis, others the Big Bang.
It is all the same mystery, and no story, no explanation, owns it.
Except for the turtles – the turtles all the way up, the turtles all the way down – they own it.

* * * *

What can be reincarnated in the timeless, unborn-undying moment?
Consciousness, imagination, is but creator and creation of this ineffable mystery.
Awareness is without intention or concern; what need does it have to be born again and again?
Consciousness believes it is an individual drop, playing out some glorious destiny.
Awareness is the ocean, in which all drops are indivisibly one.

* * * *

Every concoction of senses that Darwin's natural selections devise,
Create an utterly unique cosmos, to which only that form's awareness is sovereign witness.
How this is not beyond-boggling to any and every conscious being,
Would seem one of the greater mysteries.

* * * *

How can any world, any cosmos, possibly be created, be witnessed by awareness,
Without some sort of sensory algorithm, feeding into a central processing unit?

* * * *

What can be reborn in the timeless, ever-present moment,
That which is unborn, undying, indivisible, nonexistent?

* * * *

If you are not this tedious, mundane, temporal, worldly, mortal body,
What else can you possibly be, but the timeless moment of awareness?

* * * *

If you believe you are the seed and the mind-body it becomes,
Then you are caught in the willy-nilly illusions and delusions of consciousness.
If you are the awareness prior to consciousness, you are the ever-present, transcendent moment.

* * * *

Imagination usurped the mystery of awareness many long ago's in the mind's evolution.
It is not easily recovered, except in minds able to turn a blind eye to the world, to the cosmos.
Seers, mystics, sages, who wander freely about, aloof from the helter-skelter of the sensory theater.

* * * *

The eyes, the ears, the nose, the tongue, the flesh, are sensory organs feeding into the brain.
Ergo, what the ever-dreaming, imaginary mind dreams, what the awareness witnesses,
Is nothing more than sensation, nothing more than quantum doing its mechanics.

* * * *

See the indivisible, see the unfathomable, see the ineffable, see the unknowable.
Hear the indivisible, hear the unfathomable, hear the ineffable, hear the unknowable.
Smell the indivisible, smell the unfathomable, smell the ineffable, smell the unknowable.
Taste the indivisible, taste the unfathomable, taste the ineffable, taste the unknowable.
Feel the indivisible. feel the unfathomable, feel the ineffable, feel the unknowable.
Be the indivisible, be the unfathomable, be the ineffable, be the unknowable.

* * * *

Humankind's tool-making capacity has made it possible
For the observation and measurement and manipulation of all things quantum.
The accelerating exponential of the unutterable devastation and pain and suffering, of the absurdity,
Every moment calls into question, however, its aptitude for saving us from ourselves.
File it under the usual suspects: Brother Irony and Sister Paradox.

* * * *

Any living organism is an energy structure, an energy system, an energy dynamic,
Through which awareness peers out into a universe of energy arrays.
The electromagnetic spectrum has no knowable bounds,
And imagination is but a thief, a player, dreaming itself real.

* * * *

And where does the awareness, the spirit, the soul, go, when the body expires,
But the same right here, right now, this one and only moment, it was all along.

* * * *

How can you ever hope to explain this mystery to a true believer,
Too shuttered in, to closed off, too certain, to listen, much less hear?

* * * *

It has all happened so that this matrix of a moment could happen.
And now this one, and this one, and this one, and this one,
And all the ones before, and all the ones after, too.
Not that that means time is real, of course.

* * * *

Some call it God.
Some call it Allah.
Some call it Yahweh.
Some call it Brahman.
Some call it Quantum.
Some call it Jehovah.
Some call it Shiva.
Some call it Tao.
Any name will do,
Any name the same,
To the mystery in all,
A mystery with no name.

* * * *

However it began: genesis, big bang, does it really matter?
It has been rolling like dice down a Las Vegas craps table ever since,
Everything as destined, as fated, as ordained, as kismet, as sure as sure can be.
You believe there is really free will? You believe there is really choice?
Well, I have not found them, so the burden of proof is on you.

* * * *

You are naught but awareness witnessing a dreamtime.
The crunch and goo will someday fall away,
And you will remain as you are.
Immortality is like that.

* * * *

So, what world, what universe, would you create,
If you were in charge, if you had control of every part and particle?
How would you run it? Would you create? Would you preserve? Would you destroy?
Would there be peace? Goodwill to all? Or the reign of fire and pillage?
Could you do it any better? Could you do it any worse?
Playing God is not all it is cracked up to be.

* * * *

Your fate, your destiny, your kismet, is whatever you were programmed to do,
In the touchy-feely dream of space-time you have been allotted.
Some get a Royal Flush, some, not even a high card.
All you can do, all you need do, all you will do,
Is play the hand dealt by nature-nurture as best you can.

* * * *

If there is a supreme deity. or even a hole-in-the-wall collection of lesser ones,
Let them show themselves, or forever get the fuck out of Dodge, and leave us alone.

* * * *

You are ever the same You.
Everything is ever the same You.
There is nothing that is not the same You.
No matter the dimension.
No matter the quantum.
No matter the matrix.
No matter the universe.
No matter the galaxy.
No matter the star.
No matter the world.
No matter the space.
No matter the time.
No matter the culture.
No matter the language.
No matter the mind-body.
No matter the dream.
No matter the gender.
No matter the costume.
No matter the vocation.
No matter the dogma.
No matter the politics.
No matter the attitude.
No matter the whatever.
You are ever the same You.

* * * *

Frail bags of crunch and goo is all we are,
And for every motive imaginable, we spend our time,

Liking each other, loving each other, despising each other,
Lying to each other, stealing from each other, cheating each other,
Adulating, scratching, raping, pillaging, killing, each other.
What a thing for frail bags of crunch and goo to do.

* * * *

This existence, this dream of space and time, is so ‘friggin implausible,
That it has journeyed well beyond the heart of darkness,
Into the deep, dark jungle of absurdity.

* * * *

Being present in the timeless now, is the most simple state the eternal moment offers.
How ironic, how paradoxical, that it is among the most arduous for imagination to bear,
Given how the breezes and gales of illusion and delusion so easily distract the wavering mind.

* * * *

Your true birth was Genesis, Big Bang,
Turtles all the way up, all the way down, whatever.
And before that, you were never born.
Or so the speculation goes.

* * * *

Why keep thinking of your imaginary self at all?
Why keep playing that record over and over and over?
You need not imprison, need not torture your Self, all the time.

* * * *

Whether one universe or many,
Whether one dimension or many,
All are the same quantum mystery,
All are the same electromagnetic spectrum.

* * * *

Imagine levers majestically directed with lofty intent all you please;
There are neither levers, nor some majestic guide or guides with lofty intent.
Those layers filled with bones and oil and other treasures, were long in the making.
You are but current issue in an ever-streaming process which has neither beginning nor end,
And all speculations, all assumptions, all hypotheses, all opinions, all sentiments,
Are pointless, hollow, irrelevant, futile, needless, vain, absurd.
Consciousness can never more than imagine
The source of its mystery.

* * * *

How can you not be in utter awe, utter wonder,
Of the genesis, the cosmos, the world, the garden, the mystery,
To which you are conscious, timeless, solitary, unfathomable, ineffable witness?

* * * *

This here-now, ever-present, eternal moment, this timeless awareness, is all there is.
There are no other moments, no other space-times, no other dimensions, no other dreams.
You are captive to its kaleidoscoping intrigues for as long as the mind-body is fated to endure.

* * * *

What dreams are,
What dreams have been,
What dreams are yet to come,
Only awareness knows.

* * * *

What is the Way? What is the Truth? What is the Life?
To see, and not see; to hear, and not hear; to taste, and not taste;
To smell, and not smell; to feel, and not feel; to imagine, and not imagine.
That how it works for human beings, many who are more often "human becomings".
What other creature gives it any thought, any question, any doubt, at all?

* * * *

It is the spaceless-timeless abyss of awareness, the unborn-undying, ever-present now,
Through which all quantum dreams ceaselessly kaleidoscope, with slumber the only respite.
The sensory play, the sensory mind-body, is but the illusion, the delusion, of imagination.

* * * *

Even the smallest sample of memories is a cosmos to the mind,
And upon them, it will dwell and churn on and on and on upon.

* * * *

What is the state of mind free of all history, worldly or personal?
Very still, pure awareness, untrammeled by the presence of the other.

* * * *

Consciousness (a.k.a., imagination) slices and dices the quantum pie in every possible way.
The ever-present, timeless now of awareness, has no blade with which to slice or dice anything.
It is simply, purely, absolute witness to the mystery kaleidoscoping in its immeasurable expanses.

* * * *

It is the unborn-undying awareness of the moment that is immortal.
The biological mind-body is but a mundane, temporal, pedestrian vehicle.
A ways and means to Self-discovery, for those called to a path of transcendence.

* * * *

Neither the quantum universe, nor garden orb, require the human species
To carry on longer than it can manage, can naturally select,
In its ill-fated genomic quest for immortality.
We all know cockroaches are trailblazers in that race.

* * * *

Where is time, where is space, in the indivisible awareness of the moment?

Where are creation, preservation, destruction, in the indivisible awareness of the moment?
What are they but illusion, but delusion, created by the sensory mirage, the dreamtime of consciousness.

* * * *

You want religion?
Give your Self over to the moment.
Give your Self over to the awareness you are, and are not.
It is the one and only true church.

* * * *

You were tabula rasa, an empty slate,
Until traumatic moments, from minor to harsh,
Little by little, imperceptively, unabashedly, irrevocably,
Familiarized you, initiated you, remanded you, to the human race.
Swayed you, molded you, wrought you, forged you, scarred you, crippled you,
Into the human being you are, the one reading this, in a lifetime quest to be inwardly free.

* * * *

Except in lofty, exalted, grandiose, majestic, tributes to one absurdity or another,
No one will be remembered forever, nor exist forever, nor whatever forever.
There is no forever in which anyone or anything can be remembered.
The matrix of space-time is but a magical illusion playing out in the abyss.
What is there to say, but "Oh well, so it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on."

* * * *

If there is truly only the indelible, indivisible, impenetrable moment,
Then every moment is identical, every moment is simultaneous,
Every moment is but clouds wafting through the emptiness,
Which means the entire universe from beginning to end,
Is at best, but the blink of an eye, and never really happened.

* * * *

Quantum is the operating system, and all life but apps,
Simultaneously churning out their programmed roles.

* * * *

Imagine the Grecian thinkers of old, in their robes,
Speaking to forums filled with critical minds,
Perceiving the candor in every thought.
Together, unearthing the mystery.
As some minds are wont to do.

* * * *

Seeing through the artifice of the genomic sequencing in this ineffable quantum matrix,
Is a vocation to which relatively few are called, relatively few are fated.
Blue pill, red pill, did you really have any choice?

* * * *

And what is the point and purpose of all this knowledge?
All this curiosity, this never-ending flow of a busy-busy mind.
Maybe a paycheck, maybe some applause, maybe some influence.
How long before you wake up to the depths below the churning waves?
How long before mind stills enough to finally discern the mystery within all?

* * * *

The inner voice, the inner narrative, the inner soliloquy, everyone has one.
Each a world, a universe, unto its Self, some realized, most fated otherwise.

* * * *

The Bible and Koran are not the only books on the shelf of history.
All are the mystery, but no one owns it; beware the people of one book.

* * * *

If used moderately, with conscious intent and focus, many hallucinogens from around the world
Can be vehicles, magic carpets, into the unknown reaches of this ineffable mystery.
They are a means to explore, to investigate, to study, to discover,
That which is source to all, great to small.

* * * *

Time and space are but constructs of human consciousness.
Yes, every life form functions in the cycles of this mystery theater,
But obviously, none think about it, conceive it, in the way humankind does.

* * * *

What is the state, the condition, the quality, of mind,
When time and space cease to exist as imaginary notions?

* * * *

As you dance back and forth between imagination and awareness,
Enjoy both as you glean them of the fruit of the garden,
Such as it is in its ever-present dreamtime.

* * * *

Who created this Supreme Being that so many revere?
A query true believers will neither, can neither, question nor answer,
For every response quickly becomes turtles all the way up, turtles all the way down.
And what matter whether there is a peerless deity on high or not, really?
This touchy-feely 3D dream is equally the same mystery,
No matter imagination's perspective.

* * * *

We all imagine entirely different worlds, entirely different universes.
How can any one mind's illusory creation be more real than any others?

* * * *

The world, the universe, you in mind, in imagination, create, is yours, and yours alone.

Like fingerprints and genomic sequences, no world, no universe, can ever be seen the same.
And the translation between all these worlds, all these universes, well, you see how that has gone.
We are as close to getting along peacefully as the ancestors that exited the jungles long ago.

* * * *

Put all the middlemen, all the parasites, all the predators, all the toll booths, well behind you,
And examine, scrutinize, for yourself, the masterworks of the many scribes of old.
Each, and each very much alone, must meander through the illusion,
To, for themselves, discern the truth behind all veils.

* * * *

After everything is gone, the mystery will remain,
As ineffaceable and untarnished as eternity allows.

* * * *

Whether your view is founded on scientific inquiry or magical thinking,
You may well believe you know something of this dreamtime's beginning,
But rest assured, you will never, you can never, more than imagine its ending.

* * * *

This is your world, your cosmos.
You will do with it whatever you will,
And ultimately, it really only matters to you.
Others can only care, others can only do, so much.
Even God cannot help those who will not help themselves.

* * * *

Have you ever looked up into a starry-starry night,
And really deeply contemplated, really fully embraced,
How infinitesimal, how microscopic, how insignificant,
You really-truly are, in the grand scheme of things?

* * * *

If there is indeed a deity-on-high, he/she/it,
Might well have long, long ago set all this quantum in motion,
And just like any earnest scientist, is watching the entire dream, to see what comes of it.
No attachment to anything, just pure tabula rasa awareness of everything.
Just like any earnest scientist observing microorganisms
Milling about willy-nilly in a Petri dish.
Ain't speculation fun?

* * * *

What will death be but the disincorporation of a body, the dissolution of a dream,
And the unborn-undying awareness of the you, that you have ever been, all that remains.
Call it whatever you will, it is from that original state that you became conscious,
It is that which endured existence, it is that to which all things return.

* * * *

Awareness is an impenetrable, changeless stillness, both clear and obscure.
It is that in which creation and preservation and destruction compose genesis.
It is the soul of all dreams, it is the source of all potentials, it is the eye of all eyes.
It is the moment, it is timeless, it is spaceless, it is eternity, right here, right now.

* * * *

There is only awareness.
Only its timeless presence, only its unending constancy.
Nothing to believe, nothing to deify, nothing to worship, nothing to decree, nothing to join.
Nothing to buy, nothing to sell, nothing to barter, nothing to give or take.
Everything to alone see, nothing to alone be.

* * * *

What is time but an imaginary construct of the human mind.
An illusion from which is hatched every conceivable delusion.

* * * *

Memories are but electromagnetic-chemical reactions, perceived by awareness.
They can never be what really happened from more than a single perspective, yours.
Your frame of reference, your translation, your values, your opinions, your judgments.

* * * *

There is only the moment, there is only the timeless now.
The entire human paradigm is an impromptu theater of imagination.
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

You have read the books, seen the movies, know the tales of so many histories,
And the oh-so-many-ways people can die, in both fiction and nonfiction,
And how would it be, if you could experience them all, each and every one?
Imagine dying … every … imaginable … death … for all eternity … Ooh-la-la.

* * * *

Your individual dream of consciousness, of imagination,
Is but an infinitesimal splinter of the grand dream of all dreams,
And that is naught but the very same moment all eternity is,
All that is not, all that never was, all that will never be.

* * * *

Observe the stillness within,
Fathom the soul of awareness you truly are,
The soul truly worth loving, the soul truly worth being loved.

* * * *

If there is some sort of Supreme Being responsible for all this kaleidoscoping creation,
Then surely it is intolerably weary of consciousness,
At least at times.

* * * *

Somebody came up with eight types of intelligence:
bodily kinesthetic (body smart)
interpersonal (people smart)
verbal linguistic (word smart)
logical-mathematical (logic smart)
naturalistic (nature smart)
intrapersonal (self smart)
visual-spatial (picture smart)
musical (music smart)

Another collection also lists eight, with slight variations:
mathematical (number smart),
musical (music smart),
linguistic (word smart),
naturalistic (nature smart),
intrapersonal (self smart),
interpersonal (people smart),
body-kinesthetic (body smart),
visual (picture smart)

Another fellow, named Mark Vital, stoked it up to nine:
naturalist (understanding living things and reading nature)
musical (discerning sounds, their pitch, tone, rhythm, and timbre)
logical-mathematical (quantifying things, making hypothesis and proving them)
existential (tackling the questions of why we live, and why we die)
interpersonal (sensing people's feelings and motives)
bodily-kinesthetic (coordinating your mind with your body)
linguistic (finding the right words to express what you mean)
intrapersonal (understanding yourself, what you feel, and what you want)
spatial (visualizing the world in 3D)

Likely many, if not most, fall into at least one of the above categories.

And what sort of intelligence is required to be any other life form, any other earthling,
On this spinning rock some humans call Earth, in a cosmos some call the Universe?

* * * *

How is awareness any different than consciousness?
How is consciousness different than memory?
Ho is memory different than imagination?
How is imagination different than perception?
How is perception any different than awareness?

* * * *

You believe your salvation is yoked to your creed?
You believe your salvation is tethered to your prayers?
Pfft, my friend, you are but tossing your hard-earned coin

To a scam artist, a shyster, with just enough talent to fool you
With one ruse after another, with one hope after another.
Take back the rudder of your reverie, take more walks,
More sits, more any and all ways, that get you home.
Explore the singular aloneness within all dreams,
The timeless awareness through which all pass.

* * * *

It is impossible to break the rules of the Quantum Game.
You may try to defy them, but you can never break them.

* * * *

It is not at all important what anybody sees, hears, tastes, smells, feels.
It is not at all important what anybody thinks, believes, hopes.
The mystery is a mystery is a mystery is a mystery.
Well beyond the scope of consciousness,
Of imagination, to encapsulate.

* * * *

From the deepest trenches to the highest reaches that industry and technology are capable,
Another day of poisoning, another day of maiming, all that we can possibly touch,
Using every form of nuclear-chemical-biological interaction imaginable.
Absolute madness and absurdity, on an unfathomable scale.
All innocence suffers the ruthless, brutal wake-up call,
Of the malignant cancer that has spawned upon this garden orb.

* * * *

Yet another memory joining in with all the others,
Merging together into the synergistic frame of reference,
The dreamtime, in which you imagine your imaginary self, real.

* * * *

If only eternity could tell the full tale,
The mystery's mysteries would find a resting place.
Meanwhile, dread and speculation and adversity and death will carry on
As they have since the dawn of consciousness.

* * * *

How can you look at this mystery, and not see it is you?
How can you look at any other, and not see it is you?
How can you look at a mountain, and not see it is you?
How can you look at a plant, and not see it is you?
How can you look at a stream, and not see it is you?
How can you look at a rock, and not see it is you?
How can you look at a table, and not see it is you?
How can you look at an insect, and not see it is you?
How can you look at a bird, and not see it is you?
How can you look at a fish, and not see it is you?

How can you look at a horse, and not see it is you?
How can you look at a man, and not see he is you?
How can you look at a woman, and not see she is you?
How can you look at a child, and not see it is you?
How can you look at the ocean, and not see it is you?
How can you look at a cloud, and not see it is you?
How can you look at the sky, and not see it is you?
How can you look at the moon, and not see it is you?
How can you look at the sun, and not see it is you?
How can you look at the stars, and not see they are you?
How can you look at a particle of dust, and not see it is you?

* * * *

What is Genesis but a wind propelling its own sail.
What is Genesis but a brush frolicking upon its own canvas.
What is Genesis but a hammer pounding upon its own nail.
What is Genesis but a wave heading toward its own shore.
What is Genesis but a flame burning in its own darkness.
What is Genesis but a particle drifting in its own space.
What is Genesis but a dream floating in its given mind.

* * * *

The distance from here to there, the distance from now to then,
From who to what to where to when to why to how,
All a state of mind, playing out in time.

* * * *

Every creature plays out whatever intelligence is programmed in its genomic sequence.
All are innately equal parts of the same source, the same quantum field, the same mystery.

* * * *

Universe, Quantaverse, Electromagnetic spectrum;
Whole-view-big-picture labels for the same mystery.

* * * *

Who are you to assert any nature-nurture cosmos
Is any greater or lesser, better or worse, lovelier or uglier,
Than any other figment of imagination cast in this mystery theater?

* * * *

Imagination only thinks it is alive.
Imagination only dreams it is alive.
Imagination only imagines it is alive.

* * * *

Behind the illusory mask, behind the imaginary character,
An indelible awareness, an ineffable emptiness.
Ever unknowable, ever immeasurable, ever unfathomable,

Ever incomprehensible, ever indescribable, ever enigmatic, ever inscrutable.

* * * *

You are the current issue of your genomic lineage
Since the origin of all life several billion orbits around the sun ago.
Every moment of eternal awareness playing out the quantum dream of space and time.

* * * *

The mind is, the mind is not, a dream.
The mind is, the mind is not, a delusion.
The mind is, the mind is not, a habit.
The mind is, the mind is not, a truth.
The mind is, the mind is not, a practice.
The mind is, the mind is not, a trance.
The mind is, the mind is not, a fixation.
The mind is, the mind is not, an obsession.
The mind is, the mind is not, a fondness.
The mind is, the mind is not, a tendency.
The mind is, the mind is not, a bent.
The mind is, the mind is not, a fabrication.
The mind is, the mind is not, a lie.
The mind is, the mind is not, a pretense.
The mind is, the mind is not, a chameleon.
The mind is, the mind is not, a hope.
The mind is, the mind is not, a reality.
The mind is, the mind is not, a passion.
The mind is, the mind is not, a reverie.
The mind is, the mind is not, a hallucination.
The mind is, the mind is not, a leaning.
The mind is, the mind is not, a desire.
The mind is, the mind is not, an aspiration.
The mind is, the mind is not, an idea.
The mind is, the mind is not, a notion.
The mind is, the mind is not, a mirage.
The mind is, the mind is not, a custom.
The mind is, the mind is not, a preference.
The mind is, the mind is not, a memory.
The mind is, the mind is not, an irony.
The mind is, the mind is not, a paradox.
The mind is, the mind is not, a figment.
The mind is, the mind is not, a daydream.
The mind is, the mind is not, a wish.
The mind is, the mind is not, an ambition.
The mind is, the mind is not, a pattern.
The mind is, the mind is not, a frame.
The mind is, the mind is not, a nightmare.
The mind is, the mind is not, a trick.
The mind is, the mind is not, a tradition.

The mind is, the mind is not, a thought.
The mind is, the mind is not, a window.
The mind is, the mind is not, a fear.
The mind is, the mind is not, a template.
The mind is, the mind is not, an artifice.
The mind is, the mind is not, a custom.
The mind is, the mind is not, a convention.
The mind is, the mind is not, a chimera.
The mind is, the mind is not, a projection.
The mind is, the mind is not, an impression.
The mind is, the mind is not, a goal.
The mind is, the mind is not, a pipedream.
The mind is, the mind is not, a word.
The mind is, the mind is not, a deception.
The mind is, the mind is not, a fantasy.
The mind is, the mind is not, an addiction.
The mind is, the mind is not, a problem.
The mind is, the mind is not, a mold.
The mind is, the mind is not, a character.
The mind is, the mind is not, a liking.
The mind is, the mind is not, an inclination.
The mind is, the mind is not, a matrix.

* * * *

Real faith is a beingness so indelible, so absolute,
That no word or act, no belief or creed, is required.

* * * *

Surely, you do not in any way believe your eensy-weensy window of perception
Witnesses even an infinitesimal smidgeon of the mystery's infinite indivisibility.

* * * *

In the world that imagination builds,
You are awareness playing a role,
Not a role, playing awareness.

* * * *

The human forebrain is but a collection of neurons,
In which awareness witness imagination frolicking,
In whatever way the given nature-nurture sanctions.

* * * *

The unyielding grip of imagination on the human paradigm is far too formidable,
But for the relentless doubt only the rarest minds have fortitude to mine.
This indelible, unfathomable, singular mystery, is every moment.
All sense of duality is but the figment of consciousness.

* * * *

You have been very much alone since life's beginning,
In that primordial sludge that made all this possible.

* * * *

Clocks, watches, calendars, or any other measurement device,
Are gauges of illusion, not reality, and most definitely not eternity.

* * * *

You are a reflection of the indelible mystery.
It created you, and you mirrored the favor.
If you consider being born a favor, that is.

* * * *

The personal mind is an imaginary creation.
The impersonal mind you are is creation unto its Self.
It is imagination from which the awareness you are must detach.

* * * *

Might has always made right.
Whatever justice there may be is moderated by compassion,
Benevolence, sympathy, forgiveness, kindness, mercy, understanding, humanity, tolerance,
Magnanimity, clemency, generosity, identification, fairness, rightness, solicitude,
Empathy, appreciation, forbearance, high-mindedness, concern,
Indulgence, leniency, pity, consideration, altruism,
Awareness, conscience, care, grace.

* * * *

How can you continue believing this imaginary self is at all real, at all true?
It is an ever-kaleidoscoping quantum theater of ecstasy and agony,
Swirled in the nature-nurture dream of the given seed.
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.
Without thought, where is time?
Forget everything; unclench your mind.
Let go your world, let go your universe; be eternity.

* * * *

Always becoming is the Sisyphean chore of insatiable imagination.
If it is serenity you quest, you will discern it in the emptiness of a still mind.
Such a simple thing, yet more arduous than any escapade the mystery could ever spin.

* * * *

When it comes to speculation about the mystery.
Best to resist imagination's insatiable inclination.

* * * *

All the slicing and dicing of the mystery into this or that certainty,
Is the endless absurdity of imagination pretending it knows something.
What is imagination, what is consciousness, but a dream state ever babbling.

* * * *

Awareness you are; in which, through which, in whichever way,
The electromagnetic spectrum plays out its illusionary mystery theater.

* * * *

In the That I Am I Am way of seeing this dream,
The protagonist you play is not you, nor is any other, either.
Consciousness, in all its many roles, can never be more than it imagines.

* * * *

The way it was, the way it will be, is never the way it is,
In the ever-changing dream, in the never-changing moment.

* * * *

Without thought, where is space, where is time?
Forget everything; unclench the mind.
Let go the world, the universe.
Be the eternal, You are.

* * * *

Do you truly-without-doubt believe God gives a rat's ass whether your team wins?
Are you really so pathetically self-absorbed to believe he or she or it,
Is focused entirely on you or your wretched little tribe?
That all your hopes and prayers mean squat in some divine plan?
Just perhaps next year's New Year Resolution should be to fucking wake up.

* * * *

What need to make pure awareness, pure beingness, a group activity,
Filled with all the usual suspects that wrap themselves
Around dogma born of conscious design.

* * * *

Time-bound imagination imagines itself existing forever.
Unborn-undying awareness is harbor to no such delusion.

* * * *

How can you gaze out into the starry-starry night,
And not discern your true nature, your true mystery?

* * * *

Who is the perceiver but the one in all.
Who said there must be meaning and purpose?
Who said this mystery has to make sense?

* * * *

Stream of consciousness.
Stream of imagination.

Stream of dreamtime.
All the same thing.
All the same mystery.

* * * *

If you are seeking god, look to the awareness within.
Awareness is awareness, no matter the state of consciousness.
Awareness plays whatever part it is allotted with the same equanimity.
Awareness has no attachment to any form, to any function.
Awareness boils down to a tranquil mind.

* * * *

History is a rolodex of story after story.
All born of imagination's usurpation of the moment.
So many pretending they know so much, pretending to be so much.
An absurd little dream of countless forays into every inanity imagination can devise;
All to be forgotten in natural selection's unintended consequences file.

* * * *

If you have to be something,
If you have to recall something,
If you have to accomplish something,
Then you are overlooking the awareness,
This moment in which everything transpires.
Who is the perceiver but the one in all.

* * * *

Imagination is but a pattern, a habit, born of nature-nurture's evolutionary happenchance.
A touchy-feely dream in the electromagnetic spectrum's beyond-all-pales mystery theater.
No need to get more attached to the apparent reality of it than the given moment calls.

* * * *

The mystery is a field of meshing patterns,
All indivisibly synced in timelessly harmonious vibration.
Each and every drop in the ocean is equally saturated with mystery.
How is it humankind is seemingly incapable of seeing this ultimate relationship?

Soundbites

Awareness is eternity; without thought, without desire, without passion, without fear, without dread.

* * * *

What would existence be like, if you had never seen your face?

* * * *

Solitude, whatever the space or time, allows you to close the door on the world.

* * * *

Who-what-where-when-why-how is any boundary, but the world, the universe, that imagination built.

* * * *

Do you really believe all those words, all those numbers, all those anything, really matter to the mystery?

* * * *

Unknown looking forward, fate looking back.

* * * *

You are the indivisible playing divisible.

* * * *

History evaporates as surely as any body of water in the hot-cold of dreamtime.

* * * *

No matter the view, no matter the perspective, it is ever the same timeless mystery.

* * * *

To be as still as you are able in the given moment, is as close to eternal life as you can get.

* * * *

The unifying principal is a still mind; pure awareness, indifferent to sensory input.

* * * *

The entire universe is but a whirling particle of dust in an immeasurable void.

* * * *

Infinity and infinitesimal imply measurements that are not real.

* * * *

Everything always boils down to this moment.

* * * *

In awareness, no memory resides.

* * * *

How can awareness retain a memory?

* * * *

How much of this world, this cosmos, this dreamtime, do you want to keep inflicting upon your moment?

* * * *

What memory need any universe retain?

* * * *

Not all discomfort can be avoided, and is it a good idea in this Darwinian universe to be too soft?

* * * *

Yet another day of unborn-undying-birth-death of every moment.

* * * *

You are but awareness, you cannot die, there is no need to fear it.

* * * *

Is there a universe without its creation, without you, to imagine it?

* * * *

How much Self-reflection is really required to be one with the awareness?

* * * *

Remember, all these thoughts, are the timelessly time-bound You, pointing to the timeless You.

* * * *

We are all on the spectrum of quantum persuasion: both predator and prey, You are.

* * * *

The no-mind is nothing more than the right-here-right-now prior-to-consciousness awareness.

* * * *

Every seed has its fate inexorably written in the sands of timelessness.

* * * *

The mystery equally plays out, in quantum perfection, whatever form is taken.

* * * *

Are you the awareness, or the absurdity passing through?

* * * *

To take the red pill, and keep it down, requires great doubt.

* * * *

Eternity is not going anywhere.

* * * *

Truth always boils down to the given moment.

* * * *

Are You awareness, this moment? Or frame of reference, this moment?

* * * *

The awareness is the soul that permeates all creation, and the infinity beyond.

* * * *

Ignore that imaginary world; become the awareness you are, as often as attention allows.

* * * *

Live every moment as it you were completely alone.

* * * *

How cannot any possibility be on the mystery's table?

* * * *

Are you a seeker of truth, no matter that it is beneath every rock, and every rock, as well?

* * * *

No mystery is complete without the lead actor being the mystery its Self.

* * * *

Still your mind … Eternity is that stillness … Yes, it is that simple.

* * * *

Mystery is its name, wonder is its game, stillness is its frameless.

* * * *

The nectar of existence: forgiveness, innocence, compassion, contentment, truth.

* * * *

Truth has always been by hijacked by the wolves to herd the sheep.

* * * *

You are eternity; the trick is to be it.

* * * *

Creators destroy, destroyers create; it is but quantum swirl, imagination's twirl.

* * * *

Awareness is, without any desire, without any fear, without any passion, whatsoever.

* * * *

Imagination is ever ready to step into awareness overtaken by inattention.

* * * *

There is no world, no universe, but the one you every moment in imagination carry.

* * * *

If you are seeking god, look to the awareness within.

* * * *

Awareness is awareness, no matter the state of consciousness.

* * * *

Awareness plays whatever part it is allotted with the same equanimity.

* * * *

Awareness has no attachment to any form, to any function.

* * * *

Awareness boils down to a tranquil mind.

* * * *

Yup, kind of a matrix thing.

* * * *

This is the only now, this is the only moment, eternity has to offer.

* * * *

A still mind is a timeless mind.

* * * *

Awareness attired in illusion.

* * * *

The quantum dance.

* * * *

Are you right-here-right-now worldly? Or right-here-right-now eternal?

* * * *

Eternity is the omniscient-omnipotent-omnipresent moment; the one and only moment, that has ever been.

* * * *

Call it mystery, call it wonder, call it unknown, it is all and none of the above.

* * * *

Time is the movement of mind; awareness, the stillness through which it passes.

* * * *

Awareness is without desire, without fear, without any passion, at all.

* * * *

Frame of reference, or awareness without frames?

* * * *

You are not the illusory dreamtime, the playhouse, in which You wander every part.

* * * *

Rational or irrational, you are arbiter of your mind, your thoughts, your world, your cosmos.

* * * *

It is all You, upon every stage, for all of whatever eternity is, and is not.

* * * *

Do not second-guess, doubt, betray, your Self.

* * * *

There it is, you finally saw it, and not for the first time today.

* * * *

Are you a blob, or the awareness prior to blobbery?

* * * *

Why is it you hold back from your ultimate truth?

* * * *

The tabula rasa mind is pure awareness; untainted by any fixture of consciousness.

* * * *

Stream of consciousness, of imagination, of dreamtime, all the same thing, all the same mystery.

* * * *

How can the timeless now not be the eternal You?

* * * *

Time management, or timeless management, the dance between imagination and awareness.

* * * *

How can there be desire or fear or dread, when you are the awareness you are.

* * * *

Quantum is not etched in stone; it is the stone.

* * * *

The timeless now does not move to be toyed with.

* * * *

Sometimes more, sometimes less; each moment must be gauged.

* * * *

Quantum Nature is not waiting for us to catch up with the accelerating exponential we have inspired.

* * * *

Immortality is the eternal reality, of which all creation is an ever-changing part.

* * * *

Anything for a once and a while; nothing all the time.

* * * *

Speculation studied, is always more sound than speculation assumed.

* * * *

The mind-body is the quantum creator, generating a universe, as immense as imagination allows.

* * * *

The universe is a crap shoot, ever rolling down the table.

* * * *

Space and time can come to an end, if you shut your sense very tightly, and let the mind be very still.

* * * *

Awareness is the witness, the intelligence, to which imagination subscribes.

* * * *

If you seek serenity, you will discern it in the absoluteness of aloneness.

* * * *

How different any difference to the universe?

* * * *

In the awareness, in the nothingness, you are, and are not, all universes disappear.

* * * *

Be alone, be very, very alone.

* * * *

The space-time continuum is a kaleidoscoping illusion.

* * * *

Dust off the awareness.

* * * *

Imagination is to awareness as clouds are to the sky.

* * * *

To be truly, fully, completely, absolutely alone, is a gift to your Self.

* * * *

Peer out to the horizon, to the moon, to the sun, to the stars; the same mystery in all.

* * * *

Patterns cannot churn if they do not have a matrix in which to churn.

* * * *

Do not confuse negation with negativity; the beingness of awareness is neither positive or negative.

* * * *

Another blurb, another story, another manifesto, for the sands of quantum to blow away.

* * * *

Mother Quantum devised a spherical playing field, upon which all creatures play out their moment.

* * * *

Matrix or imagination, chicken or egg.

* * * *

How will your universe carry on without you to witness it?

* * * *

From quantum to chemical to biological, is how the dream rolls.

* * * *

The true revolution is freeing the awareness You are, from the imagination that has imprisoned it.

* * * *

Give up all notions, all that is imaginary, and you will find your Self in the clear space of awareness.

* * * *

Quantum is the magic carpet; imagination, the flying carpet; awareness, the innocent bystander.

* * * *

Infinity is not a number.

* * * *

Infinity is a pointless concept, perhaps the most pointless concept the human mind has ever devised.

* * * *

Personal memories are imagination's go-to in its awareness-usurpation game.

* * * *

The sleight of hand of the quantum illusion is an every-moment, kaleidoscoping deception.

* * * *

The unfathomable becomes fathomable, when you become it.

* * * *

Awareness is akin to an opaque sea of salt, an absolute, still clarity, prior to consciousness.

* * * *

What are these blobby bodies but time machines traveling through awareness.

* * * *

Born back into that which is prior to space and time every time you awaken.

* * * *

You are a means for the mystery to explore existence.

* * * *

Imagination built its world, its universe, and it is up to you to reassert your Self.

* * * *

Infinity does not touch what you really are; nor does infinitesimal, for that matter.

* * * *

How can it not be the same awareness, the same unborn-undying mystery, in all?

* * * *

Eternity is right here, right now, this very singular, timeless, spaceless moment; cease looking for more.

* * * *

After all the names it has been given, is not Mystery the most accurate?

* * * *

The divinity you seek, is the awareness you are, a candle in the abyss.

* * * *

How alone you are, depends how deeply you have probed.

* * * *

What is future? What is past? What is forever? Without time, without space, without illusion?

* * * *

Be eternity.

* * * *

The mystery, solved, in that sort of sideways-topsy-turvy-inside-out-convoluted-mangled way.

* * * *

It is on you, alone, to get un-educated, un-conditioned, un-brainwashed, un-mesmerized.

* * * *

You are ever the mystery, no matter how you cloak it.

* * * *

To stand alone, free and clear, of all imaginary notion, is not for all.

* * * *

The awareness is the mystery; the mystery is the awareness.

* * * *

Cloaking a blob in the finest mask and costume in the cosmos, does not make it any less a blob.

* * * *

Scratches on the timeline that we are, nobody is really remembered long enough to get all pretentious.

* * * *

Why identify your Self with a mass, a glob, a blob, of protoplasm?

* * * *

A mystery, engaged in a dream.

* * * *

In a crowd, walk alone.

* * * *

You are witness to the infinity of absurdity.

* * * *

Unfurl into that momentary awareness.

* * * *

Is awareness very large, is awareness very small, is awareness even a smidgeon at all?

* * * *

Sometimes any choice is the choice, sometimes no choice is the choice.

* * * *

The mystery is the master of possibility.

* * * *

Always feel free to return to the ground zero of awareness.

* * * *

Quantum is as quantum does.

* * * *

Your consciousness is unique to you, your awareness, common to all.

* * * *

Time does not exist, but passes very quickly.

* * * *

Turn on the disinterest, switch off the senses, be the momentary, timeless awareness.

* * * *

Half full, half empty, that glass shattered a long time ago.

* * * *

The truth is right now, right here; what more do you need to know?

* * * *

Human folly is the depth of unfathomable.

* * * *

Dang, you just saved the universe, and no one was watching.

* * * *

Another day in the dream that quantum built.

* * * *

Where is time in a moment?

* * * *

The dream, the illusion, only seems real in the given moment.

* * * *

Destiny is, each and every timeless moment, choreographing your arrival.

* * * *

The sands of time have got nothing to do with anything.

* * * *

To consider duality more than a concept devised by human vanity, is as absurd as absurd gets.

* * * *

Give your Self over to what You really are, and are not, in this eternal moment.

* * * *

Arguing whether or not some deity on high created this dreamtime, is so yawn.

* * * *

You are forgotten by eternity every moment.

* * * *

You call that Truth?!

* * * *

Duality is a concept, not a reality.

* * * *

It does not take much time for shysters to put distance between sheeples and truth.

* * * *

The you, you imagine real, is not, was not, will never be, the You, prior to consciousness.

* * * *

Truth is not in any thought about it.

* * * *

Awareness is the genius within all life.

* * * *

Duality makes absolutely no sense, whatsoever.

* * * *

When the dying is all said and done, only the awareness remains.

* * * *

If you think life is monotonous, imagine eternity.

* * * *

If time was real, you would not need a machine to travel it.

* * * *

Eternity is only as boring as the mind you give it.

* * * *

Why would any deity not want to experience everything for itself?

* * * *

Gaze out into the cosmos, and the eye peering back is ever your own.

* * * *

The maelstrom of imagination rolls on and on with impunity, through the oblivion of awareness.

* * * *

How can truth ever be bound to any tribal mindset?

* * * *

Consciousness, a.k.a. imagination, is far too ephemeral to last long in eternity.

* * * *

Be the immortal stillness.

* * * *

The challenge is getting through this dreamtime without making it personal, without taking it personal.

* * * *

Awareness can only, with great effort, regain control from the usurper, imagination.

* * * *

It ain't awareness that's moving.

* * * *

What is death but the return to the undivided attention of eternity.

* * * *

Ascertaining truth is not a tribal-committee-groupthink choice.

* * * *

Root for awareness; bet on imagination.

* * * *

The abyss is not near as entertaining as Never Never Land.

* * * *

What is long ago, what is long hence, in the relativity of the timelessness of eternity?

* * * *

Make awareness the default setting, and serenity will reign within.

* * * *

All by your alonesome.

* * * *

You are found in space.

* * * *

Awareness, impartial witness to all creation.

* * * *

Awareness is the ever-presence.

* * * *

There just is not enough money or entertainment or pleasure in truth to make it popular.

* * * *

Call it Genesis, call it Big Bang, call it whatever, same mystery.

* * * *

As pilot fish are to sharks, imagination is to awareness.

* * * *

The real You, the awareness You, is not, has never been, will never be, the imagined you.

* * * *

If you believe your imagination has any reality, whatsoever, you are a prisoner of its dream.

* * * *

The world does not revolve around you; it kaleidoscopes within the timeless eye of awareness.

* * * *

As you scan this, gazillions beyond gazillions of moments, have streamed before the awareness you are.

* * * *

Do not focus upon breath, focus upon mind, into which the mystery simultaneously enters and exits.

* * * *

What is that deep sorrow that haunts so many, but the schism between imaginary self and absolute Self.

* * * *

There is no world, no cosmos, no dream, whatsoever, but the one you imagine right now.

* * * *

Nothing that has ever happened has had any bearing on the eternal moment.

* * * *

Imagination knows nothing but what it formulates; of the unknown it can only speculate.

* * * *

The timeless awareness is not you, it is You.

* * * *

What is the point of rhetoric as far as awareness is concerned?

* * * *

Would you have been a human being if you had been alone from birth.

* * * *

You must listen very closely, to hear the eternal silence.

* * * *

Goals can blind you to the process, the now playing out one eternal moment at a time.

* * * *

Neither cosmos nor world slowed one iota for that death, either.

* * * *

Odds are, imagination has the better of you, of all our kind, for whatever dreamtime remains.

* * * *

Awareness is the life force; genesis, merely the means.

* * * *

Where is there any direction in the stillness of the ever-present awareness?

* * * *

Serve the awareness, serve the moment, serve the matrix, serve the mystery, there is no other.

* * * *

From the whole, an infinity of parts.

* * * *

Lost in space, lost in time, lost in mind, You are found.

* * * *

To be awareness is thinking without thinking.

* * * *

Swimming is letting the mystery caress its Self however the body moves.

* * * *

There are those who seek, and those who find, and a cosmos between.

* * * *

Dead before your time.

* * * *

Most minds are more attached to their stories, than they are the truth from which all stories come.

* * * *

What is it to be fully immersed in the momentary awareness, but the end of curiosity.

* * * *

The moment is the wave of time and space coursing through eternity.

* * * *

Will there ever be an end to the ways we measure this quantum illusion?

* * * *

Life and Death are creations of the quantum kind.

* * * *

Who can ever really know any time but their own?

* * * *

Assuming time can tell, what would it say?

* * * *

What is any mind but the playground of awareness.

* * * *

Awareness can do nothing more than witness; it is the unborn-undying, sleepless eye of eternity.

* * * *

Awareness has no attributes to measure; to even call it infinite or infinitesimal is absurd.

* * * *

Any fallacy, any delusion, any lie, can only usurp the truth in undiscerning minds.

* * * *

We are all very much alone, together; be and allow, the highest law.

* * * *

Just a dream, nothing more, nothing less.

* * * *

All alone, together, talking to our Selves.

* * * *

Prisoner of time, prisoner of space, prisoner of mind, discerning detachment, the only key.

* * * *

You are the mystery, not this mundane fixture, to which you are so attached.

* * * *

Eternity is indeed magical, but it does not take magic to see it.

* * * *

How free the mind of a universal child.

* * * *

Awareness is the ocean, in which all drops are indivisibly one.

* * * *

The mystery is but a hair's breath from oblivion.

* * * *

Eternity is closer than you think; certainly, far less than a heartbeat away.

* * * *

So full, so empty, an imaginary destiny plays out.

* * * *

Eternity is not a circus; certainly not the one so many two-leggeds make it.

* * * *

What can reincarnate in the unborn-undying timeless awareness, but figments of imagination?

* * * *

It is a mystery, for everybody, and nobody.

* * * *

Prior to consciousness, prior to imagination, prior to quantum, prior to om, you are.

* * * *

All creation, all art, is the manipulation of quantum by imagination.

* * * *

Not all mysteries are solvable.

* * * *

Every life form, a quantum algorithm.

* * * *

How else should-could-would the mystery, the awareness, explore its Self, but through illusion.

* * * *

Why would awareness ever need to worship its Self?

* * * *

The quantum cosmos created you, and you, it.

* * * *

How can awareness, how can the moment, how can eternity, be anything but pure?

* * * *

Nature is the wonderland of quantum mechanics.

* * * *

You are the heart of awareness, the centerlessness of all there is, and is not.

* * * *

Every moment, same mystery.

* * * *

Could it be, the mystery is really just an eccentric scientist of the Hollywood fiction genre?

* * * *

The quantum designer, the designer quantum.

* * * *

Imagination has held awareness hostage since who can more than speculate how long ago?

* * * *

What is meditation but steeping in awareness.

* * * *

Large-minded thinking, small-minded thinking, pass through awareness the same.

* * * *

Every mind, an Atlas holding up its world, its cosmos, its genesis.

* * * *

Jumping with great glee into the abyss is a leap relatively few will ever consider, much less take.

* * * *

If time and space were real, you would not need imagination to travel it.

* * * *

Consciousness gives awareness focus; it does not control it in any way imaginable.

* * * *

What dreams are, what dreams have been, what dreams are yet to come, only awareness knows.

* * * *

The same awareness is equally within all things; a little humility, a little compassion, please.

* * * *

The matrix is all, but all are not chosen.

* * * *

Imagination's infinitely multi-faceted spectrum is the power of the mystery.

* * * *

How can you measure the moment long enough to call it time?

* * * *

History, history, and more mystery.

* * * *

Science ever seeks the truth of the quantum illusion; beyond the veil, there is no knowing.

* * * *

Become king of your universe.

* * * *

How can the indivisible quantum matrix ever be tainted by imagination.

* * * *

The mystery has no need of a personal you.

* * * *

Those moving clock hands do not make time real.

* * * *

You can only be as formless as attention allows.

* * * *

What universe can exist without sentience?

* * * *

Awareness, aware of itself, what need for anything more?

* * * *

It is a mystery, immaculate from the depths to every shore, and it has no name.

* * * *

If you must worship, bend a knee to the mystery you are, the mystery all are.

* * * *

The road less traveled is a road traveled very much alone.

* * * *

The indelible awareness within is the eye of eternity.

* * * *

Memory is your personal theater, your personal world, your personal universe.

* * * *

This moment, right here, right now, eternity in a nutshell.

* * * *

A philosophical quest, any quest for that matter, requires a curiosity for truth.

* * * *

There is only awareness, nothing to worship but Self.

* * * *

Everything to alone see, nothing to be.

* * * *

Might may make right, but it does not make truth.

* * * *

Your mind is as infinitesimally infinite as any universe can be.

* * * *

Everything is in your head, and your head very much alone.

* * * *

It all seemed so real at the time, but did it ever really happen, this dream?

* * * *

Art is the mystery to which imagination aspires.

* * * *

Do you live your truth? Or their lie?

* * * *

Stilled consciousness bares the presence of awareness.

* * * *

Outside is in, and inside, out, in the indivisible realm.

* * * *

How can time, something which does not exist, ever be wasted?

* * * *

The dispassionate awareness sees it all.

* * * *

Awareness is a subtle beast, not fit for idle consumption.

* * * *

How can the unseen, how can the unknown, ever be duplicated by imagination?

* * * *

A gazillion tomorrows will all transpire in the same awareness, the same eternal now.

* * * *

What is Alzheimer's but becoming the abyss

* * * *

It is the eyes that create the universe of light.

* * * *

Time for another round of contemplation of non-existence.

* * * *

Truth: Do not settle for less.

* * * *

A mystery born of mortal slime.

* * * *

You are awareness playing a role, not a role, playing awareness.

* * * *

You, Mystery.

* * * *

When outside becomes inside, what’s a mystery to do?

* * * *

Time is a function of imagination; awareness, a function of eternity.

* * * *

Isn’t it mystery enough without imagining all things absurd?

* * * *

The coupling of mind and quantum is a marriage made in heaven.

* * * *

It is imagination from which the awareness you are must detach.

* * * *

Awareness is without hunger.

* * * *

Just because you will something only makes it so when the quantum theater allows.

* * * *

Your universe, your call.

* * * *

Any quantum divide is but an imaginary demarcation.

* * * *

Build a cosmos, and others will come.

* * * *

Existence is mysterious enough without fabricating endless bullshit.

* * * *

It all goes by in its quantum-quick timeless way.

* * * *

Time and space are constructs of the imaginary mind, steeped in mystery.

* * * *

Imagination's turf is a quantum matrix of sensory proportion.

* * * *

Is it space and time through which you travel, or the moment?

* * * *

How can earth's time and space mean anything beyond its gravitational reach?

* * * *

Square zero is an alonely place where be-ers be, and become-ers never tread.

* * * *

Without imagination, where is time?

* * * *

The moment is intangible; how could time be any more?

* * * *

Differences are not the quantum reality.

* * * *

The mystery is a banquet, in which full is empty, and empty, full.

* * * *

Let go your world, your universe; be eternity.

* * * *

It can never be more or less than the mystery it every moment is.

* * * *

The drop is whatever puddle, pond, lake, river, ocean, cosmos, mystery, the metaphor calls.

* * * *

What is eternity? A moment? An hour? A day? A life? Forever? All of the above?

* * * *

Through attention to the awareness, you wrest your mind from its imaginary yoke.

* * * *

A quantum ramble.

* * * *

Makes for a happy universe, knowing humankind will never infect another solar system.

* * * *

How can it not be the same mystery in every thing in every where and when?

* * * *

Is not the mystery before your eyes magical enough?

* * * *

Every blink, a universe undone.

* * * *

The indivisible individual is a harbor of doubt.

* * * *

The awareness is you, not yours.

* * * *

Who said this mystery has to make sense?

* * * *

In awareness, you give it no thought.

* * * *

Another memory swept up in the river of time.

* * * *

We reserve the right to destroy ourselves without interference from the universe.

Breadcrumbs

I am alone.
I have always been alone.
I was born alone, I live alone, I will die alone.
There has never been even one moment when I was not alone,
When I was not the pure awareness, when I was not the unborn-undying moment.
It is a wondrous state, given over at times, to many worldly distractions, but ever alone, nonetheless.
How the many others that come or go, that think of me, is utterly inconsequential.
And how I discern them, is but as clouds drifting across a sky.
There is no meaning, no purpose, no raison d'être,
But what the imagination imagines,
In all its many imaginings.
It is but a dream.
I, alone, am.

* * * *

These writings are an offering, a gift, to the eternal life within all creation.
Am I the delusional one for spouting all these thoughts? Or you, for not discerning it?
Or perhaps both, for ever having engaged in this fantastical, utterly improbable dreamtime, at all.

* * * *

I am not Krishna, nor Lao Tzu, nor Buddha, nor Jesus,
Nor any other mythological figure born of the human paradigm.
I am Michael, lord and master of this most-sanctified dreamtime mystery.

* * * *

This soliloquy is as whole a metaphorical elephant, as this lingual frame of reference can muster.
I being but one of who-knows-how-many scribes expounding the greatest revelation.
Whose handiworks will persevere in the ever-shifting dunes of dreamtime,
Will perhaps be referenced as some future historian's footnote,
Or perhaps, stacked with other esoteric works, on some obscure bookshelf.
Assuming humankind even survives long enough for history to be available for viewing.

* * * *

It is not about me, it is not about this temporal identity,
It is about the awareness, that which I call, for the lack of a better word, god.
Lower case, to keep it generic for marketing purposes.

* * * *

This entire adult life has been spent observing, imbibing, exploring, inquiring, whatever came to the door;
To very gradually, very unpretentiously, very unintentionally, very scientifically,
With great naïveté, wander into this eternal conclusion.
It is as honest as honest can be.

* * * *

Forever is an imaginary state of time born of mind.

* * * *

Neither space nor time can exist in the stillness of awareness.

* * * *

Welcome to the clubless-tribeless-groupless aloneness.

* * * *

Eternity is bound by neither space nor time.

* * * *

Imagination cannot root in the stillness of awareness.

* * * *

Spacetime is but a kaleidoscoping mirage in the eye of awareness.

* * * *

Still mind, eternal mind.

* * * *

There is no way could I have lived a domesticated existence,
Of commitment and compromise and responsibility and indebtedness.
In giving my dream over to the mystery, in wandering the path of least resistance,
I may well have experienced, may well have possessed, more than all my ancestors combined.
I may well be the wealthiest, freest microorganism, this Petri dish world has ever seen.
And the only one who has witnessed it, in the way these many pages describe.
And despite all the virtuous intentions, they will not change a thing,
And neither the Reaper, nor the Ferryman, will know, or care.

* * * *

There it is, you finally saw it, and not for the first time today.

* * * *

The mystery has used this frame of reference to its own ends.

* * * *

I have always cherished my aloneness,
But have had many male and female friends throughout my time.
Workplaces, coffee shops, bars, and health clubs, have always been good venues to meet people.
The company of strangers, with some moving from acquaintanceship to friendship.
One never knows where a first spontaneous conversation will lead.
Sometimes, never again; sometimes, ever more.

* * * *

From any and all perspectives, that in this mind occur, the mystery is fathomed, one ditty at a time.

* * * *

How can the mystery be anything less than what I,
In all my limitations, all my shortcomings, herein over and over expound?
How could it truly ever be any man-imagined, dualistic invention-notion-concoction, heretofore devised?
That humankind clings to all its idolatries when the truth of awareness is so Self-evident.
Is an irony permeated by paradox, a paradox permeated by irony,
That will boggle me to my last dying wheeze.

* * * *

Another blurb, another story, another manifesto, for the sands of quantum to wash away.

* * * *

Am I something of a true believer, a cheerleader, for the mystery? Zeig heile, mein Mystery?

* * * *

I have studied many writings, many philosophies,
But I have never joined any so-called spiritual groups.
I have never much cared for allowing any collective mindset,
To orchestrate, or to usurp in any meaningful way,
What are my choices, and mine, alone.
A solo act, from the get-go.
And to the best, my ability allows,
I hopefully have not laden the unknowable future,
And anyone draw to awaken, with anything less than total veracity.
From a laptop, I opine all seekers to sally forth through as little muddle as possible.
Eschew all cultures, traditions, tribal mindsets, groupthinks, that ever strive to own You, in all or part.

* * * *

“No friggin’ way am I going back to that insane asylum!”
Jesus cried out, when he was told by Daddy it was time for the sequel,
So, as often happens, the ne’re-do-well, who did not show up for the board meeting,
Is named by the chair, to suit up, sally out, and try again to awaken the masses from their slumber.
Thank the mystery, that he was not allotted any absurdities to mesmerize the sheeples anew,
Nor stand up before awed throngs, reciting the Lord’s Prayer through a microphone,
And, Jesus, yes, you guessed it, he is off diddling Mary; no, not the mother.
Yup, right again, Daddy is with Mommy, over in the bouncy cloud.

* * * *

I may be mistaken about all this, but do not see how.
In every way truth can be comprehended: from rational to irrational,
From to realistic to delusional, from absolute to relative, from infinite to infinitesimal,
From sensible to absurd, from ironic to paradoxical, from white to black,
It all melds into a unified certainty that cannot be undone.
It is this acuity, both deliberated and intuited,
That doubts all other contenders.

* * * *

I only sound somewhat intelligent, somewhat linguistic, somewhat sage-worthy.
There has been a great deal foolishness and stupidity and vanity, gone through this dreamy mill,
To toss so many thoughts into a space-time, I can never more than imagine.
Things that none but I, would ever even bother to know.
And even I, were there any choice.

* * * *

There are many individuals who I do not like,
And there no doubt a fair share who do not much care for me.
Why I bothered composing all this blather is a pirouette of irony and paradox.
I really do not care even one iota if the human species goes extinct.
What a sigh of relief it would no doubt be, for all nature,
To at last be free of our cancerous malignancy.
Alas, that all the domesticated creatures,
Will have to up their ante to survive
The neo-Darwinian reboot.
So it goes, ad infinitum.
The cats will likely get by,
But good luck to the rat dogs.

* * * *

There is a point in the creation of any given aphorism, when the final draft, is complete.
There may be changes another time, but for that right-there-right-now,
The deed is done, and done well enough to sally on.
It is that moment of completion,
That zen-ish realization, that calls every artist.
That exact right time, right place, to adjourn, no matter the genre.

* * * *

What a thing to witness such a cataclysmic unfolding in the history of this garden orb.
With or without life on board, it will spin along until, eventually,
The mystery sees fit to consume it entirely,
And then, presumably, speculatively, spit out something new,
Assuming, of course, that some form of imaginary perception is there to witness it.

* * * *

Dang, I just saved the universe, and no one was watching.

* * * *

What a thing it is, to have been given the opportunity,
To consciously witness the mystery so intimately.

* * * *

Regarding these many thoughts, they are how I see the mystery.
They are my response to the infinity of vagaries in this quantum theater,
As directly and clearly and poignantly articulated, as this frame of reference allows.
As this astonishing dream, this dumbfounding dream, seems to have been programmed to do.
To daily, with Sisyphean effort, push the boulder up the mountain, is not the chore many would think it.

As Camus concluded in his Myth of Sisyphus essay: Sisyphus teaches the higher fidelity
That negates the gods and raises rocks. He too concludes that all is well.
This universe, henceforth without a master, seems to him neither sterile nor futile.
Each atom of that stone, each mineral flake of that night filled mountain, n itself forms a world.
The struggle itself toward the heights is enough to fill a man's heart.
One must imagine Sisyphus happy.

* * * *

Is it really some ‘me’, some ‘myself’, some ‘I’, who is reading this?
Or is this sense of ‘me’ really nothing more than programmed imagination?
Imagination shrouding the awareness timelessly witnessing this sensory-mind dream.
The awareness eternally witnessing dreamtimes in all sentient beings in which mystery harbors.
What is there to say, but that these musings have all willy-nilly bubbled into the abyss of this mind’s eye,
And then step-by-step morphed from that emptiness, to paper to screen to world-wide web.
Oh, that I could somehow see how they play out in the epoch decline and fall,
That all existence will endure through the dreamtime ahead.
I would hazard a guess that most writers,
Most artists, most creators, of any and all persuasions,
Feel much the same as they watch their creations drift into a future-past
They cannot more than in imagination play out, all the twists, all the turns, of possibility.

* * * *

Imagination entices me to play its game,
By continually bubbling up aphorism after aphorism.
It is an object lesson in the futility of even for a moment wondering,
Whether or not awareness in human form, can ever change course in any profound way.
Can ever be free of the occupier, consciousness, and its imaginary theater, permeated by vanity and greed.
A prison guard who taunts me every moment, with every conceivable absurdity.

* * * *

Playing in this touchy-feely sandbox does not mean I am not entirely alone all the while.
That all others are but apparitions, dancing about all around me,
In a magical holodeck of quantum design.
Perfectly choreographed by the sensory mind,
In all its quantum-chemical-electrical-biological glory.
It may be delusional, but it is a madness that makes it tolerable.

* * * *

I root for awareness; but bet on imagination.

* * * *

The abyss is not near as entertaining as Never Never Land for this Peter Pan.

* * * *

These writings are entirely stream of consciousness.
As haphazard as haphazard can be in this patterned theater of the absurd.
Far, far, more than enough, to befuddle those who will never begin to discern, never begin to comprehend,
The unfathomable, ineffable, indivisible mystery, they every moment are.

* * * *

I write because I have no interest in being on any stage,
For more than occasional, serendipitous, impromptu performances.
Dancing these carpal-tunneled fingers on the keyboard – me, my own audience –
Is the most enjoyable aspect of this exploration of the mystery, of this philosophical manifesto.
Mein kampf, if you will.

* * * *

I enjoy science and all the other intellectual pursuits as much as the next Joe Everyman,
But there is a point of diminishing returns we have long since passed.
When will we finally see the meaninglessness
Of the infinity of zeros on either side of the decimal point?

* * * *

This is the honest, unsheathed truth, as seen through this very human mind's eye.
Feel free to compose your own thoughts, your own opus, if you have anything clearer to say.
The inquiry into the mystery is a solitary, inward journey, not a race, not a competition, not a possession.
If rhetoric is the vehicle, then a corrupt idea may well be in play, and tacking on is the best bet.
Try not to scribe anything that requires persuasion, else it likely not be true, either.
Please note I may well be blind to many of my own transgressions,
So, please proceed with some caution in these halls.

* * * *

I walked among you –unnoticed, unobserved, undetected, invisible –
Because I was no different than you, because I was the same mystery as you.
A student of life, a philosopher, inspired to experience, to learn, whatever life offered.
And the resulting thoughts are my gift to whoever's fate it is to find them.
Written for those who hunger for that which is prior to more.
For those ready to discern the mystery within all.

* * * *

So much left to do in this ever-expanding philosophical project.
Anyone interested down the road is welcome to do with it what they will.
There are no family, there are no friends, there is no following, tethered to its fate.
What happens to it is entirely up to the mystery from whence it came.

* * * *

I serve the awareness, and the matrix, whose quantum magic gives us the illusion of space and time.

* * * *

I serve the awareness, I serve the moment, I serve the matrix, I serve the mystery, there is no other.

* * * *

Lost in space, lost in time, lost in mind, I am found.

* * * *

All the magical creatures, all the folktale characters, would do well to disclose themselves to me,

For they would have no greater advocate, no greater truthsayer, no greater promoter,
To declare their reality be true, to the world of skeptics, to which I am liege.

* * * *

So much already said, already written,
Across all times, across all spaces, come and gone before.
How can this life work ever be known, ever have any meaningful impact?
How can the species ever change its evolutionary context, its genomically induced patterning?
How can a species compelled, bound, to a narcissistic-hedonistic paradigm,
Ever hope to survive a universe that has never cared
About anything ever created?

* * * *

The Man from QUANTUM.

* * * *

Fingers dancing away on the keyboards of a couple Apple MacBook Pro laptops.
Alone, relatively free of the constraints of any distracting obligations to any individual, any group,
I freely contemplate, freely explore, freely scrutinize, anything that wanders into mind.
This is an opus – as earnest, as sincere, as serious – as this dreamer can muster.
Be sure not make it about me, for I am you in but another reverie.

* * * *

Yes, yes, I get it, I get it, anything may well be possible:
Gods, angels, demons, ghosts, vampires, zombies, goblins, fairies, aliens,
Santa Claus, Easter Bunny, Tooth Fairy, Cupid, Saint Patrick, Father Time … and yes, Jesus, too.
But how can you expect me to not want it validated by a number of reliable witnesses,
Including my Self, the most sober, reliable, earnest, truth-seeker, I know,
Before I go all-in-ape-shit-true-believer on any nonsense?
"Show me," declared the man from Missouri.

* * * *

The eternal philosopher, historian, anthropologist, scientist, mathematician,
And any other academic arenas this mind was drawn to reconnoiter,
All together, pervade the ever-expanding frame of reference.
So full, so empty, an imaginary destiny plays out.

* * * *

It is a curious thing, these many years of so many thoughts coming to mind.
Not sure how they come, how they keep coming, so often, and with such lucidity.
Starts any given time and space, usually with a pen scribbling onto a blank index card,
And then on to Microsoft Word on the MacBook Pro, with all its cherished accoutrements:
Google search, spellcheck, dictionary, thesaurus, and a knack for word association.
All the drafting and newspaper layout make for the spatial machinations.

And … Voilà!

* * * *

A quixotic quantum manifesto, very much indeed.
My itty-bitty part in the grand théâtre of dreamtime.
My little contribution to the grand théâtre of dreamtime.
My little celebration of the grand théâtre of dreamtime.
My little salutation to the grand théâtre of dreamtime.

* * * *

I be quantum matrixing.

* * * *

Someone could spend years, perhaps a lifetime, reading and re-reading,
All that I have written and posted on a variety of online platforms,
Including the works of other thinkers across space and time.
There is no shortage of material for any whose fate it is to witness.

* * * *

Yes, yes, yes, for someone so into the stillness of awareness,
I sure do babble on, and am not too good at sitting still, either.

* * * *

Just writing for writing's sake.
Have posted it on the internet for anyone interested,
But have no concern about whether or not anything ever comes of it.
Ramblings of a mind bent by serendipity toward observing and writing about the mystery.
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

If parts of this body of work are someday translated into other languages,
Who can ever truly know whether or not the interpretations of the sundry frames of reference,
Are even remotely close to what was intended, envisioned, by this quantum mind,
In the context of the original window of the dream called time.
Beware all translations; especially your own.

* * * *

Always more than a little beyond amazing to watch the tiny seeds of a thought
Evolve from scratch paper to screen, into what you are now reading.
The wonders of this modern age have been invaluable partners
In their bringing this mind's frame of reference, its vision of reality,
To all who have the ears to hear and eyes to see this mystery for themselves.
How fortunate I feel to have been witness to this opus, no matter what becomes of it.

* * * *

A peasant who became king of his universe.

* * * *

How this philosophical work has scribed itself in the second half of this dreamtime,
Has been a beyond-all-pales, unanticipated, unsought, uninvited, please-no-not-me, sort of destiny.
What a remarkable expedition to be fashioned into a herald of this ineffable mystery.

Yet another thinker leaving a long and winding trail of breadcrumbs,
All pointing to the unknowable within and without.

* * * *

I am incapable of believing anything other than it is an insoluble mystery.

* * * *

I serve what my vision, my awareness, discerns.

* * * *

Seemed so real at the time.

* * * *

Time for another round of contemplation of non-existence.

* * * *

I, Mystery.

* * * *

Truth is truth, no cherry-picking.

* * * *

My universe, my call.

The Corollaries of Yaj Ekim

Friedrich W. Nietzsche
Beware that, when fighting monsters, you yourself do not become a monster,
for when you gaze long into the abyss, the abyss gazes also into you.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
You are the abyss, gazing into its Self.

* * * *

Genesis 1:27
In the image of God he created them; male and female he created them.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
You are imagination, imagining this mind-body, this slab of meat, real and important.

* * * *

Ancient Proverb:
Might Makes Right
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
Might may make right, but it does not make truth.

* * * *

Rumi:
You are not a drop in the ocean; you are the entire ocean in a drop.

Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
You are not a drop in the mystery; you are the entire mystery in a drop.

The Standard Ripostes
The Scribe's Go-to Responses to This and That in the Day-To-Day

It takes a matrix.

Possible Last Words & Epitaphs

Truth serves all purpose; truth serves no purpose.

* * * *

Infinity is not a number

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Under Construction

The Return to Wonder

Under Construction

Stay Tuned

More soon ... Of that there can be little doubt for as long as these mortal lungs are still drawing air …
So stay tuned, you Wascally Wabbit.